

Clarence Dixon Taylor

My Younger Brother

By

Henry Dixon Taylor



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Henry D. Taylor

TO

JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR

C L A R E N C E D I X O N T A Y L O R

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1987



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PREFACE

Clarence has devoted much of his life to the gathering of information and genealogy regarding his relatives. He has published five books: My Folks, The Dixons, Volumes I and II; My Dixon-Taylor Pedigree; Henry D. Taylor Talks - 1958 to 1973; and George Taylor, Sr., and His Family.

However, having a modest and self-efface personality, he has never written anything regarding his own life.

Certainly, his many accomplishments and good deeds should be recorded.

It is with this purpose that his brief biography is written.

This is not a Church publication. I alone am responsible for its content.

Gratitude is hereby expressed to any who have a part in its writing or publication.

Henry D. Taylor

CHAPTER 1

BIRTH AND YOUTH

Clarence Dixon Taylor, the fifth son and sixth child of Arthur N. and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, was born on May 11, 1909, in the family home located at 256 North Fifth West in Provo, Utah. He was blessed and named by his Father, Arthur N. Taylor, on July 4, 1909.

When he was age eight, Clarence was baptized in the font of the Utah Stake Administration Building on First North and First West. This was on June 24, 1917, by M. Wilford Poulson. Later on the same day he was confirmed a member of the Church by Alfred L. Booth.

Although Clarence's Father, Arthur N. Taylor, was firm and exacting in the rearing of his children, he was also deeply concerned with their happiness and well-being, as this incident written by Clarence demonstrates.

Our Shetland Pony, "Lightning"

One of the happiest Christmases I can remember was when I was about nine or ten years old. Part of my daily chores was to mix bran meal with skim milk and feed it to a young calf each morning and night. For lack of room in the big barn, we were keeping the calf in the unoccupied chicken coop of Uncle Arnold Dixon's, which was located just north of the barn.

Before I could open my Christmas presents, I was required to take care of my chores, and on this particular morning I was to have Ken help me.

No person could be more surprised or delighted, for when we went into the coop, there was a little six-month-old black-and-white Shetland pony with the calf. Of course all the other members of the family were right behind us to assure us this was really our pony. His name was "Lightning."

Father had always been very good and helpful to Uncle Ashted Taylor (in fact, Uncle Ashted has often remarked that, "Arth was the only dad that I knew"), and he wanted him to have one of his best Shetland ponies.

I think Elton used to get as big a "kick" out of this pony as the rest of us. Even before Lightning was broken to ride, Elton would want to show us how intelligent he was and would bring Lightning into the house. Later when I would ride him to the Lake Farm, and there was no bridge to cross the river, Elton would practically pick him up and put him in the boat and row him to the north side of the river where the pony would jump out on dry land.

As a colt we would put him in the lake pasture with the other horses. He was so small that he would run under their bellies, nip them on their legs, and be out of their reach when they tried to kick or bite him. The swampy lake pastureland had many bog holes where the heavier horses became stranded in the mud and had to be hauled out. Not so with this pony, for he could go anywhere without the danger of bogging down.

Adjoining this pasture was Uncle Jim McClellens' sugar beet farm. A net wire fence separated the pasture from the beets. The bottom of the net wire fence was about a foot and a half above the ground. In order for this pony, Lightning, to get over to those sweet sugar beets, he would lay down on his side near a post and work himself under the wire by using his feet as a pry against the post. One shout from Uncle Jim and away he would go to the other end of the field and back to the pasture.

While still a colt and in the fall of the year, and at other times when we would bring Lightning from the pasture to the big barn on Fifth West, Uncle Jim would tie him alongside "Old Joe," one of his sorrell team of "Peggy and Joe." He would drive to town as if it were the colt of the best thoroughbred of the country.

When I was working for Janet and Joseph Munk on their farm outside of Logan, Utah, Ken, who was with me, became sick and had to return home to Provo. Father realized I would be lonely out on the farm without Ken, so he had a large crate made big enough to accommodate our Shetland pony, Lightning. They loaded the pony into the crate and put him in the baggage car of the Salt Lake and Utah Railroad electric line. At Salt Lake, the crate and the pony were transferred to the Bamberger Electric Line. At Ogden the crate and the pony were transferred to the Utah Idaho Electric Railroad bound for Logan, where it arrived the same day. When we went to the depot in Logan to get the pony, they had taken him out of the crate and he was grazing on the grass in the parking lot.

Each Saturday night I would ride Lightning from the farm at Benson into Logan, where we would stay over Sunday, and I would ride him back to the farm Monday morning. This was necessary for there was no one on the farm to take care of the pony over the week end.

At the close of the summer, we loaded Lightning back into the crate and shipped him back to Provo on the electric railroads.

This pony was smart and clever in attempting to do what he wanted to do. Many is the time we would be loping along the road and he wanted to stop and eat the green grass along the road, or for some other reason, so he would suddenly and with stiff legs, stop. Unexpectedly the rider would be thrown forward, often over the pony's head to the ground. Or if he did not want to go in the direction the rider wanted him to go, he would try to brush the rider off by rubbing up against a post, or a fence, or anything solid. If the pony was frightened by something on the side of the road, he might suddenly side step, throwing the rider off balance and to the ground. I am sure this was often intentional and not by fright.

So that more than one person could enjoy the pony, we would often put a set of tugs on him and hitch him to a little red wagon loaded with kids, or hitch him to a string of sleds in the winter time.



Born May 11, 1909, at 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah.



Provo Third Ward where Clarence was blessed, named, ordained a deacon, teacher, priest, elder, and called on a mission in 1930.



Clarence with his sister Alice.



Clarence with his dog, "Scotty".



Utah Stake Admin. Bldg. where
Clarence was baptized and con-
firmed on June 24, 1917.



Clarence riding our pony "Lightning."
He was a Christmas gift from Uncle
Ashted Taylor.



SCENES FROM TAYLOR GRAND VIEW FARM:

Above, peach season. Upper right, Henry D. with mother, Maria D. Taylor. Below, our horse "Sage-Cat" at Deer Creek, ridden by our brother Elton and Buck Dixon; brother Arthur at side with rifle. Peach season photo, left to right: Front, Stanley, Henry D., Clarence D., Alice, and LeRoy Taylor. Second row: Elton L., Lynn D. and Leona Taylor, Uncle Charles O. Dixon, and Arthur D. Taylor. Third row: Aunt Nellie Smith, Maria D. Taylor, Lily Owen, Aunt Kate Taylor, two unidentified ladies, our Uncle Ashted Taylor, and Leona Smith. Back: Uncle George Smith, Sister Salt



ARTHUR N. TAYLOR FAMILY: From left, front -- Arthur D., Maria Dixon Taylor (Mother), Ruth Elaine, Arthur N. Taylor (Father), and Lynn D. Back--Elton L., Clarence D., Alice Louise, Henry D., Orson Kenneth.



OUR TAYLOR FAMILY HOME located at 256 North Fifth West in Provo where all the children were born with the exception of Arthur D.



Arthur N. Taylor and sons at 270 North Fifth West. Left to right: First row: Lynn, Kenneth, and Kent (grandson). Second row: Henry, Clarence, Arthur N. (father), Arthur D., and Elton.



Arthur N. Taylor and sons at Provona Beach. Left to right: First row: Clarence, Lynn, and Elton. Second row: Henry, Arthur D., Kenneth, and Arthur N. Taylor (father).



Provo Tabernacle, one of downtown landmarks, erected starting in 1883 and dedicated in 1898. Scene of stake conferences and cultural events.



Kenneth and Clarence in front of home on 256 No. Fifth West. House across lane, 270 No. Fifth West, where Art lived, was built by Grandma Dixon.

DTR PERSONNEL at yule social, photo opposite page: Standing left of stairway: Sidney W. Russell, Peter M. Jensen, John H. Harmon, Hans O. G. Miller, J. Wm. Howe, Lynn D. Taylor, William G. Norman.

Standing right: C. Asael Dahlquist, Arthur D. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, and William D. Norman.

Sitting on stairway, by rows: Albert F. Dixon, Elsie S. Miller, Elton L. Taylor, George A. Norman, Weston Carter, Ralph Johnson, and Willis Carter.

Horace E. Peay, Rulon B. Boyson, Murray Loveless, Eldon F. Lewis, Hyrum Loutensock, Melvin Robbins, Thomas W. Reese, Valene Calder, Vern A. Cullimore.

Golden Taylor, Glen L. Taylor, Arnold H. Angell, Lloyd Henriksen, Lester Allen, Afton Lewis, Bertha Hooks, Phyllis Johnson, Cumorah S. Cullimore.

Maxine Holden, LaPreal R. Taylor, Unidentified, and Matilda B. Bailey. John Liebhhardt, Barbara Henrie, Gordon M. Weight, Carlisle Dahlquist, O. Kenneth Taylor, Helen Meservy, Donna Van Wagenen, Roene Curtis, and Phoebe Jones.

J. Vord Spencer, Karl W. Johnson, Erma D. Boshard, Mary Craner, Josephine McKenzie, Frances Johnson, and Naomi Beardall. Mel Palfreyman, Cora G. Vest, D. Merle Sargent, and John L. Russell.

Wilford Miller, Roy Westphal, Eldon A. Dixon, and Kirk Taylor. Angus Backman, James J. Johansen, Orvil H. Howe, and Hal T. Dahlquist.



DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY Christmas social about 1937. Names of those in picture appear on previous page.

George Taylor opened what was to be the forerunner of Taylor Brothers Co. in 1866 on W. Center (photo at right). An immigrant from England, he was a pioneer photographer also.



An early day picture of Taylor Brothers Co. is shown at left. Standing in front of the store are, from left to right: Bob Cunningham, unidentified, Thomas N. Taylor, unidentified, Walter D. Dixon, LeRoy Dixon, Orson G. Bird, John Dixon, and Arthur N. Taylor. Note advertising on face of the building of principal items of merchandise sold by the firm.



Taylor Brothers Co. in about 1904. Note millrace in foreground.



A vivid boyhood memory concerns a Street Car System, with small yellow cars resembling the storied Toonerville Trolley which appeared in 1914 as part of the Salt Lake & Utah electric interurban service in Provo. Photo shows a lone streetcar blocked by a 1915 Center Street paving project. Note team of horses climbing ramp with slip scraper to load wagons with gravel. Taylor Brothers Store, with canopy, in background.



Did you know that Provo once had a train wreck at 200 West and Center? An engine of the Rio Grande "Heber Creeper," going south, smacked the fourth passenger coach of a Salt Lake & Utah RR Interurban train Oct. 4, 1918. Fourteen persons were hurt. The George Taylor home on Second West is visible over the top of the derailed Interurban coach.



A landmark in downtown Provo, this building was home of Dixon Taylor Russell Co. Built in 1921, it was located at Third West and Center.

CHAPTER 2

ANCESTORS

Clarence Dixon Taylor, the fifth son and sixth child of Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor, was born on May 11, 1909, in the family home at 256 North Fifth West in Provo, Utah. He was blessed and named by his father on July 4, 1909.

His forefathers were pioneers in the valley. The following accounts of the lives of his ancestors are given by several members of the family.

My Grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon
(Written by Henry D. Taylor)

My mother's father, Henry Aldous Dixon, was born on March 14, 1835, at Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa. He was the son of John Henry Dixon and Judith Boardman Dixon. His father led a colony from London and became one of the famous early settlers of 1820. Here young Henry Aldous heard the gospel preached by the first elders to be sent to South Africa. They were Leonard I. Smith, Jesse Haven, and William Walker. They arrived in Capetown on April 19, 1853. Young Henry Aldous was 19 years of age and a staunch Episcopalian. After hearing the missionaries preach, he was fully converted and wished to join the Church, but his father was bitterly opposed to his being baptized. Being a man of honor and an obedient son, he respected his father's wishes. But on March 14, 1856, his 21st birthday, when he became of age, he was baptized by John Ellis, a local member who held the office of a priest. His father became very angry and told him that he was no longer welcome in his home. Three days later, he left his father's home in Uitenhage and went to Port Elizabeth, secured a job, and worked for eight and one-half months to earn sufficient funds to pay for his emigration to Utah.

On November 1, 1856, he left Port Elizabeth and sailed on the ship, Unity, to London, where they arrived on January 12, 1857. Continuing on to Liverpool in the company of 816 others, he transferred to the ship, George Washington, and sailed from Liverpool to Boston. After 23 days of passage, they arrived in Boston in March 1857. He then took a train as far as the Missouri River.

He shortly departed for the West, driving an ox team for an elderly couple by the name of Walker, who had offered to provide the equipment and necessities for the trip. They traveled 1,300 miles by ox team in Captain Jesse Martin's company, arriving at Great Salt Lake on September 12, 1857.

Johnston's Army was in Echo Canyon. Brigham Young had issued a proclamation calling for members to be available to repel the Army, if necessary. Young Henry enlisted. He returned from the Echo Canyon expedition in December of 1857. Later that month, he was appointed to go on a mission to Rio Virgin and Santa Clara settlements. He returned to Salt Lake in 1860.

On April 14, 1860, Henry was out in the Sugar House area working with a pick and shovel. President Brigham Young came along and stopped to visit. President Young inquired if Henry's name was called among the prospective missionaries in April Conference. When told that his name had not been called, President Young told him that he wanted him to go

back to his homeland in South Africa as a missionary. President Young further requested him to come to his office on the morrow and to be prepared to leave for the mission field by the 25th. Next day being Sunday, he went to the Tabernacle and heard Orson Hyde preach. After the meeting, he went to President Young's office in his home. He received some excellent instructions, encouragement, and advice from the President.

He labored for four years in his former homeland of Africa as a missionary and then was transferred to England where he labored for almost a year. Upon his release and return home, he courted and married Sarah DeGrey on January 21, 1865 (in the Endowment House by Wilford Woodruff, then a member of the Council of the Twelve). Later, in accordance with counsel of the Church leaders, on April 13, 1869, he took Mary Smith as his second wife.

He fought in the Black Hawk War with the Indians under Captain Andrew Burt. He served as tithing clerk in Salt Lake for seven years and then was called by President Young in 1870 to take a mission to Provo to serve as bookkeeper of the Woolen Mills, which he faithfully performed for nine years. During this time, he acted as county treasurer.

Henry Aldous Dixon was called again to fill a mission to Great Britain. On October 9, 1879, while crossing the Atlantic Ocean, the ship struck an iceberg. After much faith and many prayers on the part of the elders, they finally landed in Liverpool in November.

Grandfather Dixon was a man with tremendous faith. In a General Conference of the Church on October 2, 1970, in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, I paid this tribute to him:

. . . The Lord has endowed some individuals with a gift and capacity for possessing and exercising great powers of faith. Such a man was Henry A. Dixon. Although married and with a family of many children when called by the First Presidency to fill a mission to Great Britain, he readily accepted the call without hesitation. With three missionary companions, he embarked from St. John Island at Newfoundland on the steamship, Arizona.

En route a furious storm arose. As the missionaries were preparing to have their evening prayers prior to retiring, they felt a shocking jolt that caused the entire ship to quiver. As they rushed to the deck, they discovered that the ship traveling at full speed had rammed a gigantic iceberg. A huge gaping hole had been torn in the prow of the vessel, which extended even below the water line. The Captain advised that only in a calm sea could he and the crew bring the ship to the nearest port, which was some 250 miles away.

The wind and the storm continued unabated. Many hours later and unable to sleep, Elder Dixon arose, dressed, and walked to the deck. Standing there alone in the dark, with deep humility and great faith, by the power of the Holy Priesthood, he rebuked the waves and commanded them to be still.

Thirty-six hours later, the ship was able to return and dock at Port St. John. In accordance with Elder Dixon's promise, not a single life had been lost.

When the ship owner, a Mr. Guion, learned of the accident and knowing that Mormon missionaries were aboard, he was quoted as saying: "There is nothing to worry about. My line has transported Mormon missionaries for forty years and has never lost a boat with Mormon missionaries aboard."

During the time that he was on his mission, a majority of the time was spent in the Church Office in Liverpool. The climate being so damp affected his lungs, and he was forced to return home.

Upon his return in November 1880, he secured a job at the Dinwoodey Furniture Company as bookkeeper, where he worked for over a year. He then worked for ZCMI where he was transferred to Provo to open a branch warehouse. He was the first manager of this branch. He was there only about a year when he was stricken with pneumonia on Monday, April 28, and passed away on May 4, 1884, at the age of 49. He left two wives, Sarah DeGrey and Mary Smith, and 14 children as follows:

Sarah's Family

John DeGrey
Arthur DeGrey
Maria Louise
Ernest
Charles Owen
Walter DeGrey
LeRoy
Arnold

Married

Sara Lewis
Catherine Morgan
Arthur N. Taylor
May Painter
Virginia Beckstead
Louie Maiben
Electa Smoot
May Banks

Mary's Family

Alice
Sarah Ann
William A.
Albert F.
Hattie
Parley

Married

Jabez Dangerfield
Alex C. McConachie
Hattie Hands
Sena Rasmussen
George W. West
Etta Dangerfield

On his tombstone in the Provo City Cemetery where he was buried, this epitaph is written: "He was beloved by God and man."

His Grandmother, Sarah DeGrey Dixon

(Taken from notes written by his mother, Maria Dixon Taylor)

Sarah DeGrey was born in the town of Dudley, England, on the fourth day of February, 1844. She was the youngest child of John and Maria Brooks DeGrey. She had four sisters and one brother. Her father was a tailor by trade, and it kept him very busy to make a living to support his family.

Dudley was a coal camp surrounded by green, rolling hillsides. Upon one of these hills could be seen the Dudley Castle, of which the people of the community were very proud. The DeGrey children spent many hours playing near the walls of this structure. For several years it had been the home of an earl.

The family hadn't joined any church but were of a very honest and moral character, and their home was a very happy one. When Sarah was about eight years of age, this part of England was aroused by the news that there were missionaries from Utah preaching a very strange religion. Maria DeGrey was a dressmaker. One afternoon a cousin called at her home and advised that a meeting was to be held in Dudley by these peculiar people. Maria, out of curiosity, attended the meeting. To her surprise, she found that she was deeply impressed by the teachings she heard.

Later, these missionaries visited her home. John Charles Hall, one of the missionaries, was president of the conference and made frequent calls, the result being that he had the privilege of baptizing members of the family. Persecution was apparent on all sides so that he chose night as the proper time to perform this ordinance. On a moonlit evening in a pond nearby, Elder Hall, carrying Sarah in his arms down into the water, baptized her in the presence of other members of her family. This was on June 22, 1853.

Soon after joining the Church, the DeGrey family had the desire to go to the land of Zion; but they didn't have the money. The father having died made it much harder for them; but Mother DeGrey, having much faith and being a devoted mother, got along as well as could be expected. John Hall very kindly assisted in selling the household goods, etc., receiving enough money to pay the passage to America of Maria Brooks DeGrey and four of her daughters: Kezia, Charlotte, Maria, and Sarah. Mother DeGrey and her four daughters took the train for Liverpool, where they set sail on the ship, Well Fleet, bound for Boston, Massachusetts, USA.

In the meantime, John Charles Hall, being 30 years of age, by permission of the Church, had married Selena, the eldest DeGrey daughter. John and Selena remained in England, as did Alfred, the only DeGrey son.

It was in the month of June 1856 when Mother DeGrey and her four daughters sailed. The weather was beautiful, the sea being so calm that none of them experienced sea sickness. They were able to enjoy their meals, which consisted of salt bacon, beef, sea biscuits, etc.; and sometimes the waiters would give them lumps of brown sugar which they would dip in vinegar, making a very tasty luxury. The water was not good, barrels being filled at England; and before they got across the ocean, it even smelled bad. Still it was all they had, and they had to use it. It was very interesting to be on this large sailing vessel, and the children spent much time on deck. They would watch the sailors climb the masts and govern the ship and see the funny porpoises jumping up and down in the water. They also saw whales in the distance spouting water. The sailors sometimes would take a swim in the sea, as it was so calm.

Thus, they really enjoyed the trip across the great Atlantic, even though it required six weeks. Many and varied were their experiences during this trip, and they are among the not-to-be-forgotten memories of the DeGrey family. They landed in Boston in July 1856.

Mother DeGrey and children were now strangers in a strange land, without funds. They felt pretty blue for a time, when to their surprise a girl friend of Kezia met and invited them to her home at Chelsea across the bay. They felt very grateful and spent many pleasant days at this home. It was now necessary to scatter out and work. Mother DeGrey and Maria went to Cambridge. Sarah went to live in the home of a shoe merchant whose name was Colburn at Boston. The Colburns became so fond of her that they wanted to adopt her, but she pleasantly declined.

After living in Boston nine months, the family had saved \$112 to be used for their journey West. When it became known of their intentions to leave, the Bostonians tried to dissuade them from taking such a dangerous trip. They told them of the wild Indians that roamed the plains and also informed them that Johnston's Army was to be sent to destroy the people in Utah.

John Hall and wife, Selena, now arrived at Boston on the ship, George Washington. They made the trip in 21 days, a great record in those days, which caused much talk in Boston. John, having met with an accident on the ship, was compelled to spend a week here in order to get in proper condition for the long journey before him. At the appointed time the little company, nine in number, started on their westward journey (April 1857). They took a train as far as the Missouri River, as it was the supposed border line of civilization. Arriving at Iowa City, they purchased their equipment, which consisted of a yoke of cows, a yoke of steers, and a covered wagon. They were ferried across the river on a flatboat and traveled on to Florence where they joined the main company, who were fully organized with Jesse Martin as captain. The long train of covered wagons commenced its journey, traveling from 15 to 21 miles a day, stopping near some creek or river wherever the travelers could find a suitable camp and feeding place.

Sarah was now a lovely girl of twelve; and being of a happy disposition, she assisted much in making it pleasant for her associates. She and a girl companion especially attracted the attention of Captain Martin, who invited them to run along each side of his horse while in search of a new campground. Going ahead of the company, they would sing to him, and he appreciated it very much. After finding a desirable place, the girls would pick up buffalo chips while waiting for the company to arrive. The wagons would then form in the shape of a horseshoe for protection against any invaders that might come to molest them, for there roamed on these plains the wolf, coyote, buffalo, and wild Indians. After preparing meals, they would sit around the campfires and sing the songs of Zion and be so thankful for a rest. Different men took turns in herding the cattle at night outside the enclosure. After all had retired, it seemed very lonesome. At times they could hear

the wolves and coyotes howl, and there were also dangers that the buffaloes would cause a stampede among the cattle. There not being much room in the wagon, the girls did much walking; running ahead, they would gather flowers and have a good time.

They could wade most of the streams; but when they came to a large river, like the Platte, they would hang onto the back of the wagon, and thus they got through all right. Upon one occasion, after having crossed the Platte, the oxen and cows gave out; and John Hall was left behind the train. Sarah and her sister were running along singing and gathering flowers, when to their surprise they saw in the distance a band of Indians on horseback. They scampered back to the wagon. Three or four of the Indians rode up, encircling the wagon putting their black faces in front of the women and children, who screamed and thought perhaps they would be destroyed, as the Bostonians had told them. But thanks to John Hall, who was so brave and calm, he whipped up the cattle. Not paying any attention to the movements of these redskins, he told them there was a large company ahead. They rode for a distance; and seeing the camp, the Indians rode off, which was a great relief to Mother DeGrey and family. They were glad to again join the company, which journeyed on unmolested. Coming down Echo Canyon, they viewed Salt Lake Valley, quite a contrast to the green lands of England.

They arrived in September 1857, Sarah having walked practically all the way across the plains, the distance of over one thousand miles. They all felt to praise God that they were now in Zion. Excitement prevailed as the people had received the news of the coming of Johnston's Army that camped in Echo Canyon that winter. The Company was also glad to get ahead of the Army; otherwise, they would have been delayed a whole year.

Upon their arrival in Utah, Maria DeGrey and her family lived in the Eleventh Ward in Salt Lake City. This was in a one-room log house located on Seventh East between South Temple and First South; but they were very happy, even if the mud leaked through the roof when it rained. Later, the older sisters married men who were called by Brigham Young to colonize the Dixie Country. This left Sarah and her mother to live together in their humble home.

Henry A. Dixon, a brave young man, had driven a yoke of oxen in the Martin Company and had become acquainted somewhat with the older sisters. But, Sarah, being quite young, never took much notice of him at that time. But he kept an eye on her and used to listen to her songs as she sat on the wagon tongue.

After coming to Salt Lake, he was called on a five-year mission to his homeland in Africa. Upon his return, he made friendly visits to the DeGrey home. Sarah, now being a young lady of about 20 years, attracted his attention; and their courtship ripened into love. They were married on January 21, 1865, in the Endowment House by Wilford Woodruff, then a member of the Council of the Twelve. Henry built a neat little log house on the same lot as Mother DeGrey so that she could still have the close companionship of her precious daughter.

Henry, being a man of ability, secured a good position at the Tithing Office in Salt Lake City. Their home was a happy one, and they continued to reside in Salt Lake City until 1871. During this period, three children were born to them. They were called upon to part with their firstborn, which was indeed a great sorrow. This, however, was the only incident which marred their otherwise happy home during their stay in Salt Lake.

In 1870, the Woolen Mills were established at Provo. Brigham Young sent Henry to this place as bookkeeper. Coming to Provo, he engaged Luke Cook, a butcher, to build him an adobe house one block west of the factory. It was a peculiar looking structure, but architecture seemed to be the second consideration. However, it was a happy home.

In this humble home, Sarah continued to live, its being the birthplace of the remainder of her family. She was the mother of nine children and was permitted to raise them all, except her firstborn, to manhood and womanhood.

She deserved much credit for her earnest effort in rearing so noble a family. Her husband was called upon to fill a mission to England in 1880, and it certainly took a heap of courage to face the problem of supporting so many children. This she did, however, without a murmur. She felt equal to any task, so long as it was a noble cause she was aiding. After her husband's return home, he secured good employment; and, with the aid of his wives, all went well, and they began to prosper.

She was not permitted to enjoy this peaceful happiness for long. She was soon called upon to bear the bitterest sorrow of life. He, who had been so noble and kind, who always brought into his home the peaceful, loving influence of a father, was called to leave the family circle. No one will ever know the feeling of the two widows except those who have had to part with such a hero among men and to face the responsibility of providing the necessities of life to a family of eight. She was but 39 years of age when left a widow.

Sarah was not alone in her grief however. Her husband, who had previously obeyed the law of plural marriage, married another wife, Mary Smith; and she also was left with a family to care for.

Together, they shared each other's sorrows; and with one desire and one purpose, they struggled for the physical, mental, and moral development of the children their husband had left behind. One in love and one in discipline, they spared no effort to help each child to grow and develop into good, law-abiding, God-fearing citizens. How well they succeeded, let those who know their children be the judge.

After the death of her husband, for a few years Sarah devoted most of her time to the care of the family. But as they became older and needed less care, she shared her time working for the cause in which she found so much comfort and consolation.

She was teacher in the Relief Society of the Provo Third Ward for many years. She was set apart as president of the Primary Association. In this capacity she labored for a number of years. In later years she, in connection with Grandma Taylor, devoted a large portion of her time to the cause of the sick, assisting when their services were needed and leaving their blessings for health and comfort.

On July 4, 1908, she, in company with her daughter-in-law, Electa Smoot Dixon, visited the land of her birth. They enjoyed this visit. On their return home, they were joined by her son, Electa's husband, LeRoy, who had just completed two years of service in the British Mission.

During her declining years, Grandma Dixon tasted the bitter as well as the sweet. Two of her sons, Arthur and Walter, perfect specimens of manhood, passed away. Several of her grandchildren were also taken, but these sorrows she bore with fortitude.

In August 1922, her daughter-in-law Virginia died, leaving her son Charles with a small family and an infant to care for. Grandma Dixon, although in her 79th year, helped to share the responsibilities of this home. She received new strength in this labor of love. The devotion and service she gave these little motherless children was wonderful. Her life in Utah was one of service. As a loyal citizen, she served her state. As a devoted wife and mother, she also served her husband and children. And, in obeying the commandment of her Maker, she served her God. As long as there was life in her body and a desire within her heart, God blessed her with health and strength to continue her life of service to her children.

The subject of this sketch died April 17, 1926, at 81 years of age. Disease incident to old age was the cause of her death.

The following are the dates and places of death of Grandfather Dixon's children:

Henry Alfred Dixon	July 1, 1867, Salt Lake City
John DeGrey Dixon	October 4, 1923, Provo
Arthur DeGrey Dixon	June 5, 1911, Heber City
Maria Louise Dixon Taylor	February 17, 1947, Salt Lake City
Ernest DeGrey Dixon	June 15, 1938, Provo
Charles Owen Dixon	March 3, 1943, Provo
Walter DeGrey Dixon	November 27, 1921, Provo
LeRoy Dixon	December 28, 1926, Provo
Arnold Dixon	September 1, 1960, Provo
Alice Smith Dixon Dangerfield	December 8, 1948, Provo
Sarah Ann Dixon McConachie	December 25, 1950, Lindon
William Aldous Dixon	June 22, 1937, Provo
Robert Smith Dixon	Died in infancy.
Albert Fredrick Dixon	August 19, 1945, California
Parley Smith Dixon	January 30, 1947, Provo
Harriett Amelia Dixon West	April 23, 1931, San Bernardino, California

Mother

To Sarah DeGrey Dixon, at a Family Reunion, on her
Seventy-fifth birthday, by her son, Walter D. Dixon.

Of all lives to us, there is no other
Sweeter than that of our own dear Mother.
Born of good parentage, who were ever in search
To know how to live and join the true Church.
So, when the missionaries came, this little band
Gladly emigrated to this Promised Land.

Upon leaving Dudley, there was some commotion
In preparing for this trip across the great ocean.
While on their voyage, they were filled with glee
At so many strange sights for them to see.
Upon reaching Boston, though only twelve,
It fell to her lot to work hard and delve.

To accumulate money she did her best,
Thereby making it possible to come farther West,
The people discouraged them saying that only a clown
Would leave this good old Boston town.
To take this hazardous trip against the foe
Where only few white people had ventured to go.

Undaunted in Council Bluffs they joined the wagon trains
For a thousand-mile walk across the plains.
Discouragements confronted them and when the day seemed
long,
She sang to the captain her sweetest song.
Her cheerfulness assisted to gladden his heart,
And made him feel more encouraged to make a new start.

From the wagons she never scarcely strayed
For buffaloes and Indians she was sore afraid.
When streams were too deep for them to wade through,
They hung onto the wagon---it was the best thing to do.
And her older Sister, Maria, would say in tones sweet and
low,
"Hang on tight, Sally, don't you dare let go."

At last she landed in Utah, her face full of smiles
Even though she had walked these long thousand miles.
You grew to be a beautiful woman and when proposals
were offered for your hand,
We are glad you chose HENRY A. DIXON of that valiant
Pioneer Band.
You became our Mother and we will all agree,
A better woman one never could see.

As a member of the Church you have been true blue,
Living a life most consistent, devoted and true.
You have held fast to the Iron Rod,
Which makes us more perfect and nearer to God.
When in delicate places we have chanced to stand,
You have always come forward with your helping hand.

With a heart full of love, you have beautifully shown
You consider Aunt Mary's family like that of your own.
For whenever in distress we have made a call,
You have cheerfully responded to us all.
Having a guardian like you, we must not fail
For your path has been a more rugged trail.
God bless you, dear Mother, at this your 75th year
May your future path be full of sunshine, much joy and good
cheer.

His Grandfather, George Taylor

(From notes written by his mother, Maria Dixon Taylor)

George was the son of Thomas and Ann Hill Taylor. Two children were born to this couple. George was born either in Windsor or Birmingham, England, on March 25, 1838. Mary, his sister, was born March 3, 1841. She later married John James Hickman.

George's mother was an invalid most of her life. She was a very pious woman; although she suffered a great deal, she bore it with much patience. She was a very good seamstress.

His father was a good-natured man, looking on the bright side of life. Through his wit and humor, he was called the "merry-maker" of the village. He was a pump-maker by trade.

As a boy, George was very ambitious. At the age of eight years, he entered school; but it only lasted one week. He was very anxious to find work and secured a job as errand boy, his wages being one shilling a week. He gave this to his mother with the exception of two pennies which he saved until he had enough to buy a dictionary and an arithmetic and spelling book. He learned to read by puzzling out the signs as he passed along the street. At the age of ten, he was apprenticed to a firm, makers of weights and measures. At the age of 17, he was baptized into the Mormon Church, in which he became very active.

Early in life, George learned to play the cello and played for many entertainments. It was while playing for the choir that he met Eliza Nicholls, who became his wife on July 5, 1857. They worked hard together to raise means for their journey to Utah. They left their native land on June 4, 1863, with their three children: Harriett, Emma, and Parley. Emma and Parley died while crossing the plains and were buried in unknown graves.

A few days after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley, he departed for Provo, where he resided, working hard to support his families. In 1865 he obeyed the principle of plural marriage and was married to Henrietta Sawyer.

He was the first photographer in Provo, learning the art by reading books on the subject. He sold handmade furniture for Cluff Brothers on a commission. Later he decided to start in business for himself, borrowed money, paying 24 percent interest for the use of

it. This business proved to be the largest south of Salt Lake City and the forerunner of the Taylor Bros. Co. store of today, known as Taylors. He was very active up until his death which occurred on September 4, 1926, at the age of 88 years.

My Memories of Grandfather George Taylor
(By Henry D. Taylor)

I was graduated from the B.Y. High School in the spring of 1921. In the fall I entered college at BYU. At the conclusion of the school year in the spring of 1922, Uncle LeRoy Dixon offered me the position of bookkeeper at the Dixon Real Estate Company. Elsie C. Ross who held the position had received a call to serve as a missionary in the Eastern States Mission.

The Dixon Real Estate Company had purchased a parcel of business property from Basil T. Kerr, upon which a mortgage was held by my grandfather George Taylor, from whom Basil had acquired the property. Grandfather insisted that the interest on the mortgage be paid on the morning of the first of each month. It was my responsibility to deliver the check to him. He lived on the Mill Race in a home facing the west on Second West and Center Street. Sears later built a business building on this site, Lerner Shop occupying it later.

Grandfather was a hardworking man. Even in his advanced years he would be found laboring in his garden or cutting wood. He was very thrifty and conservative. His word was his bond. He was exacting in keeping his word and expected others to be the same way.

On the first of one month I was involved in affairs at the office, and it was after 1:00 p.m. before I was able to go to his home with the check. He was waiting for me. What a blistering tongue-lashing I received! He gave me to understand that the payment was due the very first thing in the morning. He taught me a lesson in punctuality and promptness that has stayed with me throughout my lifetime. After that experience, I was never late again in delivering his check.

He was a sincere, devout member of the Church in his earlier years; but in later life he became disillusioned with the Church through business dealings with some of the early Church leaders in Provo. This made him critical and somewhat bitter.

In 1924, after I had received a mission call to the Eastern States Mission, when I went to deliver his monthly interest check, I advised him of my call, and that this would be my last visit to him. He looked at me for a few moments, then said: "I think that you are a damn fool; but go my boy, and do your very best--and may the Lord bless you." He then reached in his wallet and handed me a \$5.00 bill.

That evening at the dinner table as I related my visit with grandfather and told of his gift, father was amazed and said that

grandfather had not offered nor provided him a single cent when he was a missionary.

George Taylor, Sr.
1838 - 1926

John Goodall, Registrar in the sub-district of Duddleston and Nechelle, in the County of Warwick, England, recorded that a boy by the name of GEORGE was born on March 25, 1838, at Windsor Street in the Parish of Aston, to Thomas Taylor and Ann Taylor, formerly Hill.

George had one elder brother, William, and a younger sister, Mary, who later married John James Hickman. His mother was an invalid, but being a good seamstress was able to do some dressmaking.

Thomas Taylor, George's father, was a good natured man--always looking on the bright side of things. He was the merry-maker of the town, often being called "The clown of the Village". George's birth certificate lists the father's profession as a "well sinker", but on George's marriage certificate it lists the father's profession as "pump maker."

As was the case with most English lads of that time, George was taught early in life to work. At the early age of eight he went in search of work, and when asked what he could do, his answer was, "I can learn if I may try." This determination coming so early in his life, was the keynote of his successful life. He was finally given a job as errand boy, and at the age of eight years was a wage earner. At the age of ten it fell his lot to serve an apprenticeship as a scales maker, but his active and energetic nature would not permit him to simply be a factory toiler.

George's formal education was limited to only one week's duration, for he had a desire to work rather than remain in school. His desire for accumulating knowledge was a driving force and a characteristic part of his whole life. Of his weekly wage of one shilling, from his first job, he gave it all to his mother with the exception of one penny. This was saved until he had enough to buy himself a dictionary, and arithmetic and a spelling book. While on his errands, he puzzled out the advertising signs on the buildings and in the windows, and thus learned to read. In his spare time he acquired some knowledge of the art of music. Later in life, he became a professional photographer by reading magazines, books and through his own experimentation.

While still in his teens, he and some of his youthful companions were attracted to the Latter-day Saints Church where they were taught the gospel by the Utah Elders. On March 3, 1855, just before his seventeenth birthday, he was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Joseph Howard and became a very active member of the local branch. He and his companions organized an orchestra and put on several entertainments for the benefit of the branch and missionaries. It was while in the Ashted Branch Choir of Birmingham, England, that he met his future wife, Eliza Nicholls.

Although George and Eliza were both only nineteen years of age and both mere members of the LDS Church, they were married on July 5, 1857, at the Edgbaston Parish Church in the County of Warwick, England, by I. Spooner, Vicar of the Church of England. The two special witnesses were Edwin Dedicant and A. Rogers.

George Taylor was a very high minded, ambitious boy of nineteen and he chose a good, unselfish girl who loved him and worked with him. Both were desirous of joining the Saints in Zion, where they could better live their religion. So Eliza volunteered to continue her work and thus help to save enough money to make the long journey to Utah.

On June 23, 1858, a baby girl was born to this struggling couple. She was given the name of Harriet Clarissa and a blessing by Sam Western on July 11, 1858. Eliza continued to work in the button factory and the infant baby was cared for during the day by Eliza's sister Emma.

A little sister to "Hattie" was born on May 13, 1860, and named after the nursemaid of the two children, Mary Ann Emma. Eliza continued her tireless working and saving for that "home in Zion."

On August 4, 1862, Parley G. was born. Eliza still worked and Aunt Emma continued to care for the children.

After six years of skimping, saving, and struggling, George and Eliza could wait no longer. They had saved just enough money now to pay for the ocean voyage. In talking over their immigration plans, George would often remark to his wife, "If only we can get there by the skin of our teeth, I will sure be happy."

They literally succeeded in making it to Utah by only "the skin of their teeth." For, as they passed over London Bridge, on their way to the docks, they had only a tuppence (four cents) cash to make their long journey. What they lacked in cash was made up in courage and unlimited faith.

On June 4, 1863, George Taylor, his wife Eliza, and their three children: Harriet Clarissa, age five; Mary Ann Emma, age three; and Parley G., age ten months; left London, England, on the sailing vessel Amazon for a seven-week voyage to America. George was ill during most of the voyage and it was most welcome when they landed at Castle Gardens, New York, the third week of July 1863.

On their arrival in New York City, they were fortunate enough to meet an old-time friend, Joseph Harris, who loaned them the money to continue their journey westward.

Their transportation from New York City to St. Joseph was like they ship cattle to market. Straw was scattered on the floor of the box car to serve as their bed at night. As they neared St. Joseph, little Mary Ann Emma, the frailest of the three children, died and when the train stopped at the station an undertaker was waiting and immediately took the body of the little girl. Although George and

James Poulton went in search of the undertaker, he was never located, and none of the family or friends knew where she was buried.

From St. Joseph to Florence the transportation was to be by boat on the Missouri River. George again became very sick, as was the little boy Parley G. The child died three days out from St. Joseph. His little body was taken off the boat at Florence where he was buried.

George, now feeling better, joined Captain Wooley's Party for their trek westward. To defray the cost of transportation for their trip westward, George drove a wagon and yoke of three oxen. The party left Florence the forepart of August 1863 and after two months traveling, arrived in Salt Lake City on October 4, 1863.

George left his wife and child in care of friends in Salt Lake and proceeded to Provo to establish a home. There being no demand for a scale maker in this frontier town, he was forced to accept any kind of job that became available. One of his many jobs was that of a hod carrier for the brick masons on the Provo Tabernacle.

After a month's time he was able to secure a one-room log house, with no doors, windows, or wood floors. Brother Abraham Halliday of Provo, on his trip from Salt Lake, brought his wife and daughter to their new home in Provo.

George and Eliza had barely made it to Utah "by the skin of their teeth," and had to endure many trying hardships, sickness, death, and agonizing trials. Their faith in God and their testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel had sustained them in their hour of need.

Their long-time dream of owning their own home materialized when George traded his soldier outfit, including a gun and sword, to Thomas Clark in exchange for a two-room, adobe house, which had been used as a sheep pen by its former owner. As was most of the early pioneer houses, it had a dirt roof, a dirt floor, and the windows had to be covered with a blanket to keep out the storms. The dirt roof had to be continuously repaired to stop the leaks.

George had accepted the principle and practice of polygamy, as advocated by the leaders of the LDS Church at that time. So on March 5, 1864, George took his wife Eliza and Henrietta Sawyer, a beautiful, good girl of eighteen, to the Salt Lake Endowment House where he was married and sealed to his wife; and married and sealed to Henrietta Sawyer as a plural wife.

In this little two-room adobe house, located on Eighth Street between C and D Streets in Provo (now First North between Sixth and Seventh West), four of Eliza's children were born and three of Henrietta's children were born.

These two wonderful, choice women, who equally shared their home, the responsibilities of the household, and their husband, were able to live in peace and harmony and support each other in rearing their individual children.

The frequent harassments by the Indians, in stealing food and driving off the pioneer's cattle, necessitated the maintaining of a militia. George joined the Territorial Militia and drilled on the bench lands now known as University Hill. He was a member of the Militia at the time of the Black Hawk War of 1866.

One of the odd jobs George employed in making a living for his families in 1866 was that of a furniture salesman for the Cluff Bros. The Cluff Bros. were pioneer, hand-made furniture makers in Provo. They permitted and encouraged George to sell their hand-made furniture on a commission basis. He proved to be such a good salesman that he decided he would open up his own furniture store.

He rented a small, frame building at about 250 West Center and hung out his sign, "G. Taylor FURNITURE." He stocked his store with all the hand-made furniture the Cluff Bros. would let him have. He then borrowed a wagon and team of horses and went to Salt Lake to H. Dinwoody Furniture Co. to buy what furniture they would let him have to put in stock in his new store. Not having ready cash to pay for his merchandise, he had to borrow the money at 24% interest per annum. To the Cluff Bros. goes the credit for the encouragement and stimulus for George Taylor going into the furniture business and the beginning of his successful business career.

Before going into the furniture business, however, he decided to make use of some of the knowledge he had gained from books in the art of photography. In 1864 he purchased a photographic camera and began his career as a photographer. At that time he knew nothing about the business and read all he could find about photography in magazines. He then experimented by making pictures of his own family. He made and mixed his own chemicals, experimenting in the cellar of the house, oftentimes working all night as one mixture after another proved ineffective, until he finally would come upon a formula which was fairly successful. From here he would continue to work and test until he obtained the result he desired. This experience, led him to devote a section of his furniture store to a photographic gallery, taking photos, finishing, tinting as well as dealing in a stock of photographic supplies. His gallery became the first photo supply house south of Salt Lake City. In the beginning he used the old tintype negatives. He took the picture of the person and developed the negative, which was then given to the purchaser. No prints.

The next year he began to use the chloride plates, and for some time he had to prepare the plates himself; smearing the chloride over the glass just before making the exposure. He became adept at both the wet and the dry plate method. He always insisted on the use of what he termed the "water finishing method" where the prints, after going through the chemical treatment, would be washed for many hours. As a result, many of the pictures he made in the 60s and early 70s are still clear and distinct and show very little, if any, fading out.

About 1870 he sent his daughter Hattie to the studio of C. R. Savage in Salt Lake City to learn re-touching, and the latest ideas

or methods of printing. She was the first re-toucher south of Salt Lake City. He quit the commercial side of photography about 1885, but continued making pictures as a hobby until the 1920s.

As George's furniture store prospered and grew, he followed the example of the Cluff Bros. and employed the services of Thomas Mitchell, a cabinet maker, to make milk safes, cupboards, and lounges. Andrew Sward, a life-long employee of George Taylor and Taylor Bros., finished, painted, varnished and grained the furniture. He also made the mattresses from excelsior. Andrew Sward was a most versatile man. He could take pictures, develop, print and touch them up. He could handle any and all transactions in the store. He was even a ventriloquist and could throw his voice, which caused much dismay and merriment with his customers and friends. While serving as a night watchman in his later years, he fell down the elevator shaft and broke both of his legs.

The love of music acquired in England now became a part of his life in this new land. He became a member of one of the first bands and orchestras in Provo, and played for all dances, theatres, and Church entertainments. This interest in music prompted him to add a music department to his furniture business. His business now carried the name, George Taylor Furniture and Music Store. The chief musical instrument handled at first was the parlor organ.

By 1869 George had qualified as a desirable and permanent resident of the United States with a desire to become a full-fledged citizen, with all its rights, title, interest, and responsibilities. His application for citizenship had been accepted and his United States naturalization papers were granted to him on June 15, 1869. He could now vote and even hold a public office.

With a household consisting of husband, two wives, and six children, larger living quarters were a must. In the spring of 1873, Eliza moved her family to living quarters above the store in the building owned by Peter Stubbs. Henrietta and her family occupied living quarters in the rear of the store building.

It was in this upstairs home that Walter G. Taylor was born to Eliza on September 25, 1873. Eliza and family lived in this upstairs apartment until the Spring of 1875 when George found them a small, one-room log house on the corner of Seventh West and Center Street. Here Ashted, the last baby of Eliza, was born September 12, 1875.

Henrietta's third baby girl, named Ella, was born in the apartment at the rear of the store on October 4, 1875.

George still owned the adobe, two-room building on First North, which had remained unoccupied for some time. By November of 1875 he had remodeled it, and Eliza and her family moved into it.

While Henrietta was still living in the apartment at the rear of the store, she gave birth to her last child, a baby girl named Amy. When Amy was two and one-half years of age, she was drowned in

the Mill Race, an open stream flowing south on Second West. George was working his garden located on the corner of Center Street and Second West. Amy must have seen her father and was on her way to him. In crossing the narrow bridge over the stream, she fell in and was drowned. Her body was found a short distance down the stream where she was lodged among some branches. The Mother and family were grief-stricken. George took a picture of little Amy which became a great consolation to the family.

A few years later George built a home for Henrietta on the lot east of his garden, where she lived the remainder of her life.

As to George's reputation for honesty and fair trading, his son Walter G. attests:

As a lad, one of my early responsibilities was to take father's horse and wagon and go to the railroad depot and pick up the furniture, organs, carpets, and other freight items brought in by the railroad from the Eastern factories, and which were to be sold in father's store. As has always been the policy of the railroad companies, no freight was to be released until the freight charges had been paid in full. At times, when father did not have the cash to give me, I would go to the freight agent and tell him I was George Taylor's son, and that he had sent me to pick up the freight, but would be unable to pay him until the next day (or at some definite date). The freight agent never turned me away, but would tell me that if George Taylor had promised to pay on a definite time, that is when the freight would be paid. I would then haul the merchandise back to the store.

George accepted the old adage, "An idle mind is the devil's workshop." He always managed to have something for his boys to do. He had just purchased a piece of ground near the top of the Provo Bench dugway, which had never been cultivated and was covered with sagebrush. This particular day, Walter G. was instructed to take the team of horses and go out and pull all the sagebrush out of the ground, ready for burning. One of the neighbors seeing the boy spending so much time and effort in clearing the land came over and suggested that he smarten up and take the plow and plow under the sagebrush, thereby disposing of the sagebrush and plowing the ground ready for planting, in one operation. This appealed to Walter G., so he plowed up the land and reported back to his surprised father, in short time. He told his father he had found a quicker and better way of preparing the land for planting. His father then asked him what he had been instructed to do, and if he had followed instructions. To this question Walter G. answered negatively. Then his father proceeded to give him a lesson in obedience. One he never forgot.

The next day George took the boy and went out to the plowed and cleared land, taking with them sufficient seed to plant the area. They planted the area that had the sagebrush cleared off the ground the same as where the sagebrush was plowed under. Then his father said, "Now we will wait and see what happens." That fall when the

wheat was harvested, the cleared land produced more than three times more wheat than the land with the plowed under sagebrush.

Assuming an interest in civic affairs, George was appointed to serve on the committee of the Utah County Board of Trade to give a report at the next state meeting on "Home-made Furniture." He also served as a director in the Commercial Club which was organized in 1901 to aid and encourage, protect, and for the advancement of all business interest in Provo and Utah County.

In 1882 a charter for a bank in Provo to be called The First National Bank of Provo was issued. This bank did a good job for a few years until the panic of 1893 when it was forced to close its doors. George had purchased stock in the new bank and had been elected to its board of directors. He had also become a director in the Utah County Savings Bank, and at one time served as its president. The saving bank was an affiliate of the First National Bank, but it continued to function, even after the First National closed its door.

With the closing of the First National Bank in 1893, George became chairman of the committee to gather pledges for its re-opening. The depositors failed to support the acceptance of time certificates, so the bank went into government receivership. The bank paid its depositors the full amount of their deposits, mainly due to the duplicate liability of the stockholders. The First National Bank of Provo was then taken over by the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank.

The following was copied from a notation George had written in a First National Bank booklet with pencil on the inside cover in his own handwriting:

GEO. TAYLOR SR. was a stockholder in First Nat'l Bank of Provo from its organization in 1882. Have been connected in Provo Commercial and Savings ever since. Occupying same position (as a director) until Jany. 1924, then because I would not consent to unnecessary extravagance in Bank Building and other doings. I was kicked out after 42 years service. I blame this to J. F. Farrer and C. E. Loose.

First National Bank, Provo City, Utah organized 1882. Was chairman of Executive Committee.

s/ GEORGE TAYLOR SR.

The twenty-five foot frontage property next door east of the furniture store was owned by W. O. Beesley. The twenty-foot frontage property east of the Beesley property was owned by George, but the title was recorded in the name of Emily Pafford. When George's son Thomas N. and Julius Jensen wanted to expand their jewelry business, Beesley was willing to sell them his twenty-five foot frontage property. Tom went to his father to talk over the proposed purchase. George felt this property being next to his furniture store was more valuable to him than anyone else, so he agreed to sell Taylor and Jensen Jewelers his twenty-foot property, where a beautiful new jewelry store building was built, and the

upstairs area became the home for Tom and his wife. George then bought the twenty-five foot frontage property from Beesley. In 1884 when George's son John T. was seventeen years of age and his daughter "Polly" was nineteen years of age, he set them up in business in this Beesley property.

With their father's help and with plenty of hard work, John T. and "Polly" developed a most attractive and successful retail grocery store, specializing in fresh produce with attractive displays in the front of the building, but carrying a staple and fancy line of groceries, fruits, fish, imported and domestic produce and sundries. This business was called Taylor & Co. As George's part of the company, he brought in a stock of photographic supplies, including Sneed's dry plates, elknogen, nitrogen of silver, chloride of gold, pyrogolk acid, hyposulphite soda, and sulphite soda.

In 1882 the Edmunds Law, a federal law which made polygamy a felony, subject to imprisonment, forced George to go on the "underground." Which means he had to stay clear of being apprehended by any of the Federal officers. "The Fed" was the nickname these officers were known by.

For five years George had been able to keep out of the reach of the "Feds" by living with the Poulton family and other friends in Provo and Utah County. On one occasion he was hanging a picture in his store when a "Fed," posing as a salesman, sneaked up behind him. To avoid being caught, George had to outrun his pursuer, going clear to the river bridge at the top of Fifth West before he could shake him.

In about 1886, after having evaded the "feds" for five years, he was finally arrested by an agent named Norell. This agent had represented himself as a traveling salesman taking orders for merchandise to re-sell in the George Taylor Furniture and Music Store. At the trial there was no complaining witness; George was set free without a sentence or fine.

Previous to his going on the "underground," George had transferred title to his business and property to his oldest son, George Taylor, Jr. He did this to avoid his property being confiscated by the Federal Government in case he was arrested for being married to two wives.

In November 1886 George Taylor made a separation agreement with his second wife, Henrietta, and made a division of his property. Each wife was given the home she and her family were living in. To Eliza he gave five acres of land between Seventh and Eighth West on Fourth North, and a lot on the corner of Seventh West and Fifth North. To Henrietta he gave the five acres of farming land in the southwest part of the city, called the "Fort Fields." He then moved into one of the rooms of his sister's son's home, George Hickman, at about 245 West Center Street (just across the street from his business), a small, frame house he was renting.

There had been some conversation relative to the sale of George's furniture and music business between George Taylor and Henry Southworth. Henry Southworth owned and operated a general merchandise store on the corner of Fifth West and First North, in the "old Round House." Mr. Southworth had offered to pay \$10,000.00 for his merchandise, fixtures, and building. George was seriously thinking about the sale and also contemplating a trip to England with the proceeds.

When problems arise in families or between individuals, there are always two or more viewpoints involved. In the disposition of George Taylor's furniture business, we do not have his viewpoint, but knowing of his forthright, straight-laced honesty and considering his principle of "his word being as good as his bond," there may be some justification in his first refusal of selling his business to his wife Eliza and her sons because of his prior commitment to sell the business to H. Southworth.

After going over the situation with his mother, Uncle Tom advised her to buy him out. This stand taken for the protection of his mother's financial interest against his father alienated father and son to the point of being disallowed any proceeds in the will of George Taylor, Sr., other than being given the gold watch and chain which the son had previously given to the father.

The transaction for sale of the furniture business was completed, which included the land, buildings, and merchandise, for \$11,000. The new purchasers were: Eliza N. Taylor, George Taylor, Jr., Thomas N. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, and John D. Dixon, doing business as Taylor Bros. Co. Terms of settlement, which were underwritten by the First National Bank of Provo were: George was to receive \$3,000 cash at the signing of the agreement. Four bank-guaranteed notes of \$2,000 each were given, bearing interest at 10% per annum. One note was to be paid off every three months, and all were to be paid within one year. All notes were paid promptly as agreed.

Taylor Brothers Company was then incorporated under the State laws of Utah in 1890 with "Grandma" Eliza Nicholls Taylor as president, George Taylor, Jr., as vice-president, John DeGrey Dixon as secretary and treasurer, Arthur N. Taylor as a director, and Thomas N. Taylor as director and manager.

With his retirement from the furniture and photographic business, George then devoted his energy and time to buying and selling real estate, handling securities, and as a director in the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank where he closely followed their financial success.

George Taylor was a man of his word and expected the same from everyone else, even his own children. Sometimes the lessons he tried to impress on to his sons were quite severe and hard to accept, but it carried home the point and was not easily forgotten.

During one of the hard winters of heavy snow and freezing cold weather, George, Jr., had run short of feed for his horses. His ready cash was depleted. He went to his father for a loan to buy some feed. A short-term loan for four months was made, with the current rate of interest and with a specific date for payment in full. Shortly after making the loan, George, Jr., received payment of a debt owed him. He took the money to his father to liquidate his note. His father would not accept the money at that time. It was not yet due; 12:00 noon on June 12th was the payment date. That's when he wanted it paid and not before nor a minute after.

While Tom was still working for his father just getting started in the jewelry business with Julius Jensen in 1885, they needed a showcase and a little more merchandise costing \$112 or \$56 each. Tom went to his father for a loan. It was necessary for Tom to put up his mare and colt (valued at \$125) as collateral on the note. When the note came due he asked his father for an extension of time for payment as he had put the money into new merchandise for the business. His father refused, saying he knew when he borrowed the money when it was due to be paid back. His father, George, took the mare and the colt in default of payment of the note. Punctuality was one of his cardinal rules.

An example of how principle was passed from father to son is clearly demonstrated in this humorous episode:

A rival suitor of one of the fair lassies of the Provo Third Ward offered Walter G. a quarter if he would throw a bouquet of flowers onto the lap of his girl friend, while she was attending Church service. That quarter looked like a silver mine, and the time and work to earn it was so short and easy. Walter G. agreed to do the job. Unobserved, he inched up to the bench she was sitting on and quickly threw the flowers. The girl screamed with surprise, disturbing the whole congregation. A humiliated George grabbed his son by the collar and took him out of the building where he was chastized severely and asked why he had done such a thing. A repentant boy told his father that he didn't know she would scream out. He was only trying to help this man show a favor to his girl. He was being paid for it, and besides he had made an agreement and he was bound to keep his word.

George's marriage to Sarah M. Blair, a Sunday School teacher at the time he was superintendent of the Sunday School in the Third Ward, was of short duration of only about a month; with its mutual dissolvment on March 13, 1890.

The records show a civil divorce, instituted by George Taylor, was granted him from Eliza N. Taylor on September 6, 1901, although they had been separated for several years. It was not contested by Eliza.

On their trip to England, George Taylor and Emily Pafford Singleton were married in the New York City Hall on July 19, 1906. Emily died of cancer on January 11, 1914, at Provo, Utah. On her

huge, granite monument in the Provo City Cemetery, George had a photo of Emily permanently attached with the epitaph, "You Will Miss Me When I Am Gone."

In 1920 after the high waters of the Provo River and Utah Lake had washed out the dike and flooded the farming land of the Skipper Bay Drainage District, which had been spearheaded by Arthur N. Taylor, some of his former co-workers in Taylor Bros. Co. came to him expressing their desire to organize a corporation and buy the Barton Furniture Co. located on Academy Avenue, or the Bates Furniture Co. on East Center Street.

In talking this proposition over with his father, George, Arthur was advised against the buying of an existing company and having to pay dearly for the goodwill of the existing company and in buying the old stock and fixtures. "Why don't you organize your own company, build your own building and stock it with new, clean, up-to-date stock and fixtures?" the father asked. Arthur answered that he had just lost \$ on the lake project and didn't have that kind of money, and he was sure the other boys could not finance it.

George told his son Arthur that he would not loan him the money, but he was a director of the Provo Commercial Bank, and he would see that the money to finance a new furniture business was made available to him. He then went to the president of the bank and told him to let his son Arthur borrow the amount he needed to start a new business and to help him finance the construction of a new building. That was the beginning of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co., underwritten by George Taylor, Sr.

Phoebe Carter Christensen became George's fifth wife on October 26, 1915. She survived him at his death on September 4, 1926, at his home at 195 West Center Street, Provo, Utah. Funeral services were held in the Provo Third Ward chapel on Monday afternoon at 2:00 p.m. Interment was in the Provo City Cemetery.

George Taylor was the father of the following children:

By his first wife, Eliza Nicholls Taylor:

Harriet Clarissa T. McClellan	B 23 Jun 1858	D 29 May 1958
Mary Ann Emma Taylor	13 May 1860	Jul 1863
Parley G. Taylor	4 Aug 1862	Jul 1863
George Thomas Taylor	31 Aug 1864	15 Dec 1941
William Taylor	2 Jul 1866	2 Sep 1867
Thomas Nicholls Taylor	28 Jul 1868	24 Oct 1950
Arthur Nicholls Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
Walter G. Taylor	25 Sep 1873	18 Mar 1959
Ashted Taylor	12 Sep 1875	15 Sep 1967

By his second wife, Henrietta Sawyer Taylor:

Joseph Taylor	10 Jun 1865	20 Oct 1867
Henrietta Taylor Kerr	6 Oct 1867	1 Jun 1941
Mary Ann (Polly) T. Roberts	14 Feb 1870	3 Jun 1950

John Tranham Taylor	12 Aug 1872	23 Apr 1960
Ella Taylor Westphall	4 Oct 1875	3 Aug 1959
Amy Taylor	1 Jan 1878	1 Jun 1880

After all expenses for probating the will of George Taylor were made, the court records show there was \$32,865 distributed to the heirs of George Taylor, Sr., deceased.

--Clarence D. Taylor
December 29, 1978

In the life of George Taylor, Sr., a lesson can be gleaned from his inability to separate and distinguish the human frailties of man from the teachings and practices of the Church.

Some close friends who were members of the Church, holding prominent and responsible offices in the priesthood and in the eyes of George, did not conduct themselves in an honorable, Christian, everyday behavior, especially in certain business transactions. Such activities resulted in George's becoming bitter and inactive in the Church.

Copy of Will of George Taylor, Sr.

I, GEORGE TAYLOR, SR., of Provo, Utah County, State of Utah, being eighty-seven years of age March 25, 1925, and being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and declare this to be my last will and testament. I hereby revoke all wills and codicils and any testamentary paper at any time heretofore made by me.

First - I hereby direct the payment of all my just debts and funeral expenses as soon as practicable after my decease.

Second - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my wife, Phoebe Taylor, as her sole interest in my estate, one-third of all my real property that I may be possessed or seized of at the time of my death.

Third - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my nephew, James J. Hickman, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Fourth - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my niece, Annie Hickman, the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Fifth - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the children of George Hickman, my sister's oldest son, to-wit: George Hickman, Ada Hickman Gardner, and Albert Hickman, each the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Sixth - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to Leo Taylor, Jack Pafford, and Harry Pafford, each the sum of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500).

Seventh - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my daughters, Harriet Taylor McClellan, Nettie Taylor Kerr, Polly Taylor Roberts and Ella Taylor Westphal, each the sum of Four Thousand Dollars (\$4,000).

Eighth - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my son Thomas N. Taylor, my Elgin watch and chain.

Ninth - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my sons George Taylor, Jr., John T. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, Walter G. Taylor, and Ashted Taylor, each the sum of Five Dollars (\$5), and in connection with this last bequest, I desire to say that I have heretofore made other provisions for my said sons named in this paragraph, which to my mind are just and fair, and so that my mind and intent in connection with what I may have done for said sons may be made clear I desire to say that neither they nor any one of them is indebted to me in any sum whatsoever at this time.

Tenth - I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to my sons, George Taylor, Jr., John T. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, Walter G. Taylor, and Ashted Taylor all the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, real, personal or mixed, wheresoever the same may be located, said sons so named to share in the same share and share alike.

Eleventh - I desire that my coffin be made of plain pine boards by a Provo carpenter, with no varnish or paint, with six plain Japanned handles.

It is my wish and I so order that there be no flowers at my funeral and no automobiles carting me around to meeting houses for show.

It is my wish and I so order that there be no remarks at my funeral, but that I be borne silently away to my last resting place.

It is my wish and I so order that the epitaph to be placed on my plain headboard be worded as follows:

"He earned his rest."

Twelfth - I hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint my sons, George Taylor, Jr., John T. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor, Walter G. Taylor, and Ashted Taylor as executors of this my last will and testament, and it is my desire that they be permitted to act without bond.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I, the said George Taylor, Sr., have hereunto set my hand this 24th day of December, A.D. 1925.

/s/ GEORGE TAYLOR, SR.

Additional information pertaining to provisions in the will of
GEORGE TAYLOR, Sr.

Third Provision - James J. Hickman was a local school teacher who was sponsored by his uncle to leave England and come to Utah and live in his home and work in his furniture store. At the time he received his \$500, he was teaching school in Garfield, Utah. He was paid by check #55.

Fourth Provision - Annie Hickman had returned to England with her parents in 1901. Her \$500 check (Money Order) was sent to: Mrs. Annie H. Thompson, Birmingham, England, on September 26, 1929.

Fifth Provision - The balance of \$500 each was paid to the children of George Henry Hickman on July 10, 1929:

George "H" Hickman, check #54
Ada Hickman Gardner, check #53
Albert H. Hickman, check #52

Sixth Provision - Jack and Harry Pafford were brothers of Emily Pafford Taylor, George Taylor's fourth wife. After an exhaustive search, information on the Paffords was found in England. Harry Pafford had died. His son Harry John Pafford was his executor to whom a \$500 money order was sent. Jack Pafford was living in Trowbridge, Wiltshire, England, and was paid his legacy of \$500. Both payments were made in 1938.

Leo Taylor, the only grandchild to be remembered, had his right hand cut off in a corn silage chopper accident while still a young man in school. This handicap was recognized by his grandfather in giving him \$500.

Seventh Provision - Each of the daughters received the balance of their \$4000 on July 10, 1929: Harriet, check #50; Nettie, check #49, Polly, check #48; and Ella, check #47.

Eighth Provision - The Elgin watch and chain here is the same one Thomas gave his father when he was in the jewelry store business. The father never forgave his son for the stand he took in protecting the interests of his mother in the furniture store transaction. This is the only provision for Thomas in the will.

Ninth and Tenth Provision - This definitely states that none of the sons were indebted to their father in any sum, and that the five sons mentioned would share in the remainder of his estate, share and share alike, which they did.

Eleventh Provision - His many friends and family disregarded his order of no flowers at his funeral. There was a viewing at his home and a brief LDS service was held in the Third Ward chapel. Burial was in the Provo Cemetery on the plot where he had erected a large 7-foot granite monument for Emily Pafford Taylor.

On the south side of this granite monument the family inscribed the following:

George Taylor, Sr.
March 25, 1838
September 4, 1926

"He earned his rest"

GEORGE TAYLOR, Sr., Chronological Events

	<u>Age</u>
1838 March 25, George Taylor was born at Windsor Street, in the Parish of Aston, Birmingham, County of Warwick, England. Mother--Ann Hill; Father--Thomas Taylor	
1846 Errand boy, earning one shilling a week	8
1848 Apprenticed as a scales maker	10
1855 March 3, Baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Joseph Howard	17
1857 July 5, married Eliza Nicholls in the Church of England, Edgbaston Parish by I. Spooner, Vicar	19
1858 June 23, Harriett Clarrisa Taylor was born in Birmingham, England	20
1860 May 13, Mary Ann Emma Taylor was born in Birmingham, England	22
1862 August 4, Parley G. Taylor was born in Birmingham, England	24
1863 June 4, Set sail from London, England, for Utah on ship <u>Amazon</u> - Total cash reserve--two pence	25
3rd Week in July - After a 7-week voyage, arrived at Castle Gardens, New York. Borrowed money from Joseph Harris to continue the journey West	
July - Latter part - Mary Ann Emma died and was buried at St. Joseph, Mo. Three days later - Parley G. Taylor died and was buried at Florence, Neb.	
August - Forepart - Left Florence for Utah, driving a three-yoke ox team	

	October 4, Arrived in the Salt Lake Valley with wife and daughter	
	November, Went to Provo to find work	
1864 March 5,	George endowed and sealed to Eliza Nicholls Taylor and married and sealed to Henrietta Sawyer	26
	Traded a soldier's outfit for a two-room house in Provo	
	August 31, George Thomas Taylor was born at Provo, Utah	26
	Purchased first camera. Started experimenting with developing chemicals and printing procedures	
1866	A member of the Territorial Militia - Black Hawk War	28
	Started Geo. Taylor Furniture Store in Provo	
	June 10, Joseph Taylor born at Provo, Utah, to Henrietta	
	July 2, William Taylor born to Eliza	
1867 Sept. 2,	William Taylor died	29
	Oct. 6, Henrietta Taylor born to Henrietta	
1868 July 28,	Thomas Nicholls Taylor born to Eliza	30
1869 May 10,	Completion of transcontinental railroad	31
	June 15, U. S. Naturalization papers delivered to George Taylor	
	Oct. 20, Joseph Taylor died	
1870 Feb. 14,	Mary Ann (Polly) Taylor born to Henrietta	31
	Hattie goes to C. R. Savage Studio in Salt Lake to learn photography "touching" and latest methods of printing.	
1872 August 12,	John Tranham Taylor born to Henrietta	34
	Music Dept. (organ) added to store	
1873 Spring,	Eliza and family moved to apartment above store	35
	Sept. 25, Walter G. Taylor born to Eliza	
1875 Sept. 12,	Ashted Taylor born to Eliza	37
	Oct. 4, Ella Taylor born to Henrietta	

1878 Jan 1,	Amy Taylor born to Henrietta	39
1880 June 1,	Amy drowned in Mill Race	42
	Henrietta's family living in store apartment	
1881 Jan. 1,	A member of the County Board of Trade, whose committee was to give a report on "Home Made Furniture"	
1882	Was an organizer, stockholder and director of the First National Bank of Provo	
1882-1887	Edmund Law passed on plural marriages	44
1884	George Taylor's nephew James John Hickman "Jimmie" (age 15) came to Utah to work in furniture store. Lived with Eliza. Saved enough money to send for his brother George and wife from England.	
1885	George quit Commercial Photography, but continued in 47 photography as a hobby and selling supplies until 1920	
1886 November,	Made a separation agreement with Henrietta	48
1887 June 12,	Temple recommend issued to George and Eliza Taylor by Provo Third Ward Bishop Myron Tanner and signed by President A. O. Smoot of the Utah Stake	49
	Edmund - Tucker Law enforced against polygamy Deeded his property to his eldest son, George Went on the "underground"	
1889	Sold his furniture and music business to Eliza Taylor	51
	Set up a grocery business for his daughter Polly and son John T. In connection with the grocery store he included a stock of photo supplies. Called this business "Taylor & Company".	
1890 Nov 13,	Dissolved his marriage with Sarah M. Blair	52
1893 July 22,	On the committee for gathering pledges for the re-opening of the bankrupt First National Bank of Provo	55
1898	His sister Mary Taylor Hickman, husband, and her daughter Annie arrived from England. Three years later they returned to England.	60
1901 April 14,	His sister, Mary Taylor Hickman, died of asthma in Birmingham, England	63

Sept. 6, George Taylor was granted a civil divorce from
Eliza Nicholls Taylor

Was president of the Utah County Savings Bank

1906 July 19, George Taylor Married Emily Pafford Singleton in New York City Hall, New York	68
1914 Jan. 11, Emily Pafford Taylor died at Provo, Utah	75
1915 Oct. 26, George Taylor married Phoebe Carter Christensen	77
1922 Mar. 2, Henrietta Sawyer Taylor died at Provo, Utah	
June 27, Eliza Nicholls Taylor died at Provo, Utah	
1926 Sept. 4, GEORGE TAYLOR, Sr., died at Provo, Utah	88

His Grandmother, Eliza Nicholls Taylor
(From notes by his mother, Maria Dixon Taylor)

Eliza Nicholls, daughter of Thomas Ashford and Harriett Ball Nicholls, was born April 28, 1838, at Portsmouth, England. Her childhood days were spent in Birmingham, England. Between the ages of five and six, she attended school and learned the alphabet. At eight years of age she promised to go to night school if her parents would allow her to work in a button factory. When she was fifteen, she earned a woman's wage covering buttons.

Her father and mother were very religious and pious people. They were members of the Church of England. Eliza always attended Sunday School. Her friend, Mary Rabould, urged her to go to a new church, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

In August 1855 her father died. Shortly after his death, on a moonlight night, Eliza was baptized at Villa Street. When she was just seventeen, in February 1856, another great sorrow came to her in the loss of her mother.

On July 5, 1857, she was married to George Taylor, having met him in Church at the Ashted Branch. After six years of struggle and saving, they emigrated to America with their children: Harriett, Emma, and Parley. They arrived in America on July 18, 1863. The journey across the plains was very hard. Two of the children, Emma and Parley, died en route. After their arrival in Utah, they settled in Provo, where they suffered many hardships. She always looked on the bright side of life, her greatest gift being faith.

Grandmother Taylor worked as a teacher in the Provo Third Ward Relief Society for four years. In 1884 she was called by the stake to serve in the Primary as second counselor. A year later, she was called to work in the stake Primary as first counselor to Annie K.

Smoot. She was the mother of Reed Smoot, who was chosen to become a member of the Twelve and elected to the U.S. Senate from Utah. She held this office for ten years. She served as president of the Third Ward Relief Society for many years until the ward was divided, when she was then made president of the Pioneer Ward Relief Society.

Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor was named president of Taylor Bros. Co., after her sons had acquired the G. Taylor Company from George Taylor, their father, and changed the name to Taylor Bros. Co.

As dividend checks were issued, Grandmother Taylor would not cash the checks, but would save them. The bookkeepers would then, each month, have to count them as outstanding checks. Uncle Tom Taylor, who was the manager of Taylor Bros., would find it necessary to contact her and insist that she cash the checks.

Grandmother owned the block between Fourth and Fifth North, and Seventh and Eighth West. She also owned the northwest quarter of the block just across Seventh West to the east. For many years she had lived on the north side of First North, between Sixth and Seventh West, but the land on Seventh West was divided, and tracts were given to her children. Aunt Hattie McClellan and her husband, Uncle Jim, were awarded the southeast quarter of the block. They built a nice home there, and grandmother occupied very comfortable quarters on the north end of the home, having a private entrance.

Father was given the southwest quarter of this block. We jokingly referred to this tract as "The Promised Land." Uncle Walter G. was awarded the northwest quarter. Uncle George received the northwest quarter of the adjoining block on the east. Uncle Ashted was given cash with which to purchase a farm north and west of this property.

She was known far and near for her beautiful, unselfish life, always giving help and comfort to the sick and needy. She was known to her host of friends as "Grandma Taylor."

Her death occurred on June 27, 1922. She was 84 years of age. The following are her children who grew to maturity:

Harriett who married James McClellan
George Thomas who married Sarah Elizabeth Thomas
Thomas Nicholls who married Maud Rogers
Arthur Nicholls who married Maria Louise Dixon
Walter George who married Agnes McKinley
Ashted who married Catherine Strebel

Biography of Eliza Nicholls Taylor

Eliza Nicholls Taylor's father, Thomas Ashford Nicholls, was a pensioner from the British Army at the time of his death at age 51. His wife's death certificate shows he was a gun furniture polisher,

requiring him to move periodically from one garrison to another; never being able to stay in one place long enough to own a home.

Harriet Ball Nicholls, Eliza's mother, had been married to John Patterson and had one daughter, Carolyn Patterson. Eliza's half-sister was born in 1829 and died at the age of eighteen years. John Patterson died in 1831 and soon after Harriet Ball Patterson married Thomas Ashford Nicholls.

On February 17, 1833, Thomas Ashford Nicholls was stationed in Dublin, Ireland, for it was here that Eliza's oldest sister, Mary Ann Emma, was born to Harriet Ball Nicholls.

We next find the Nicholls family at the garrison in Birmingham, England, where Elizabeth Nicholls was born on October 20, 1834. The first son, Frederick Nicholls, was born on May 3, 1836. Both of these children died before reaching maturity.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor, my Grandmother, was born to Harriet Ball Nicholls in Portsmouth, South Hampton, England, on April 29, 1838.

Harriet Nicholls, the younger sister of Eliza, was born to Harriet Ball Nicholls and Thomas Ashford Nicholls, at Dover, England, on May 14, 1840. Another younger sister, Phoebe, and a younger brother, Thomas, were born in 1842 and 1843 and died as children.

At Chatham, England, Harriet Ball Nicholls gave birth to a son, William Nicholls, on Nov. 11, 1845.

Harriet's youngest child, John Nicholls, was born in 1847, probably in Birmingham, where he died as a child.

Eliza was a beautiful, lovely, and ambitious child. At the age of five and six she went to school and learned the alphabet. But it was not until she came to Utah that she learned to read and write by copying the writing in the Church publications.

By the time Eliza was eight years of age, her family had moved back to Birmingham. Her father had now been pensioned from the Service.

Eliza, wanting to help with the finances of the family, persuaded her father to permit her to work at the local Button Factory, promising to go to night school to keep up with her education. By the time she was fifteen years of age, just before her father died, she had been advanced in the factory to where she was in full charge of the covering of silk, satin, velvet, and cloth buttons. For this work she was receiving a grown woman's wages.

Eliza's father, Thomas Ashford Nicholls, died at Birmingham, England, on July 17, 1854. Her Mother, Harriet Ball Nicholls, died just seven months later on February 12, 1855, at Birmingham, England.

The early training to work and having a good paying job, now became a blessing to the Nicholls family. Mary Ann Emma stayed home and took care of the house and the younger brother, William. Eliza and Harriet worked and contributed their wages for the support of the orphaned family.

Eliza's father and mother were very strict, religious people, being members of the Church of England, where they regularly attended Sunday School and church services.

One Sunday morning as Eliza was on her way to Sunday School, she met her girl friend Mary Rabould, who was going in the opposite direction. Eliza asked her where she was going. Mary answered that she was on her way to a new Church by the name of Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Did she want to go with her?"

Mary was a trusted friend, coming from a very respectable family, so Eliza joined her.

The next Sunday Mary called for Eliza to go to the "Mormon" Church. Eliza asked her father's permission to go with Mary. The father said, "Brigham Young is the head of that Church, and he has ninety wives, hasn't he?"

Mary promptly replied, "Mr. Nicholls, it takes a good man to keep one wife, let along two. And he couldn't have them if he wasn't worthy of them."

"Well, Thomas," her mother said gently, "If they don't do her any good, they won't do her any harm, anyway. So let her go."

About a year later, Thomas moved his family to another section of the city, and Eliza had to discontinue her attendance to the meetings.

Shortly after the death of Eliza's father, one of her girl friends came to see her. Annie Baldwin was a girl who had been born and raised in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. She took Eliza to her branch of the Church and encouraged her to attend regularly.

Annie Baldwin and Eliza became very dear friends. It was she who accompanied this seventeen-year-old convert to the pool on Villa Street, Birmingham, England, on October 15, 1855, where she was baptized a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Abraham Awn.

In the Ashted Branch of the Mormon Church in Birmingham, England, a young, handsome, nineteen-year-old convert, who sang in the choir and played bass fiddle in the Branch orchestra, attracted the attention of nineteen-year-old Eliza. Although George Taylor and Eliza Nicholls were both members of the LDS Church, their bans were published in the Edgbaston Parish Church of England by the Vicar, I. Spooner, who married them on July 5, 1857. Edwin Dedicant and A. Rogers were the witnesses.

George Taylor was a very high-minded, ambitious boy, and he chose a good, unselfish girl, who loved him and worked with him as his wife. Both were desirous of going to Zion, where they could better live their religion among people of their own belief. So Eliza volunteered to continue her work in the button factory and thus helped to save enough money for their long journey to Utah.

On June 23, 1858, the couple was blessed with a bright, blue-eyed, girl with golden hair who was given the name of Harriet Clarissa. With a future home in Zion ever present in the mind of Eliza, she continued to work at the button factory after the birth of her child. Her sister Emma took care of the baby while she was at work. Very close to the button factory was a Catholic church. Emma would bring Eliza's baby periodically through the day, and Eliza would rest on the steps and nurse her infant daughter.

A second baby for Aunt Emma to take care of was born to Eliza on May 13, 1860. Eliza continued to work in the button factory, determined to build their "transportation-to-Zion fund," although the date was temporarily extended. This second baby was named Mary Ann Emma, after her second mother.

Little Parley G. Taylor was born to Eliza on August 4, 1862. Now with three babies to take care of, Aunt Emma remained steadfast in supporting Eliza and George in their desire to migrate to Zion.

As the increased cost for raising the growing family developed, so also the determination to get to Zion increased, even if it were by the "skin of their teeth." Eliza and George continued to skrimp and save and pray and work, and with Aunt Emma's loyal support, they now had just about enough money to pay for their transportation.

Eliza and George had now spent six years of their married life in accumulating barely enough money for their long journey to Utah. George had often promised Eliza, "If only we can get there by the skin of our teeth, we will be happy."

They could wait no longer, so on June 4, 1863, George and Eliza and their three children, Harriet Clarissa, Mary Ann Emma, and Parley G., with their passage ticket paid, four pence reserve, but with an abundance of faith, left London, England, on the sailing vessel Amazon.

For the next seven weeks they tossed and rolled on the wide Atlantic Ocean and finally docked at Castle Gardens, New York. It was a weak and exhausted woman, as Eliza walked down the gangplank that evening. Her only nourishment that day had been a cup of gruel. She was so weak that she had her husband throw down a quilt on the ground so she could lie down and regain sufficient strength to continue on.

Their prayers had been answered. They had arrived safely in America. Now an old-time friend, Joseph Harris, an uncle of Bishop Ralph Poulton who with others was on his way to Zion, came to their aid by loaning them enough money to continue their journey to Utah.

Passage in "steerage" on the sailing vessel had been clean and airy and comfortable, compared to the railroad box cars they were herded into for their transportation from New York to St. Joseph, Mo. Straw was scattered on the floor of these partially open box cars which allowed the smoke and dust to blow in. These quarters were crowded, uncomfortable, and soon became filthy dirty.

Little Mary Ann Emma, being very frail, could not stand the hard trip in these box cars and died the latter part of July 1863. The railroad had called an undertaker to meet the train at St. Joseph, and remove the little body. When George and James Poulton went in search of the undertaker, they could not find him. No one ever knew where the little body of Mary Ann Emma was buried.

From St. Joseph, Mo., Eliza, George, and party traveled by boat up the Missouri River to Florence, Nebraska, where a company was to be formed for their long trek across the plains to Utah. On the boat, George and little Parley G. became very ill. Three days after leaving St. Joseph little Parley G. died, the latter part of July 1863, while on the boat. He was buried in Florence, Nebraska.

With the loss of two of her three children and now with her husband deathly ill, Eliza poured forth her heart in silent prayer, "Father, Thy will be done, not mine. But, please God, spare my husband to go with me into the Valley."

Eliza's faith and prayers were again answered. Her husband, George, fully recovered. At Florence they joined Captain Wooley's Company, which began their journey West the first part of August 1863. George drove three yoke of oxen. The original family of five was now reduced to only three--George, Eliza and little golden haired Hattie.

The people along the way were destitute of clothing so Eliza sold her dead children's clothes to buy food for her remaining child. Hattie related that a band of Indians saw her bright, curly, red hair and wanted to trade for her. Her mother refused but became worried for fear that they might return and steal her, so she cut off Hattie's hair. For a long time thereafter, Hattie wore a sun bonnet, until her hair grew back.

On October 4, 1863, the Taylor Family realized their dream of mingling with the Saints in the Valley of the Mountains when they arrived in Salt Lake City, with thankfulness for their safe arrival and with faith, hope, and plans for their future.

A short time after their arrival in Salt Lake City, Eliza and her husband were walking down the street when a familiar-looking lady came running out of the house, calling them by name.

It was Mary Rabould (now Mrs. William Wood), she who had first taken Eliza to a Mormon Church service. How happy Eliza was to now have such a dear friend in this new land. Mary insisted that she and little Hattie come and stay with her. Since George had gone to Provo, looking for work and a place to live, they accepted the invitation and stayed with her for a month.

In the early part of November 1863, George Taylor sent for his wife and child to come to Provo. He had found a one-room log house for her to live in. Brother Abraham Halliday had come to Salt Lake on business and was returning to Provo. He gave Eliza and Hattie an invitation to accompany him back to Provo, which they readily accepted.

George and Eliza's dream of life in Utah was not as rosy as they had thought it would be. They found Zion very different from what they had anticipated. Both found it hard to get used to the new ways and laws of the people. They were born of refined, old English stock and were more or less of a pious nature. Here in this new country, the settlers were rough and roudy. The country was new and wild and these things troubled them. Eliza took things for granted and began home-making. Her trust and faith in God were so strong that she could accept all changes graciously. Her husband, on the contrary, found it hard to accustom himself to the new life.

One night Eliza pondered over the one principle of the gospel that was most trying. Having taken her trouble to the Lord in her past life, she did not forget Him now, in her hour of doubt. So, she now prayed earnestly that she might know if polygamy was true. She prayed with heart and soul, for in this knowledge much depended.

The door opened and a beautiful personage came in. He did not wear a hat or coat. His shirt was spotless white. His hair was combed high upon his forehead. His eyes were clear and bright and they made her feel at ease in his presence. He sat down on one of the two stools which graced her humble home, and said, "Sister, you want to know if polygamy is true. I say to you, verily it is true. But trials and troubles are numerous, and there will be more damned than saved."

This was her salvation, for she knew that she had talked with Joseph Smith, the Prophet, and that he had come in answer to her prayer. In her thankfulness, she prayed, "O Lord! Help me to do unto others as I would be done by." So the Lord gave her strength and she made this prayer her life motto. She had received a wonderful testimony of the truth.

One of the first visitors to enter her home was Aunt Hannah Clark, whom most of the early pioneers remember, for her many acts of kindness. Aunt Hannah came as a ministering angel of mercy when Eliza, after her hard trip, lay ill in a strange, new country. She made a cup of tea (a luxury in those days) and did many things to cheer and comfort her. This marked the birth of a friendship which will last for time and eternity.

Eliza's husband had a soldier's outfit with its various belongings which he traded for a two-room house. There was one large room and a small bedroom. The house was built of adobe and had a dirt floor. To this home Eliza moved in March 1864. It was here that her husband brought his second wife, Henrietta Sawyer. She was a good girl. She and Eliza shared equally in a household of peace and happiness.

On August 31, 1864, Eliza gave birth to a little boy, who was named after his father, George.

Eliza's fifth child, a little boy, was born August 2, 1866. William Taylor died after a week's illness on September 2, 1867.

Thomas Nicholls Taylor, his first name taken from his grandfather, was born on July 28, 1868.

On November 2, 1870, Arthur Nicholls Taylor was born to Eliza. He was the fourth child born to Eliza in America and the last child she gave birth to in this little two-room adobe house with its dirt roof.

Eliza's home was typical of many of the early pioneer houses. The dirt roof had to be repaired after each hard rain. Sometimes large holes would appear and the children would lie in bed and try to count the stars. When it rained very hard, the mother would put the children under the bed. She would then busy herself getting pots and pans to put on the beds to catch the rain and thus keep the bedding as dry as possible. Many mornings, after it had been raining all night, Eliza would cheerfully thank the Lord for the bright warm sunshine which made it possible for her to dry the bedding for the next night.

During the stormy season the mud would run down the white-washed walls. Eliza would then re-white-wash the house in order to make it clean and homelike. A woman of her nature could live only in a clean home. Thus the brave little woman endured her poverty, and thanked the Lord for all that he had given her.

In the spring of 1873, Eliza moved uptown into two rooms over her husband's furniture store. It was here on September 25, 1873, that Walter G. Taylor was born. Here she lived until the early spring of 1875. She then moved into a one-room log house located on the corner of Seventh West and West Center Street. While living here she gave birth to her last baby, Ashted Taylor. He was born September 12, 1875. His first name was taken from the name of the Church branch in Birmingham, England, where she and her husband, George, first met.

While living in this little log house on West Center, Eliza's husband re-built the little home on First North, which had been vacant for some time. In November of 1875, Eliza again moved into the little adobe house which had sheltered her when she brought four of her children into the world.

When Ashted was four years old and her children had outgrown babyhood, Eliza accepted the call as a teacher in the Third Ward Relief Society. The Provo Third Ward Primary President, Rebecca Doolen, selected her for second counselor in 1884. The following year, 1885, Annie K. Smoot, President of the Utah Stake Primary selected her as first counselor. This office she held for over ten years. For the next few years she was holding down two Church jobs. In 1887 Eliza was called to act as first counselor to Sister

Lamira Collins, the president of the Young Ladies Mutual Association of the Provo Third Ward. In the Spring of 1890, she was set apart as president of the Relief Society of the Provo Third Ward by Bishop Myron Tanner. This position she held for twenty-three years. When the Third Ward was divided, she became president of the new (Pioneer) ward Relief Society.

In the Spring of 1890, Eliza took her son Arthur on a trip back to her childhood home. In the four months they were gone, they visited Eastern United States, England, and France. It was a very pleasant trip, but she was glad to return to her adopted country.

On a later visit she made to Europe to see her family in Birmingham, England, her sister tried to persuade her to remain and live in England. She proudly straightened up and said, "I'd rather be a lamp post in Zion than the Mayor of London."

In the 1890s Eliza and Sister Collins used to attend nearly all of the young people's parties. On one occasion she was asked why she enjoyed these affairs so much. She laughingly answered, "Well, you see I am interested in the young sparks and their love affairs." If questioned, no doubt she could tell some of them as much about their romances as they knew themselves.

At one time a party of young people wished to make a trip to Strawberry Valley. Grandma was asked to chaperone them. The roads in some places were very dangerous and the girls insisted on walking. Her son Arthur was driving the team and Grandma Taylor was sitting by his side. The girls begged her to get down and walk, as the wagon appeared to be tipping several times. She answered them with her cheerful smile and said, "No, I go where my son goes. He can watch, and I can pray." And who knows but what her faith alone saved that young party?

On another occasion she was on a trip with her son Tom and family. They were camping in South Fork Canyon on the banks of the river. A terrible storm came up in the night. As the tent was on the banks of the creek, there was danger of its being washed away. The stream was rapidly rising. It seemed that any minute they would be carried with the rushing, roaring waters. Maud began to prepare to run to the mountains. The lightning served as her light in sorting the children's clothes. Just as she was ready to start, Grandma Taylor, who was sleeping with her two little granddaughters, raised up from her bed and said, "Girls, what is the matter? Didn't you say your prayers? Where is your faith? Get back into bed and cover up your heads." The storm finally abated and peace was restored.

Grandma Taylor was never afraid of anything. After she was fifty years of age, she learned to drive. Many will remember seeing her dashing down the street with her horse named Browney, hitched to a little yellow buggy. Those who rode with her would hold their breath. She would only laugh and say as the horse plunged on, "I am praying all the time and the Lord will help me."

On one occasion she was driving a strange horse. Sister Collins was with her in the buggy. The horse became frightened and started to run. The ladies were thrown out and Grandma Taylor's arm was broken. When gently chided by her sons, she willingly confessed that for once in her life, her faith had been weak. She had forgotten to pray.

Grandma Taylor had a dear friend, Grandma Dixon; they were neighbors and each had a family of boys and only one daughter. They were very happy when Grandma Dixon's one daughter, Maria (Rye), married Grandma Taylor's son Arthur. In Wildwood, Provo Canyon, several of the Dixon boys and the Taylor boys built cabins. Arthur and his wife built a nice bedroom on the back of their cabin known as the Grandmas' room. In the summer these sweet little Grandmothers would go up together and stay. In the day they sat out on the front porch in wicker rockers and visited as they rocked. In the late afternoon, as it would begin to cool off, their grandchildren living in the camp and any other children who wished to go would gather on the porch and when the Grandmothers were ready, all would go for a walk down the road, around the bend, and to the shore of the river. There Grandma Taylor had her special rock to sit upon and Grandma Dixon had hers. After a few minutes rest, back to camp all would go.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor was known far and wide for her beautiful, unselfish life; always doing good and administering to the poor and needy. Caring for the sick, as well as the dead, when the occasion arose. Her life has been one long act of devotion--devotion to God, devotion to her children, devotion to her friends, to the poor, the rich, and to all humanity.

Although Grandma Taylor had her full share of trials, troubles, hardships, heartbreaks, and disappointments, she openly expressed her thankfulness to her Heavenly Father for blessing her with a large, obedient, and respected family and loved by everyone who knew her.

Eliza's granddaughter Delenna T. Taylor summed up some of the many wonderful qualities of her:

Faith in God.
Willingness to work.
A tolerance and understanding of people.
Cleanliness and order.
A sense of humor.

Eliza Nicholls Taylor was tried, tested, and remained faithful to the end. She passed away at her daughter's home, June 27, 1922, at the age of 84 years.

--Clarence D. Taylor
September 1979

The following poem was written by Mrs. Mayme W. Bird of the Provo Third Ward in honor of Grandma Taylor's seventy-eighth birthday:

GRANDMA TAYLOR

She left her home, and all most dear
To come to Zion without fear.
The trip was hard, her poor heart bled,
For her poor children, alas! were dead
And buried in unknown graves,
In the land and in the waves.

She bore the trials without complaint;
"God's will be done," now said this Saint.
And on she came, her children left,
Though her heart was sad for her bereft;
She had a kind word for those she met
And still those kind words she has always kept.

Now here in Utah her trials did not end,
But she bore them so bravely and so intend
To make others happy.
As years passed by, her wisdom increased
And trials and sorrows were released.
Her family she raised--a credit, too,
With marks of progression through and through.
Now Grandma's life will blend
Into others and be their friend.

'Tis Grandma Taylor for each and all;
For counsel and advise, just give her a call;
She'll be ready for you with a word of good cheer,
And if you take it you need have no fear.

May her life be as long as she desires,
Roses strewn in her path, not briers.
Her birthday today we celebrate;
She so noble and so great.
Now let us follow Grandma's plan,
And always do the best we can.

Patriarchal Blessing of Eliza Nicholls Taylor

Patriarchal Blessing given under the hands of George Halliday, Patriarch in the Utah Stake of Zion, upon the head of Eliza N. Taylor, daughter of Thomas A. Nicholls and Harriet Ball. Born the 29th day of April A.D. 1838. Given the 24th day of August A.D. 1894 at American Fork, Utah.

Dear Sister, I place my hands upon your head and give unto you a Patriarchal Blessing, for you are of the seed of Israel and of the lineage of Ephraim, and thru obedience to the gospel you have a right to the blessings of that tribe.

God, your Heavenly Father, has reserved you in Heaven, and sent you here on earth through honorable parents and blessed you with a kind and loving heart. His spirit has been your guide through life, often in your lonely moments in your habitation. Angels have been near you, and although you did not see them you have felt their influence.

The light of the Lord shall give thee wisdom and as thou hast already been blest of the Lord by revelation to teach thy sisters and their children, so shall it increase upon thee and thou shall never be barren and unfruitful in the knowledge of God.

Thou art a blessed woman and all that know thee love thee, the righteous shall always honor thee and thousands of children shall grow up to maturity and remember the counsel thou hast given them. God thy Father loves thee because of thy integrity in the house of the Lord. Thy name shall be recorded as one of the saviours upon Mount Zion.

Holy men and prophets shall bless thee. In His house thy temporal wants shall be supplied. Thou shall never suffer hunger, but the Lord will remember thee for thy liberality and will deal liberally with thee. In all thy afflictions God shall give thee comfort. In all thy duties He shall give thee strength, both of body and mind.

Thou shall be preserved to a good old age and as a mother in Israel thy counsels shall be sought after, for thy experience shall give thee wisdom. Thy patience and love shall give thee power and many shall hear thy voice and bless thee.

Remember this blessing when thou art bowed down in thy feelings. Read it and it shall comfort thee.

In the morning of the resurrection, with the faithful, thou shall come forth and go on to thy exaltation to eternal increase and enjoy eternal life. Thou shall behold thy Savior and rejoice in his presence.

For all these blessings I seal upon thee in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, Amen.

Arthur Nicholls Taylor

Clarence's father, Arthur Nicholls Taylor, was born on November 2, 1870, about one mile directly east of old Fort Provo, between Sixth and Seventh West on First North in Provo, Utah. He was the son of George Taylor and Eliza Nicholls Taylor. Arthur's father and mother were converted to the Church in Birmingham, England. Leaving England on the ship Amazon on June 4, 1863, they arrived in Salt Lake City on October 6, 1863. Shortly thereafter they moved to Provo, where they were among the early settlers.

Arthur was born in a very humble home and shortly was blessed and given the name of Arthur Nicholls Taylor.

As a lad, Arthur herded their cows along the foothills east of Provo, where grass could be found. At the age of ten he carried water to construction workers. At age seventeen he hauled brick from Provo to Lehi, where a school was being erected by Samuel Liddiard, for whom he was working.

With his brothers, Arthur started a movement to buy, trade, and barter the necessary material and labor to build a new, larger, and more convenient home for his mother on First North.

Arthur was fond of dancing and became one of the best waltzers in the community.

In 1887 Arthur went to work in his father's furniture store; which had been established in 1866 and was called the G. Taylor Company. In the winter of 1891, Arthur entered the Brigham Young Academy and was graduated from the Commercial School in 1893. He was the only member of his parent's children to graduate from college. While still in school, Arthur and his brothers purchased their father's furniture business and renamed it Taylor Brothers Company.

On May 9, 1894, Arthur took Maria Louise Dixon, the only daughter of Henry Aldous Dixon and Sarah DeGrey Dixon, to the Salt Lake Temple where they were married and sealed by John R. Winder, who was counselor to Joseph F. Smith, President of the Church.

After first living on First North, then on Second North and Third West, where their first child, Arthur Dixon, was born during 1896, Arthur and Maria had a two-room house built on the south half of Grandma Dixon's lot at 256 North Fifth West Street. Later, as the family increased, more rooms were added to accommodate the growing family. It was here where their other seven children were born and reared.

On October 20, 1900, Arthur departed for the British Mission, where he had been called by the First Presidency to serve as a missionary. After a very successful mission, his wife, Maria, went to England to meet and travel back with him when he was to be released. President Francis M. Lyman, his mission president, decided that he should not be released at that time, so for seven months Maria was his companion, and they were both doing missionary work in the British Mission. When he was released, in February 1903, the couple then returned to the United States on the ship Canada.

Shortly after his return from his mission in 1903, Arthur was called as superintendent of the Utah Stake Sunday School, a position that he held for several years, and then he was called to the Utah Stake high council on August 31, 1906, where he served continuously for the next 25 years.

In the latter part of 1903, with other Dixons and Taylors, he helped organize the South Fork Cattle Company, and in June 1906, he participated in buying the George I. Taylor Ranch in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. This project was later known as "Wildwood." Later, through profitable investments, the Iron Blossom mine paid a sizeable dividend, and he had the ANT cabin constructed by Charles Miller, a dependable carpenter.

In 1907 Arthur and his brother Ashted bought a piece of property north and west of Provo and started the Riverside Hog and Chicken Farm, which later was followed by a fish project.

On December 2, 1908, Arthur N. Taylor was elected by the taxpayers of his district to become a member of the Provo Board of Education, where he served for the next fifteen years.

In the late 1920s Arthur sold his interest in Taylor Brothers Company and the Taylor Investment Company, which was originally a partnership, and then made a corporation that had been organized in 1923 by Arthur N. Taylor with his brother Thomas N. Taylor, John F. Bennett, John D. Dixon, and William R. Wallace, for the purpose of acquiring and managing real estate holdings.

With the proceeds from the sale of these assets, Arthur had a new building constructed at 295 West Center Street in Provo. While this was being done, Arthur and his associates had organized the Dixon Taylor Russell Company. This company rented this building from him, and opened for business on October 6, 1921.

The Dixon Taylor Russell Company (hereinafter referred to as DTR) was very successful and required more space. The partnership of Dangerfield and Taylor was formed by J. W. Dangerfield and Arthur N. Taylor. After acquiring the property and erecting a building adjoining the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, they bought out the E. A. Menlove property to the west, so that their buildings were all connected and provided the space necessary for selling required by the DTR Company.

Arthur was a member of the old Commercial Club and became a charter member of the new Chamber of Commerce. He was chosen in 1924 to become president of the new organization and was a director for many years.

Arthur encouraged the obtaining of industries to build new plants in this area. In the early 1920s he was one of the leading figures in raising the funds necessary for purchasing the land between Provo and Springville. This area was called Ironton, and the Columbia Steel Company built a steel plant there. Later they built a factory at Geneva in 1945. Arthur was a member of the Provo-Springville Holding Company which bought the property for the Ironton plant, from the time of its organization to the date of his death.

Arthur was a staunch advocate for the Deer Creek Water Conservation project and was happy when the Deer Creek Reservoir was constructed.

Later, Arthur purchased many pieces of property where Provo River empties into Utah Lake. This was called the "Utah Lake Farm." Along with the farming property, a resort was built that was called "Provona Beach." A dance hall was erected with a store in connection. Bath houses were built along the shores of the lake. To protect against the rising lake, a dyke was built which became part of the Skipper Bay Drainage District. This dyke was washed out by rising water.

Arthur was also an interested observer and participant in the development of the property near the mouth of "Rock Canyon," which became known as "Taylor's Hill."

With Arthur's failing health, the family determined, with his consent, that he and his wife, Maria, should go to Mesa, Arizona, where the weather was warmer and less harsh to try and regain his health. In the fall Henry and Alta drove them to Arizona in Henry's car. The visit, however, did not improve his health.

Upon their return to Provo, one of Arthur's greatest sources of satisfaction was to sit or lie on a cot on the south and west side of Lynn's house and look down and admire the beauty and growth and activity of this Utah Valley where he had spent his entire life, fortune, and effort in making a beautiful spot for his posterity and fellowmen to live and to work and to enjoy.

Arthur's philosophy of life, "The making of two blades of grass grow, where only one grew before," is reflected in his life's work and accomplishments.

He died at his home in Provo, Utah, on September 10, 1935. His funeral service with over 1,000 in attendance was held in the Utah Stake Tabernacle, and he was buried in the Provo City Cemetery on September 14, 1935.

History of his mother, Maria Louise Dixon Taylor

Clarence's mother, Maria Louise Dixon, who later married Arthur Nicholls Taylor, was born in Provo, Utah, at 9:05 p.m. on January 5, 1872. Her father was Henry Aldous Dixon, and her mother was Sarah DeGrey Dixon. She was blessed and christened by her father and given the name of Maria Louise on January 13, 1872. She was called Rye and was the only daughter in the family of nine children. Her eight brothers were: John DeGrey, Arthur DeGrey, Ernest DeGrey, Charles Owen, Walter DeGrey, LeRoy, and Arnold. Henry Alfred, who was born on November 14, 1865, died in Salt Lake City on July 1, 1867.

When Maria was about eight years of age, her father, Henry Aldous Dixon, was called on a mission by President Brigham Young, first to South Africa, the land of his birth; then later in his life, he was called to Great Britain.

In accordance with Church policy, Maria's father was urged and permitted to take another wife. Her name was Mary Smith. The children born to her were: Alice Smith, Sarah Ann, William Aldous, Albert Frederick, Parley Smith, and Harriett Amelia (called Hattie). When Henry departed for his mission, Mary and her family moved in with Sarah and her family.

The Dixon family was a very religious family. The great desire of the parents was to see their family keep the commandments of God.

Maria's education started in the old Round House. It was two stories high and was built of adobe. It was located on the corner of Fourth West and First North, with Mrs. Oakley as the teacher.

Maria's second year was to the West School, located one block south of the Pioneer Park on Fifth West. The teachers were Laura Lewis, who later married Oran Lewis of Spanish Fork, and her sister Annie. Annie later married a Mr. Gillespie and was librarian at BYU for many years.

Maria's next teacher at the West School was L. A. Wilson, who was followed by George H. Brimhall, who later became president of the Brigham Young University.

A new building was erected in the east part of town, on the corner of First East and Second North. George H. Brimhall and his students were transferred to this new building. It was later called the Parker School.

Later, for two terms, Maria attended the B.Y. Academy, which had temporary quarters in the ZCMI Wholesale House on South University Avenue. This was because their old building, the Lewis Hall on Third West and Center Street, had burned down. Her education was thus very limited.

Feeling that her younger brothers and sisters needed an education more than she, her brother John secured for Maria a job in the Provo Book and Stationery Company, where she worked under the direction of Robert Skelton. When George S. Taylor became a stockholder, Mr. Skelton was released.

When Mr. Skelton went in business for himself, Maria went to work for him.

One of Maria's greatest ambitions was to marry a clean, honest, Latter-day Saint and have a fine healthy, happy family. After a delightful courtship, Arthur N. Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon were married and sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on the 9th of May 1894 by President John R. Winder, who was a counselor to Joseph F. Smith, who was President of the Church.

Maria and Arthur's first home was on First North, just behind Taylor Bros. Co. store, where Arthur worked. Later they moved to her mother's home on the corner of Third West and Second North, where their first child and son, Arthur Dixon Taylor, was born. Later, after Grandma Dixon had moved, they lived with her at 270 North Fifth West while their new home next door south at 256 North Fifth West was being constructed. Their other seven children were born in this new home.

After three children were born, Maria's husband, Arthur, received a call from the First Presidency to fill a mission in Great Britain.

On October 20, 1900, he left Salt Lake City to travel to England, leaving his wife, Maria, and their three little boys. His mission president was Francis M. Lyman, a member of the Council of the Twelve and president of the European Mission, of which England was a part. After a short time, Arthur was appointed to be president of the Birmingham District. As his mission was drawing near to a close, it was decided that Maria would go to England and accompany him home. She left Provo on August 4, 1902, and proceeded to Birmingham, England, to meet her husband and travel home with him. President Lyman, however, decided that he,

Arthur, should not be released at the regular time, so Maria stayed and did missionary work as the companion to her husband for seven months. In February 1903 Arthur was released and the couple returned to the United States on the ship Canada.

As their family increased, Arthur and Maria felt that they should have a place where their sons would learn to work and take responsibilities. A farm three miles north and west of Provo in Grandview was purchased from C. E. Loose. A variety of fruit trees was planted; a chicken coop was built; a silo constructed; and milk cows were purchased. A full-time farmer, Roland Snow, was hired. He and his family moved and lived on the farm. It was given the name of "Hillcrest."

Maria from early youth had been inclined toward religion and was called to work in the Primary as a teacher. Later she was made a counselor to Mary E. Davis in the presidency. In May 1913 the Provo Third Ward was divided and the Pioneer Ward was organized. Mary E. Davis was named president of the Primary in the new Pioneer Ward, and Maria was chosen and set apart as president of the Primary in the Provo Third Ward. She held this position for over ten years.

Maria worked in the Relief Society as a class leader in Theology, serving for over twenty years. Later she was a district teacher. She was also elected to be treasurer of the County Camp of the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers, a holdover the second term, making four years in all. Grace L. Cheever was president of the first term, and Bernetta M. Beck, the second term.

In April 1937 Bishop Eves called a few ladies to meet him after Church one Sunday. He told them he was calling them as a committee of widows of the Provo Third Ward to raise means with which to cover the large room in the chapel with floor coverings, after the remodeling was completed. They felt that it was a huge task, but if the Lord would help them, they would do their part. Sarah L. Dixon was chosen to be chairman. Later she was taken ill, and Maria D. Taylor was chosen to succeed her.

Through a number of events that they sponsored, over \$600 was raised, and with the Church's participation, they were able to carpet the church.

In June 1939 Maria was elected historian of the 4-6 Camp of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. In 1941 the camp was divided along ward lines. The new camp in Provo Third Ward was called Camp Provo. Maria was elected historian of the new camp.

Five years following the death of her husband, Arthur, Maria was required to part with her sixth and youngest son, Kenneth, who after an illness of two months, passed away in the Utah Valley Hospital, where he was taken the week before on October 31, 1940. He was buried on his twenty-seventh birthday, November 3, 1940. Maria expressed this tribute of him: "He was one of the sweetest and most angelic spirits ever sent into a home. He was loved by everyone. In fact many remarked, it seemed he was almost too perfect for this world. I feel very thankful that he was permitted to remain in our home for twenty-seven years."

In January 1942 Maria slipped on a freshly waxed kitchen floor, wrenching her back and tearing some ligaments. On January 4, 1947, after much suffering, with her consent, the family decided that she should go to the Utah Valley Hospital for examination and observation. After a complete examination, the doctors recommended that she should be taken to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City, where a specialist could handle her case. After 37 days in the hospital, she passed away at 11:45 a.m. on Friday, February 17, 1947, with her daughter-in-law, Ethel, at her bedside.

Her son Clarence expressed the feelings of the family when he wrote: "A better mother never lived than Maria Louise Dixon Taylor."

Her funeral was held on February 21, 1947, at 1:30 p.m. in the Provo Third Ward chapel. She was buried at the side of her husband, Arthur, in the Provo City Cemetery.



Arthur N. and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor (his parents) are shown, upper left, at the time of their marriage May 9, 1894; upper right, when he was 61 (he died at 64) and she 67; and bottom, at earlier junctures--from left, Maria at ages 18 and 20, and Arthur N. at ages 24 and 35.



Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor. Photograph at left was taken at age 40 by her husband, George Taylor.



Eliza Nicholls Taylor and her grandchildren. Picture taken in 1904 at her home on First North between Sixth and Seventh West. From left to right: First row-- George, Marion, Leona, Grandma Eliza Nicholls Taylor holding babies Fred and Henry, Fontella, Lynn, and Elton. Second row-- Alden, Ethel holding baby Leo, Vesta, Clarissa, and Nellie holding baby Victor. Third row-- Lester, Walter, Sterling, Edith, Arnold, Melvin, Bacle, and Arthur.



Grandma Eliza Taylor, Roy Dixon, Ashted Taylor, and
Grandma Nettie Taylor



Grandma Eliza Taylor and Edith Taylor.



415 No. 7th West, Provo



George Taylor Sr.,
his grandfather,
shown in portrait



George Taylor Family. Seated -- Eliza Nicholls Taylor (his grandmother), and Harriett. Standing -- Ashted, George Thomas, Thomas Nicholls, Walter George, and Arthur Nicholls Taylor.



Taylor Brothers Company personnel about 1904. From left to right are: First row -- Albert F. Dixon, Ashted Taylor, Bert Mitchell, and Sterling Taylor. Second row -- Joseph Johnson, Fredrick J. Pulham, Miss Stallings, Eliza N. Taylor (President), Ethel Rogers, Andrew Sward and George Burles. Third row -- George Choules, Mitchel Strebel, Orson G. Bird, Arthur N. Taylor, Thomas N. Taylor, Walter D. Dixon, John L. Russell, and Antone Strebel. Top row -- William A. Dixon, H. G. Heindselman, John Johnson, Mr. Madsen, and Albert Southwick.



Both families of Henry Aldous Dixon. From left, front row: Albert F., Hattie, Maria (his mother), and Arnold. Middle row: Alice, Mary Smith Dixon (wife), Sarah DeGrey Dixon (wife, his grandmother), John D., and Arthur D. Top row: Parley S., William A., Sarah, Ernest D., Charles O., Walter D., and LeRoy. Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon's picture is shown at right.

Henry Aldous and Sarah DeGrey Dixon family. From left, front row: LeRoy, Arthur, Ernest, Sarah DeGrey (his grandmother), John D. and Arnold. 2nd row: Charles O., Maria (his mother), and Walter D. Dixon.



Dixon brothers, 1909 photo. From left, First row: Arthur DeGrey, Ernest, John DeGrey, and Charles Owen. Second row: Parley Smith, Arnold, William Aldous, Walter DeGrey, LeRoy, and Albert Frederick.



Gravestone of Arthur N. Taylor. Picture taken at the time of the burial of his wife, Maria D. Taylor.

CHAPTER 3

EDUCATION

Clarence commenced school at the Timpanogos School, which was located just one and one-half blocks north of their home on Fifth West. This was in the fall of 1915, when he was six years of age.

After attending the Timpanogos School for seven years, he entered the Central School on First South and Fourth West with other students from the Timpanogos, Franklin, Parker, and Maeser grade schools, where they were graduated in the spring of 1923.

In the fall of 1923, Clarence entered the Provo High School, which was located on Third West Street between Center and First South Streets. At the end of four years, in the spring of 1927, he was graduated from this school. While he was at the Provo High School, he was a member of the football and basketball teams.

After his graduation from high school in 1927, that fall Clarence enrolled in the Brigham Young University as a Freshman. During the school year, he was invited to become a member of the Bricker Social Unit, an organization to which his two older brothers, Lynn and Henry, were members. Lynn was one of the charter members when the unit was organized in 1917.

He was graduated from the Brigham Young University in June of 1936 with a B.S. degree in Business Administration.



Timpanogos School 1915-1920.



Central Jr. High 1921-23.



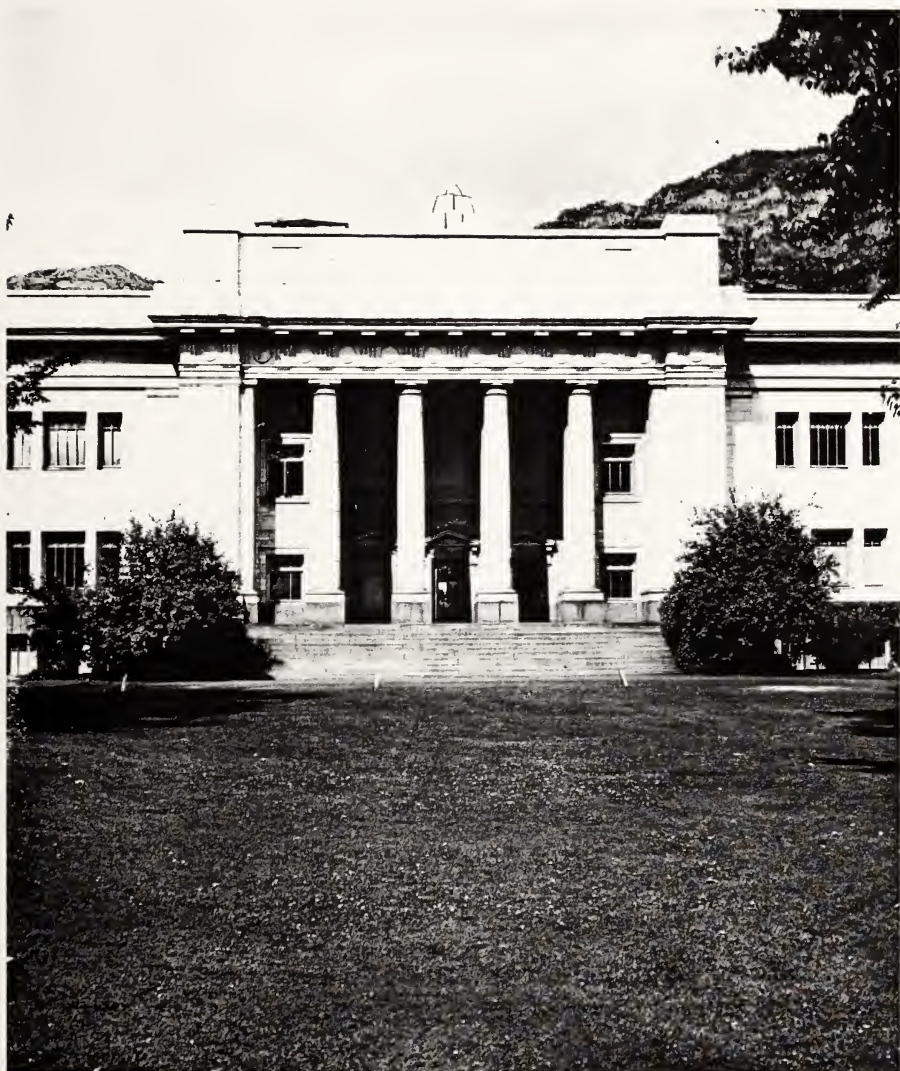
Provo High School--1924-1927



Provo High Basketball--
1924-1927



Provo High School Football Team 1925-1926: Clarence D. Taylor, top row -
10th from left side.



The Maeser Memorial Building was the first building constructed on the upper campus, known as "Temple Hill." The cornerstone was laid on Founders Day, in 1909, by President Joseph F. Smith. The building was completed and dedicated in 1911, at a cost of \$100,000.00.

CHAPTER 4

WILDWOOD AND BRICKERHAVEN

Wildwood

By Maria Dixon Taylor

The main reason for our becoming a stockholder and building a cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon (North Fork as it was then called), was because of our love for the mountains and out-of-doors. Every summer our vacation was spent either in Strawberry Valley or Provo Canyon. Our family was increasing and it worked a hardship upon me caring for the small children in a tent pitched on the hillside or near a stream.

The summer of 1904 or 1905, T. N. and his family and ours, together with some young girls and boys, planned a trip to Bunnell's Fork, in the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Maud and I got together and decided we would not venture on this trip unless the boys build a tent, boarded on the sides and a wooden floor. This would protect us from the wild animals and those horrid rattlesnakes that infested South Fork.

A few years before we were camped near the South Fork Creek, and a terrible storm arose which resulted in a cloudburst. We were afraid of being washed away, but that was not the worst. One day my sister Alice and I were across the creek visiting Edith Holt. When Alice came back to our tent, she saw a huge rattler coiled on our sack of coal, and my baby was asleep in the hammock. By this time our shrieks brought our friend Al Davis to our rescue. Mr. Snake was crawling over a log underneath the hammock, where my baby slept. Al disposed of the snake in a short time, but every woman in camp vowed she would not wait until the husbands came up at night. We bribed Al to crowd all the women and children into his covered wagon and take us to Slick's (Vivian Park) in time to catch the train for Provo.

When we arrived at Smoot's Station, Provo, and telephoned the men, they were certainly disgusted to think a poor snake would cause such a lot of trouble. The men had to make a special trip to the canyon to get all of our belongings which we had left behind.

So now I have told the reason for our demanding the protection, and I imagine the expense and effort of having all of the lumber hauled up the canyon and put together only to be torn down and hauled back again in two or three weeks. It had the desired effect on Tom and Art for seeking a permanent spot where they could build permanently and not have to tear down and build up each season.

When the proposition of buying the Taylor Ranch in North Fork came along, they readily accepted.

In June of 1906, a group of men and some women met at the George I. Taylor Ranch in North Fork, Provo Canyon, to select lots on which to erect tents and later cabins as summer homes, for their families.

I think Alfred Osmond and Eddie Holt were responsible for the idea of purchasing this ranch for summer homes, for the use of their

families and friends. They enjoyed fishing, especially on the North Fork Creek, which brought them in contact with Mr. Taylor. When he was approached about selling, he was agreeable and willing, so a company was formed and secured the rights and title to about two hundred acres of ground, as I remember correctly. A portion was selected to be divided into lots. Each lot was numbered and the number placed in a hat to be drawn.

This drawing took place on a Sunday in June. I was unable to be present, but my husband, Arthur N. Taylor, drew lot number one, where our cabin now stands. All property below that was to become a recreational ground. Edith Holt was there and she arrived home before my husband and phoned to me and said, "Rye, I don't want you to have the lot Art drew; it is nothing but a river bed with big boulders as big as a range on it." Of course when my husband came home, I was furious for keeping such a lot. He only laughed and said not to get excited, for he had already hired Bro. Kofford to take his team and wagon and haul the big rocks from the place, adding that he was sure I would be delighted with the location when I saw it. I have always been glad we kept it, for I think it one of the choicest spots in the canyon. It has taken many, many years of expense and labor to make it what it is.

Before Clarence went into the mission field, he used a little truck and hauled over a hundred loads of soil onto the front yard, filled up a deep ravine, and when it was level enough he planted lawn.

We built a 12 x 14 ft. frame and put a tent over it. In the front of the tent we laid a large platform. At the west end we had a small sheet-iron stove which had an oven, but not very desirable and reliable for good baking. We had a crude table made from a packing box with two long benches on each side. This was our kitchen. The tent served as a bedroom with two sanitary couches, which took the place of beds since there was no room for chairs. Our flour and provisions were kept under the bed. In case of rain, anyone touching the tent often caused it to leak.

I came up the canyon in July and stayed into September as I was expecting a baby and my home was being remodeled. I was very glad to have my "mountain retreat" where I could be away from the confusion.

During August, the Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of J. R. Boshard, had an encampment here for nearly a week. They brought the removable floor from the parquet of the Opera House (now the Armory) which was placed over near where the duck pond is now. Here they gave concerts each night and also dances. As there was plenty of wood close by at that time, they made huge bon fires for light while the entertainments were going on.

One morning the children of the camp were playing, jumping off the platform, barefooted. My little boy Henry was about three years of age, and he was trying to do what the others did; but he jumped into the hot ashes of the bonfire, and his feet were badly burned.

Large blisters hung from the soles of his feet. One of the women in camp grabbed a bucket of molasses and put his feet in it. She said we must keep the air from the burn. Well, if it didn't help, it did no harm.

The transportation was quite a problem. The first time we came up was in a wagon which was heavily loaded. We had to bring everything we expected to use during the summer. There were many steep, rocky dugways. I think Springdell dugway was the most dreaded. It was not only steep, but big boulders made it hard for the horses to pull a heavy load.

There have been many changes in the thirty-nine years I have been here. The first year and some time after, the road came across from where the bridge now crosses the North Fork Creek, over and near the Rock House, then around the hill to South Fork. The pasture ran down to the river bank. Near Claude Ashworth's cabin, the creek separated and formed a small island. Some of the young boys with their 22 rifles, shot some rattlesnakes near there. On the hill to the east, they saw many rattlers, so they named this hill Rattlesnake Hill. On this same hill we used to gather choke cherries. The road up North Fork went through the center of this resort.

George Scott, Sr., had a cabin and worked a mine about 2 1/2 miles up the creek. It was necessary for them to drive their teams right up the stream, over the large rocks and over very rough roads. There were more horseback riders than teams going up. We found this condition very dangerous; many times our children, playing out, narrowly escaped injury from these reckless riders. The company, realizing the danger, petitioned the County Commissioners to make a public road around the hill, which wasn't too good at first, but since the Timpanogos Hikes, the Alpine Summer School, and the scenic loop through American Fork Canyon, a very good road has been made.

The first year I stayed here until late in September, never going home once during the entire summer. When I arrived home I was very happy to find many improvements. The most appreciated was a modern set of indoor plumbing.

On the 18th day of November, our family was overjoyed to welcome a baby girl. The four boys now had a baby sister, whom they had wanted so long to welcome. We named her Alice Louise.

One of the problems of this canyon home was the milk situation. Every family had small children, which needed fresh milk daily. I decided the only thing to do was bring a cow, although I had never learned to milk one. We had a small Jersey cow, which was quite a pet and very gentle. After many attempts I finally decided I could do the job even if I was no expert. When it was time to move to our summer home, two of my small boys or a friend, were called at four o'clock in the morning, and with a lunch put in a flour sack and a rope around the cow's neck, they started on their long trek. On one of these occasions Clarence and his cousin Donald

Dixon were making the trip and when they got to the Springdell dugway, the cow made a bolt over the dugway; both boys hanging onto the rope, and they went over with the cow.

We had a nice large pasture and the grass was so fresh and green; this with the aid of a bran mash gave us a very good, rich milk.

The boys would go to the pasture with me and catch the cow and stand by while I did the rest.

There were many children in camp and many suffering from summer complaint. I couldn't give my own children the milk when I knew others needed it so badly. Many times I have measured it out in tea cups so that each could have a little.

When other cows came into camp and I had some extra milk, I put it in pans and saved the cream which was put in a fruit jar with a rubber ring and lid and shook until little balls appeared. In this way we had our own fresh butter.

After two years of living in a tent, we had our present home built. In the fall of 1908, my brother Charles hauled the lumber and slabs from the saw mill in Strawberry Valley. That fall the bedroom was closed in so that we were able to store our mattresses and other things.

The next spring, on the 11th of May, my fifth son, Clarence, was born. I had what they called milk leg and was quite ill. I told my husband I knew if they could take me to the canyon, I would gain my strength much faster than what I was. By July I was walking with the aid of a crutch, and after we reached Wildwood, my husband had to lift me from the buggy and carry me into my new home. My baby was only two months old, but no queen was more proud of her palace than I was of mine. For it was now all built up with slabs and screen all the way around. I knew no snakes or wild animals would molest me. But in a few nights I had another thought coming, for I heard a terrible scratching noise; soon I heard it on the screen, and as the moon was bright, I saw a huge RAT trying to get in. I covered my head and tried to be brave (for my husband was not with me; he only came up on Saturday evening) and did not want to make the girl that was staying with me, nor the children become frightened. But the torture I went through, no one will ever know. Only those who have had the same experience can realize my horror. I would chill, then perspire until daylight, then Mr. Rat would leave and find other quarters.

I had only been in the canyon for about a week when I discarded my crutches and soon got strong and well again. I have seen many people and children come up feeling sick and go home feeling well.

Each year our numbers increased. The first year we were here Bert Eastmond (later Professor E. H. Eastmond, the artist) and his mother lived in the Rock House, and he said he would like to buy a lot if they would let him have his choice. He wanted to be where he

could look down the canyon and see the wonderful view of the mountains from his door. This ground had been set aside for recreational purposes, but they granted his request and since then have sold two other lots to Ashworths and Dr. Calderwood.

Another thing that worried me was thunder and lightning. I would be so frightened I could scarcely speak, when the children would cling to me and say, "Mamma will we get struck? Are you frightened?" I put on a brave face and said, "What is there to frighten you? Don't you remember what our caretaker, Mr. Noon, told us? That as long as we had screen near us, lightning would never come through." (I think he told me that as he knew how I felt not having my husband or any older person around.) But it had the desired effect, and my children have often boasted to others that their mother was not afraid of anything.

Most people lived in tents for the first year or two. T. N. Taylor had the first cabin. When we built our cabin, it was the largest place in camp. When it rained hard, I could not go to sleep and feel comfortable, for I knew so many people in the camp were in leaky tents. I had a large old-fashioned umbrella I kept for emergencies. I usually took the umbrella or sometimes a quilt, and went to the different places. Where the families were getting wet, we would roll the children up in the bedding and bring them to my cabin and put the children's beds on the floor; and the mother on the old sanitary couches. There was very little sleeping; we laughed, sang songs or told stories, and made a joke out of the stormy night.

When I look back through the years, I can see so many amusing things, I think I could write pages. One incident is very outstanding. I had a very dear neighbor. She was a great deal larger than I and should have been braver, but that was not the case this time. I had been in bed some time when I heard a voice calling, "Aunt Rye, are you awake?" I said, "Yes, what is the matter?" She said, "I am sure there is an animal trying to get in this cabin." I lighted the coal oil lamp and stepped out onto the porch, but could see nothing. I told her to get ready and come over. I held the lamp and one of the funniest sights I think I ever saw came into view. First Maud, in her night clothes, with bare feet which made it hard for her to walk, came carrying her large feather bed in her arms, and behind her was a very tall, lanky girl with her hair in two braids down the back. Then came Mary and Delenna, all carrying pillows, quilts, etc. I insisted on Maud taking one of the beds, but she said, "No, just let me lie on the floor where I can be safe, and I will not envy the queen on her throne." Words can never describe these little incidents, but I can still see them and have a good laugh anytime, all to myself.

We all had children, that was one reason why we loved our summer homes so much, we did not have to be on a nervous tension about keeping them spic and span. They all played together and were very congenial and happy. I never heard any of them use bad language nor have I seen a very bad fight.

I think that one of the most outstanding things about the people of Wildwood was their willingness and desire to want to share with each other. In case of sickness or trouble, they were right there to assist in every way possible.

During the thirty-seven years I have been coming to Wildwood, I have seen many persons who were ill, regain their health again. One of the first good examples was my brother, John.

One time while we were yet in the tent, before our cabin had been built, my sister-in-law Sarah phoned from Salt Lake and asked if they could come up the canyon. John had typhoid fever and had suffered a relapse. They were living in Salt Lake at that time, since John had been elected State Treasurer. Even though he was ill, he had so many callers, including the Governor and other State officials, that it was getting too much for him and the doctor advised Sarah to take him right away from the city where he would be quiet. I told her how we were living in this tent, but if they could manage I could.

The morning they came on the Heber Train, it was pouring down in torrents. One of the campers said he would meet the train and help them to the tent. It was only a short distance, and with the aid of umbrellas and blankets they made it to the tent without getting too wet. We put John to bed and tried to make things as comfortable as possible, in our crowded quarters. After a few days he was able to be up and became extremely hungry, having been denied food for some time.

One day we were cooking nice slices of ham and corn on the cob. While we were eating he came to the table and took a helping of both. Sarah and I expected him to die, but nothing happened. In fact, he began to gain from that time, and in seven days time he had gained seven pounds.

Sometime before buying our share of stock in Wildwood, my husband had been speculating in mining stocks. I was very much opposed to it, as we had no money to lose. So after buying into Wildwood, he promised if Iron Blossom paid a dividend he would build me a cabin, so that the children and I would be comfortable in the canyon. The mine did pay a dividend and I got my comfortable cabin in the mountains, one of my most cherished possessions.

Brickerhaven

(From Henry Dixon Taylor, pages 62-63)

In the early 1920s an annual Spring Festival was held by the Goldbrickers at Wildwood, together with their partners. One enjoyable tradition was a hike to Stewart's Falls, often called Stewart's Cascades. The area was so beautiful that we thought it would be wonderful if we could one day own and construct summer homes in that area.

After years of wishful thinking, in late 1926, negotiations were completed with Scott P. Stewart, who represented the owners of the North Fork Investment Company, for the purchase of the "flat," and adjoining areas. So, on November 15, 1926, shortly before I returned from my mission, an option payment of \$25.00 was made by Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, Jr., and Victor R. Taylor, as trustees for the Goldbrickers, to the North Fork Investment Company. An agreement was drawn up which provided for an additional \$225.00, as a down payment, to be paid on January 18, 1927; \$283.33 on July 18, 1927; \$283.33 on January 18, 1928; and \$283.34 due and payable on July 18, 1928, for a total of \$1,100.00. This purchase included approximately fifteen and one-half acres at \$70.00 per acre. The unpaid balance was to draw interest at the rate of 7% and was to be paid with the semi-annual payments.

Lots with a 40-foot frontage were platted, and selection was made by drawing by the stockholders. The land was owned by the corporation, and each stockholder was permitted to build on the lot that he had selected. Later, feeling that the lots were too close to each other, in December 1939, a new contract was signed with the North Fork Investment Company, to purchase an additional acreage, in order to expand the lot sizes and have additional frontage. This new purchase was for 5.62 acres at \$89 per acre, for a total of \$500. The terms of agreement for this new purchase were: \$10 down, \$90 on April 1, 1940, plus accrued interest at the rate of 5% on the unpaid balance; \$100 plus interest on April 1, 1941; \$100, plus interest on April 1, 1942; \$100, plus interest on April 1, 1943; and the remaining \$100 plus interest on April 1, 1944. Scott P. Stewart, who was the surveyor, had me hold the chain, while the survey was made.

Being students, we didn't have much money, so we would pay an additional \$1 with our monthly dues. This entitled us to hold one share of stock in the corporation that was called the "Brickerhaven Country Club." The cost of each share of stock was \$25.

Later, in a meeting of the Board of Trustees on November 30, 1939, the trustees determined that Floyd Millett, Fred Dixon, Don Dixon, Ken Taylor, and Cornelius R. Peterson would be allowed to purchase a share of stock for \$50. After January 1, 1940, the cost would be \$75 per share.

In the early formative years the following officers and board members were elected:

Original Board - President, Lynn D. Taylor

February 17, 1930 - President, Lynn D. Taylor
Secretary and Treasurer, R. Thornton Snow
Other Board members - J. Aldous Markham,
Joseph K. Allen, and Henry D. Taylor

June 25, 1933 - President, Lynn D. Taylor
Secretary and Treasurer, Joseph K. Allen
Other Board members - Vernal T. Worthington,
Fred M. Moore, and Donald P. Lloyd

September 2, 1934 - President, Joseph K. Allen
Secretary and Treasurer, Henry D. Taylor
Other Board members - Lynn D. Taylor,
Fred L. Markham, and A. Rex Johnson

June 26, 1938 - President, Henry D. Taylor
Secretary and Treasurer, Clarence D. Taylor
Other Board members - Lynn D. Taylor,
Wesley P. Lloyd, and Loren C. Bryner

May 8, 1942 - President, Loren C. Bryner
Secretary and Treasurer, W. Floyd Millett
Other Board members - Lynn D. Taylor,
Henry D. Taylor, and Wesley P. Lloyd

At a board meeting held on April 14, 1943, it was decided to change the name of the corporation from "Brickerhaven Country Club" to "Brickerhaven Corporation." It was also decided that those who had not been Brickers would be allowed to purchase from a Bricker his stock in the corporation with the consent of the other members. This farsighted decision has made possible the erection of many beautiful summer homes by Gregory E. Austin, Edwin R. Firmage, Leigh W. Clark (which home has now been purchased by Roy W. Humpherys), G. ElRoy Nelson, Craig K. Mayfield, and Richard L. McKay.

In November 1966 an additional .184 acres were purchased from F. Paul Stewart, a son of Scott P. Stewart, for the sum of \$1,000 as he had acquired the property of the North Fork Investment Company.

On September 10, 1971, a small area was purchased from Robert Redford, who owns the "Sundance Resort," for the sum of \$2,376. This was to provide a site for our culinary water reservoir, and sufficient land to allow for the loop road on the west end of the Brickerhaven property.

The total cost of the approximate 22 acres was \$4,976. Clarence was assigned Lot #21 at the original drawing.

* * * * *

Of the 30 lots in Brickerhaven (1987), the following members have built cabins on their assigned lots:

Edwin and Mary Brown Firmage
Henry D. Taylor Family
Clyde and Sarah Summerhays
Roy and Betty Humpherys
ElRoy and Alice T. Nelson
A. Sherman and Lois B. Christensen
Richard and Vivian D. McKay
Harold and Violet J. Brown
Harold A. Hintze

Gregory and Elida Austin
Lynn and Celestia J. Taylor
William and Catherine Edwards
Steven Davis
Ethelyn P. Taylor
Boyd and Betty Helquist
Craig and Elaine Mayfield
Ivan and Gladys Nelson

Assigned owners of vacant lots:

Loren and Maurine F. Bryner
Fred L. Markham
Merrill J. Bateman
Mark K. Allen
Roger Porter
David L. Nelson
Bill J. Anderson

H. Hal Visick
Monte and Janice DeGraw
E. Dee Olpin
C. D. Taylor
Grant Fisher
Joseph K. Allen



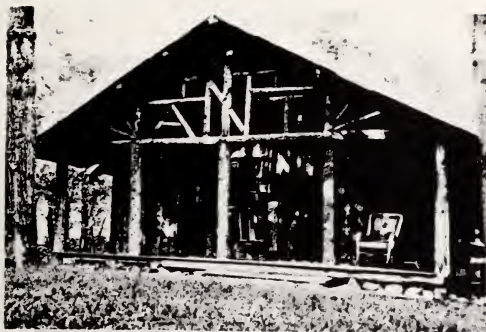
WILDWOOD RAILROAD STOP

Left to right: Front row: Hattie Dixon West holding son Lynn, unknown, Fred Dixon, Henry Taylor, Alice Taylor, Leah Dixon, Mary Shearsmith, Mary Maud Taylor, Paul Dixon, Nancy Shearsmith McConachie, Donald Dixon, Royden Dangerfield.

Second row: Rhea Dixon, Erma Dixon, Maud Dixon, Victor Taylor, Doris Shearsmith.

Third row: Fanny Shearsmith, Rye Taylor holding son Clarence, and Ivy Baddley.

Back row: Albert F. Dixon, John D. Dixon, and Sarah McConachie.



A. N. Taylor Wildwood cabin, May 1938.



On Timp's saddle about 1913. From left, Arthur D. Taylor, John D. Dixon, Royden Dangerfield, Victor R. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor (father), J. Hunter Manson, Fred Dixon, Walter Dixon.



Provo River at Wildwood. From left on board: Lynn D. Taylor, Verdun John, Truman Partridge, Rulon S. Dixon, Donnel Powelson, Victor Ashworth. In water, A. N. Taylor (his father), Henry D. Taylor, and Fred W. Dixon.



On front porch of cabin at Wildwood. From left: Front row, Alice (sister), Sarah Dixon (cousin), Edna Dixon (cousin). Second row, Grandmother Sarah DeGrey Dixon and Grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor. Back row, O. Kenneth Taylor, his mother, Maria Dixon Taylor, his sister, Ruth Taylor. Pictured at right in Wildwood pasture: Henry D. Taylor, left, and O. Kenneth Taylor, with their Jersey cow in back.



Wildwood Swimming Hole



Standing: Clarence Taylor. Sitting in Provo River: Paul Dixon, Maurine Dixon, unknown, Kenneth Taylor, Katy Calderwood, Allie Dixon. Standing: Alice Taylor. Sitting in rear: unknown, unknown. Standing in rear: Donald (Sanky) Dixon.



Standing: Clarence Taylor. Sitting in Provo River: Paul Dixon, Maurine Dixon, unknown, Kenneth Taylor, Katy Calderwood, Allie Dixon. Sitting in rear: unknown, unknown. Standing in rear: Donald (Sanky) Dixon.



Wild flowers--Timp hike in 1917.
Harold and Clifford Dangerfield
with Clarence Taylor. Picture
by Uncle Walter Dixon.

Brickerhaven
Stewart's Cirque and Falls



Clarence D. Taylor
BYU Freshman, Bricker 1927

CHAPTER 5

MISSION TO SOUTH AFRICA



In his book My Folks the Dixons Clarence has one chapter that tells of his call to fill a mission in South Africa. The chapter is referred to as "Renewal of Family Ties in South Africa," and relates to this land where his Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon was born.

This compilation on pages 96-109 is as follows:

With the death of Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon's sister, Anne, on March 28, 1877, just three years after the death of their father, John Henry Dixon, all contacts with the Dixon Family in South Africa ceased. Some of the letters written to Anne by Henry A. Dixon were returned at that time, five of them having been enlarged and reproduced recently.

Our Dixon Family records were so incomplete in 1930 that the only records available were the date and place of birth of Henry A. Dixon and the name of his mother, father, and sister.

So in May 1930 when my mission call for the California Mission was changed to the South African Mission, I was overjoyed. And I think it was an answer to my Mother's prayers that a representative of the Dixon Family be sent to the birthplace of her Father.

Upon landing at Capetown and the Mission Home at Mowbray, I was immediately placed in the Mission Office and after two months training was assigned as Mission Secretary. This was disappointing for it now tied me down to a desk with little chance for genealogical contacts. Typical of my Mother's faith, she counselled me to do my assigned job thoroughly and to the best of my ability and if I did that, the way would be opened for me to obtain that information which she and I so much desired.

On April 30, 1931, at "Cumorah" Main and Grove Road, Mowbray, South Africa, the South African Mission Headquarters and Mission Home, I recorded the following thoughts:

On September 15, 1930, I left my home and beloved ones at Provo and Salt Lake City, Utah, to answer a call to fulfill a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in South Africa, the former home and birthplace of Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon. Seventy-five years before, he had left his home, his beloved parents and sister and friends, to sacrifice all for the love of the convictions of his mind and heart to go to America, Utah, to help build up the great kingdom.

Little knowledge did I have of any ancestors or friends, for no detailed record had been kept, concerning the whereabouts of my Grandfather's family and their children. Yet within six months, through the help and guidance of our Heavenly Father, I have been guided to the door of a total stranger, who upon conversing and searching proves to be one of my relatives here in South Africa. "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." This work of genealogy, that of collecting and linking up our family histories, is one of the greatest and most important works of the Lord in this the latter day.

It being the 29th of April and the end of the month, the time that is busiest in the office, I felt that I should stay in the office and do my work. I had previously told the Elders this when they inquired if I was going out tracting with them. After going to the office and outlining my day's activities, I decided that they could wait until afternoon or the next day, none of it being exceptionally important or rushing. So I went tracting, really against my own convictions.

How it was that Elder Peterson and Elder Harris took the opposite side of the road and Elder MacArthur and myself the right side, is beyond my power of comprehension and reason. After tracting about six houses with fairly good conversations, we entered "Kenthurst." We knocked at the door, asked for the misses and waited. The maid reappeared and asked the names--we waited. We were asked to come in by the maid but refused; it not being in order to accept the invitation from a servant. Still we waited and finally the lady of the house came in from the back yard. She evidently had been working in the garden. We waited while she washed her hands. She finally appeared and we delivered our message or approach. She was not interested whatsoever. She had her religion, Church of England, which was good enough for her.

She happened to mention that one of her father's uncles was a Mormon. I then told her the story of my Grandfather, of his being born and raised in South Africa, after which he went to Utah. Upon mentioning his only sister as being Anne Hartman, she immediately gave me the startling news of her relationship to the Hartmans of Cradock. What good news! How my heart and soul thrilled! Just imagine the possibility of finding relatives, someone that knew my Grandfather's family history; which was more or less a blank page to his family in Utah. Here I am no longer alone. I have found kinsmen and the possibility of helping to fulfill one of my Mother's grandest hopes and dreams.

I asked if I might have the privilege of coming back some evening and talking more about the family tree. She answered in the affirmative, also stating she would write to Willie Hartman, who was living then at Cradock and was very ill and in a critically sick condition. I suggested coming around before mail day (letter writing day), and was given the invitation of calling Thursday, April 20th.

As I was leaving I inquired as to her name and found it to be Mrs. Humphris, living at Kenthurst on Banska Road, Rosebank (a suburb of Cape Town).

Thursday evening at 8:00 p.m. Elder Peterson accompanied me back to the home of Mrs. Humphris. I took with me Grandfather's Diary and also the pictures and letters from home. In the last mail I had received the histories of Grandfather Dixon and also Grandmother Eliza Taylor.

I took these histories, pictures, and diary along and showed them and read them to Mrs. Humphris, Mr. Humphris (who is blind and without the use of his limbs), Miss Humphris, and another young man.

We were greeted with a very friendly welcome and made to feel at home. I had just read the letters, taken from Grandmother Dixon's box at Aunt Electa's. I showed them some of these letters and the pictures sent me. Mrs. Humphris located her album and showed me the picture of Miss Nach, who married Ben Webber, and also a number of his sisters as well as some of the other persons spoken of in Anne Hartman's letters to Grandfather, which we were just reading.

Mrs. Humphris remembers her mother, Mrs. Hamlin, who was Ben Webber's sister Harriet, telling her that her mother, Emma Dixon, told the story of having been left in care of some friends while her mother went to England to get some money, but was never heard of after that. As near as we can work it out (nothing definite), Emma Dixon must have been the half-sister of Henry Aldous Dixon, my Grandfather.

(Most recent records show that Margaret W. Dixon, first wife of John Henry Dixon, was buried at Grahamstown, C.P. South Africa, by the Rev. William Geary on June 21, 1824.)

After attending the Brigham Young University for parts of three years in the summers of 1928, 1929, and 1930, Clarence was called by the First Presidency of the Church to go on a mission to the South African Mission. This was the land where his grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon had been born on March 14, 1835, in Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa.

Later Henry Aldous was converted by the first missionaries of the Church sent to South Africa by President Brigham Young. They were Leonard I. Smith, Jesse Haven, and William Walker. Henry Aldous was baptized on March 14, 1856, his 21st birthday, by John Elliston, a local member, who held the office of a Priest. He was confirmed and ordained to the office of a Teacher by E. W. Kershaw of Uitenhage. Later in this same year of 1856 he was ordained an Elder in Port Elizabeth, probably by Elder Edward Slaughter, who was left in charge of Church affairs when the missionaries had been released and returned to their homes.

Henry's baptism was in spite of his Father's protest. His Father was John Henry Dixon, who had left London and went to South Africa as one of the 1820 settlers.

After his conversion and baptism, being disowned by his father, Henry Aldous went to England, later leaving England on the ship "George Washington," and arriving in the United States at Boston, Massachusetts, in March 1857. He then took a trail West to the Missouri River, where the railroad ended. Later in 1857 he joined Captain Jesse Martin's

Company, driving an ox-team for an elderly couple named Walker, and traveled 1300 miles across the plains, and arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley on September 12, 1857.

During his mission, Clarence served as Mission Secretary from February 20, 1931, to March 14, 1932.

Also, while on his mission, Clarence was able to visit Grahamstown in South Africa, where his grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon was born. Following his release in February 1933, he was able to visit Cairo, Egypt, Jerusalem, and other places of interest on his way home.

Evan P. Wright, a missionary who journeyed to South Africa with Clarence, wrote in his journal about his mission call and trip to South Africa. From that I quote the following from pages 55-58 and 77-79:

. . .On April 25, 1930, I received a letter from the President of the Church officially calling me to serve in the South African Mission. However, it was not until September 8th of that year that I entered the mission home--together with Elders John Henry Smith and Clarence D. Taylor. . . .

Back in 1930 missionary work and preparations were more casual than they are today. Elders Smith, Taylor, and I visited briefly in Chicago, Washington D.C., Philadelphia, and New York before we went on to Montreal and then to Quebec to catch our ship. We boarded our ship, the Empress of Australia, on September 18th in company with a dozen other missionaries who were going to various European places to labor. We arrived in London on September 28th and were met by the European Mission President who had us attend some street meetings and receive further instructions. We three going to South Africa sailed from Tilbury, Port of London, on October 2nd aboard the Dunbar Castle. The Dunbar Castle was quite a letdown after our second class accommodations on the luxurious and quite glamorous Empress of Australia. That had been my first experience at sea and I was quite overcome with the beautiful appointments, service, and food on that luxurious ship. On the Dunbar Castle we were riding tourist class, which left much to be desired. We had a very small cabin. The food was poor, and we almost had to fight to get our apple at dinnertime.

The 19-day trip from London to Cape Town afforded ample time for study and recreation. We played deck games and met quite a few people, although when they learned we were Mormons, they shied away from us and were really quite unpleasant. We had lots of time for gospel study and read several Church books. We managed to have a few good gospel conversations and were able to follow up later with those people when we met them at their homes in South Africa.

Elder Taylor took a portable Victrola, "gramophone," which we enjoyed playing often during the course of our journey. . . .

One night a man became very angry at John and threatened to have others throw him overboard because he said John didn't stand at proper attention when the group sang "God Save the King."

Enroute to Cape Town, we stopped at Las Palmas, one of the Canary Islands, for one day and enjoyed seeing the hawkers come out in their small boards and bring their wares to sell. I bought some small madera tablecloths. John purchased a Spanish type shawl, which was to lead to trouble a little later.

When we crossed the Equator, Father Neptune held court for passengers who were crossing the line for the first time.

One of the most interesting evenings was when they had the Fancy Dress party. Prizes were given for the best costumes brought onto the ship and the best improvised on the ship.

We arrived in Cape Town in the afternoon of October 21. John didn't want to pay custom duty on the shawl he had purchased, so stuck it in the sleeve of an overcoat. It was quite obvious and the custom official stopped us and went through all of our things. When they saw we were carrying Church literature, they asked what kind of hypocrites we were to read that kind of stuff and try to evade customs duty!

We were disappointed because no one was on hand to meet us in Cape Town. We walked up to town, had a meal at the Parliament Cafe, and arrived at Cumorah (the mission headquarters) just as Mutual was letting out. John knew Brother Thomas Wilson, and of course they were delighted to see each other again.

Due to the world-wide depression, there were very few missionaries in South Africa when we arrived. Elder Vern D. Green, who was a mission secretary, was in charge at Cumorah because the Daltons were on an up-country trip at that time. We were put to work immediately tracting, visiting, and attending meetings.

. . . President and Sister Dalton returned to Cape Town a week after our arrival. I will never forget that day. President Dalton was a large man, former heavyweight boxing champion, and a gifted athlete.

When we went to meet the Daltons at the railway station, it was quite an experience. Here this large man came off the train wearing a ten-gallon Stetson hat. It was President Dalton's manner to be quite aggressive and not to take a second seat to anybody. A native boy got in the President's path as he approached us, and the President gave the fellow a push which caused him to land about 12 feet away. I really wondered what kind of a man my Mission President was! Through my missionary days and association with Don Mack Dalton, I learned to appreciate and admire him and believe he was the ideal man to serve in his position at that particular time. Sister Dalton was a sweetheart right from the first--gracious, capable, always loving and considerate--one of God's sweet, noble women.

. . . President Dalton was active--a doer, a promoter. One of his fine achievements was the formation of Western Province Baseball. Baseball had been played in the Transvaal for years where

it was introduced by Americans in the early mining days. The game had not been played in the Western Province until 1932, nor had there been any Interprovincial matches. President Dalton was known as the father of baseball in the Cape.

The first baseball meeting was held in Cape Town on June 23, 1932. President Dalton pushed that activity with vigor, in spite of slight protests from the missionaries. President Dalton was on the first Executive Board of the Western Province Baseball Association and used his influence to have one more Cumorah player named to the Board, so he could control their vote. He selected me and so I served in that capacity while I remained in Cape Town. Others who were on the original Executive Board included Irving Linnel (the American Consul General), Charlie Converse (the Vice Consul), George Stevens (the American Trade Commissioner), and Jack Bowie (a prominent Cape Town businessman). All of those men were well known and moved in the best social circles. George Stevens had been a professional baseball player in earlier days and Converse played on his college team in Georgia. Those men added considerable prestige to the beginning of baseball.

During our first baseball season, several clubs formed teams. In addition to Cumorah and Nomads, there were teams from the University of Cape Town, Stellenbosch University, Sea Point, Penns, Gardens, Southern Suburbs, and Leisbeck Park.

The Cumorah team consisted of President Dalton (who hadn't played much baseball but was an outstanding athlete), Elders Dalton, Harold Smith, and Wright, along with Edgar Seamon, Dr. R. C. Robinson (an American dentist living in Cape Town), Robinson's brother Mr. Rains, and anyone else we were able to enlist through an ad in the newspaper. We had a Mr. Kotatammie, who was a respected Japanese silk merchant. Kotatammie was an excellent baseball player, but was soon driven out of the game because of his race.

The early days of baseball in the Cape were lots of fun. None of us were very expert, but we had a good time and the public took on to the game. There were over a thousand people present for our first exhibition match. Prior to that exhibition, we had practices with scanty and very poor equipment. There was lots of comedy, too. For instance, Brother Walter Park decided to take up the game and on the first day chased a very high fly and caught it right in his eye. We thought he was dead.

During the early days, we played crews from Japanese and American ships. They were able to beat us easily.

Cumorah's chief rival was the Nomads team, made up of George Stevens, Charlie Converse, plus Americans and South Africans they put together as a team. George Lyons, an American businessman in Cape Town, put up several hundred dollars to finance the Western Province Baseball Association and was the patron saint. Irving Linnel, the dignified and much respected American Consul General (who was literally blind in one eye), was the umpire-in-chief. Henry Herman, a real estate broker and employer of Jack Bowie,

presented the Herman Cup which was to be awarded at the end of the first season. There was tremendous competition between Cumorah and Nomads. We finally won the cup on the last day. President Dalton played catch, but was best known for his ability as a batter. He was really tremendous. He had a custom-made bat that exceeded all maximum specifications and would manage to get 2 or 3 homeruns every game. He was quite a showman and would like to get in a hot box between the bases and do all sorts of antics. He and Jack Bowie (a man cut out of the same piece of cloth) would put on all kind of theatrics at the game, such as: racing around the bases from opposite directions, etc. I played third base and in those early days was very successful as a batter. Next to President Dalton, I always had the best batting average and was a long hitter. Later on, we were joined by Stan Smith, who was an excellent baseball player (probably the best who had ever been in South Africa). Another conspicuous player was Clarence Randall. He didn't play much in those days, but only upon his return to South Africa with me to go into business a couple of years later.

One interesting aspect of baseball to me was the love and respect the fans held for President Dalton. He was a big man, 6' 2" and weighed 240 pounds, and the fans called him "taxicab Dalton." He would hold the crowds in the palm of his hand. I remember one evening when there was an executive meeting, President Dalton took me with him. After the business was over, the men started buying drinks. At that point President Dalton told me "no souls were saved after 10:00 and I should hurry home." A couple of years later when I returned to Cape Town, I still had contact with the leaders of baseball in the Cape. They would ask about Dalton. In replying I would say, "Yes, but have you met President Backman or President Folland?" They would say, "Oh yes, they are nice fellas, but Dalton, Dalton there was the man for you." I learned later that when they bought the drinks, he'd take his turn and buy a round. Of course, he'd have a lemonade or an orange, but he'd put his foot on the rail and buy the whiskey and sodas for the rest of them. They certainly thought he was a great fellow. To this day, in 1981, the name Don Mack Dalton is revered and honored as the father of baseball in the Cape.

The following article was printed in CUMORAH'S SOUTHERN CROSS, October 1930, Vol. 4, No. 10, when Clarence arrived in the mission field. The copies of the CUMORAH'S SOUTHERN CROSS were furnished by Evan P. Wright.

Smith-Wright-Taylor arrives.

Cumorah was agreeably surprised Tuesday evening, October 21, when in walked Elder John Henry Smith of Salt Lake City, accompanied by Elder Evan Pettit Wright of Salt Lake and Elder Clarence D. Taylor of Provo, Utah. The last named elders made themselves right at home, because their companion Elder Smith was at home and they felt they should act like he did. Elder Smith is a son of former Mission President Nicholas G. Smith and was with his father for over seven years while President Smith presided over this mission. To

say greetings to these fine young men would be only a start to the welcome we all have in our hearts for them. May their joy in accomplishment be equal to the joy we have in greeting them to this mission and with the spirit of love for each other, may we all labor in the cause of our Maker to the advancement of His glorious cause in South Africa.

In the Mission News of the Cape District published in CUMORAH'S SOUTHERN CROSS, March 1932, Vol. 6, No. 3, we read the following:

. . . Elder Clarence D. Taylor, Mission Secretary, returned from a visit to Cradock, Feb. 9. He states that he had a very enjoyable trip and was able to accomplish some good along Gospel lines. On his way back to Cape Town, Elder Taylor stopped off at Port Elizabeth for a short visit with the elders, saints, and friends.

We are pleased to welcome four new members in to the Church from Cape District. Bro. Leslie Rundle Halse and his wife, Sis. Madge Maude du Plessis Halse were baptized Feb. 21 by Elder Clarence E. Randall, and confirmed by President Dalton and Elder Randall respectively. Sis. Hester Helenia Colyn Jordaan, and Bro. Rueben Kein Jordaan were baptized Feb. 22 by Elder Randall, and confirmed by President Dalton and Elder Clarence D. Taylor respectively. . . .

In the CUMORAH'S SOUTHERN CROSS of April 1932, Vol. 6, No. 4, is the following item from the Port Elizabeth District:

. . . Elder Clarence D. Taylor arrived in Port Elizabeth on March 17 to replace District President E. P. Wright, who departed for Cape Town March 20, where he will resume his labors. Elder Wright's departure made many members and friends unhappy, but they all join in welcoming Elder Taylor.

On March 20, at the Sidwell Sunday School, Elder Taylor blessed Reeve Loxton De Jager, a new addition to the Sidwell Branch. . . .

Clarence's release from his mission was noted in the CUMORAH'S SOUTHERN CROSS, February 1933, Vol. 7, No. 2:

Elders Clarence E. Randall, John H. Smith, & C. D. Taylor
Honourably Released.

Elder C. D. Taylor

Elder C. D. Taylor served in the South African Mission from October 21, 1930, to February 3, 1933, about 28 months, and boarded the "Adolph Woermann" at Port Elizabeth to go with Elders J. H. Smith and C. E. Randall up the East Coast of Africa into Palestine and Egypt, to Europe and thence to America.

Elder Taylor served as Mission Secretary for about fourteen months, and his dutiful and congenial spirit together with his obedient and lovable disposition, and his willingness to do

something for someone else endeared him to the hearts of all who know him. He has a smile for all occasions, and it does not seem to come off easily.

After being released as Mission Secretary he was appointed District President at Port Elizabeth where he laboured until he received a telegram telling him of his honourable release and to prepare to sail at once on the boat he took. In his last letter he remarked of it all, as if it were a dream, and seemed to be dazed by the thought that he was soon to leave the work he loved so well.

These words of "St. Augustine" are typical of the request of Elder Taylor--"In doing what we ought we deserve no praise because it is our duty." His mission has been exemplary of the catechism of the "Book of Common Prayer" which reads--: "To do my duty in that state of life in which it shall please God to call me."

To Elder Taylor and his dear father and mother who have sustained him so well and given of their health to bless South Africa by the presence of their boy goes the love and esteem of his many friends and co-labourers, and the joy they will have will be the exclamation as recorded by Addison--"Thanks to God (the gods) my boy has done his duty." Good-bye from all!

On Clarence's trip home from his mission in South Africa, he toured Jerusalem. The following is his account of that experience:

The city of Jerusalem dates back to the time of King David. He desired a suitable place to build a city for his people and drove out the native tribe of Jebusites from around Mount Moriah and commenced building for his people. No doubt he made some kind of fortifications. However, it was his son Solomon who carried out his father's plans and erected the present city wall foundations. He also built a beautiful and costly Temple to his Lord.

In the reconstructed city there are seven gates, six of them open to traffic. The seventh is sealed and will not be opened unto the second appearance of the Savior. The six gates are all of later construction, for Jerusalem has been destroyed completely seven times. It has been captured seventeen times.

Looking towards the north, the direction from which all strangers approach the city, stands a rugged, high and invincible gate in the rock wall which surrounds the city. Its name is Damascus Gate. It bears the design of early Crusader and Roman architecture. No vehicle can pass through this gate. In times past, the two heavy iron armoured doors were closed at sundown and were not opened again until the next morning. At the present, this gate is used by the shepherds to bring their flocks from the hills into the city.

This particular morning of March 15, 1933, we passed through this gate into Crusader Street with its arches and cobblestone road. We wound around until we came to the heavy wooden gates of

Bab-al-Silsileh, or the entrance to the Temple Area or Harem, where the Mosque of Omer is located.

This Al Haram-al Sharif area is one of the oldest historical sites in the world. Its identity with the site of Solomon's Temple is beyond dispute. The accepted belief is that it was here that David built an altar to the Lord and offered burnt offerings and peace offerings.

This site is sacred to the Moslems, for it was here that the Prophet Mohammed on his trusty steed was translated into heaven. In the year 637 A.D. while the Calif of Omar occupied Jerusalem, he cleaned up the rubbish and rubble in this area and built a Mosque beside the great bare Rock. So Jerusalem is a holy city to the Moslems as well as to the Christians.

With the capture of Jerusalem in 1099 by the Crusaders, they occupied the Harem area. They turned the Dome of the Rock Mosque into a church and erected an altar on the Rock itself. One can still see the steps carved in the rock leading to the altar. The altar was later removed. In the nearby Solomon's Caves or stone quarries, the Masonic Order or Lodge was organized.

The Crusaders transformed the nearby el-Aqsa Mosque into a royal residence known as the Palace of Solomon. The vast substructures below the southeast corner of the area were used by the Knights as stables and were called Solomon's Stables.

When Saladin captured the City in 1187, he removed all traces of the Templars' occupation and restored the area to its former use as a place of Moslem worship. Evidence of his restoration can still be seen, for the area has remained in Moslem hands ever since.

The Moslems realize the importance of this Temple Area as well as the numerous other mosques they have converted from old Christian Churches. They, like the other churches of this vicinity, have turned these sacred historical edifices into a commercialized business. Entrance to this Temple Area was 20 piastes or 4/0 plus 2 piastes for mocassins to go into the Dome of the Rock Mosque. Persons must abstain from smoking, and dogs are not allowed in any part of the Harem Area.

Entrance can be obtained only between the hours of 7:30 and 11:30 A.M. (Friday excepted, for that is their Sabbath and no strangers are permitted.) Twelve noon begins their midday prayer when all good Moslems get out their prayer rugs and face towards Mecca and pray.

In the outer courtyard are many olive trees dating back to the time of Christ, three dead sycamore trees, and many small, dome-shaped buildings. Also in the outer courtyard is the old Crusader Church of St. Mary, now the el-Aqsa Mosque. Nearby are the subterranean stables of Solomon. One small, square-shaped, iron-barred window building with a dove on top was the building reserved for a chief, priest, or high official to be washed and

anointed when he died. The majority of buildings now are of Arabic architecture.

Passing through the Arcades, we had a close-up view of the 177-foot diameter, octagon Mosque, and its beautiful dome surmounted on top by the Crescent. The outside of the building has been covered with blue, purple, and white glazed tile, some inscribed with passages from the Koran. Due to careless workmanship, many of the stones and tiles have been replaced haphazardly which detracts from the detailed beauty of the structure. This building is absolutely different from any other mosque that I have seen.

It has four entrances, each of which faces one of the points of the compass. The south entrance or gate fixes the direction in which prayers are to be said, namely the direction of Mecca.

Most of the Moslems slip out of their sandals or shoes and go into the mosque barefooted. We were required to slip on a canvas paddle-like overshoe over our shoes before we could enter the sacred edifice. As one enters, it is quite dark. Until our eyes became adjusted, we could see very little. Hundreds of Persian rugs form a covering over all the floor. Large glass chandeliers, burning wicks suspended in olive oil, furnished most of the light. There were beautiful arches and beams of cedar wood covered with gold trimmings, which to me were most outstanding and beautiful. Three of the arch-shaped windows date back to the fifth century. The beautiful marble walls had all been put in place to cover the Crusaders' workmanship.

Directly under the huge, lighted dome, three separate and distinct periods of workmanship may be found. The lower portion is that of the Persians', a little above is that of the Crusaders', and the completed dome that of the Arabs' or Bedouins'.

Directly under the dome is a huge yellowish rock, completely surrounded by an iron woven fence which is about six feet high. This rock caps the top of Mount Moriah. Tradition states that it was upon this rock that Isaac was bound by his father, Abraham, to be sacrificed; but was delivered by the command of the Lord, and a ram was found nearby and used in his stead. (Many of the stories related by the guides are color stories rather than true historical facts.)

It was on this Rock that David built an altar and offered sacrifices, and it was from this Rock that Mohammed left this earth and rode on his trusty steed into Heaven.

Coming and going across the courtyard were men carrying large skins of animals which had been sewed and tied at the legs and neck. These were used for transporting water from the large well in the building in the middle of the courtyard.

Previous to our arrival in Jerusalem (Palestine), there had been a very dry winter, and it appeared that a dry summer loomed ahead. There had been very little rainfall, and the crops were very

much in need of moisture. The possibility of a famine was at Palestine's doorstep. Moslem, Greek, Catholic, Armenian, and all the other Protestant Churches decided in favor of each praying for rain. In answer to their prayers, the rain came on March 10. With it came a cold wave which made it very miserable and uncomfortable for me. I was not accustomed to the cold, having just come up from South Africa.

The sun shown warm and bright from over the Mount of Olives, so we decided to take advantage of the beautiful day and go to that small but important city of Bethlehem of Judea, just five miles from Jerusalem.

Before getting a taxi at Jaffa Gate, we entered the Old City, where a most unusual funeral procession was wending its way up and out of the crowded street of David. In the front marched a robed boy carrying a large wooden and silver cross, followed by a man carrying the lid of the casket. In front of the bier marched about 15 or 20 priests or monks in their long black robes, chanting and singing as they marched along. The casket was open for display as it was carried through the streets to the awaiting black, horse-drawn hearse on the roadway. The corpse was dressed in white and decorated with flowers. Different friends were taking turns in carrying the casket upon their shoulders. The tear-stained mourners followed.

Money changers still exist and carry on their business, even as they did in the olden days.

As we emerged from Jaffa Gate and it became known that we were going to Bethlehem, we were immediately surrounded by a whole host of taxi drivers, each wanting to take us for prices varying from 5/0 to one piastre each. The way they rushed for us, made me think that I was being attacked by a pack of hungry wolves, pulling, tugging, and jerking me this way and that--all wanting to do business, but realizing that only one would be favored.

Traveling south for a distance of about four miles, we arrived at the Tomb of Rachel. It lies just off the roadside amidst an old and abandoned cemetery. All behind the rock fence are a few small tombs and piles and piles of loose stones. Some stones are stacked over some of the graves as markers.

The canopy which has been erected over the actual tomb was just recently built--about 100 years ago. It consists of a square room 25 ft. x 25 ft. with a round dome. A like-sized porch adjoins the main room. It is open by arches. A heavy, iron-plated 2 ft. x 4 ft. door guards the entrance. As you stoop to enter, the characteristic incense perfume whiffs into your nostrils. It is not very light inside and is partially lighted by the ever-burning lamps. Of the 12 larger lamps, 5 were burning. Directly in front of the entrance was a stand holding about 40 glasses which were filled with tallow grease and had a piece (like string) wick burning. There were three of these old-fashioned chandeliers, but only the one was in use at this time.

The walls were all covered with tapestries and banners, bearing many varied inscriptions and figures. They had been donated by certain individuals or groups. The ornamental work and the inscriptions were all hand-worked and done in Hebrew.

Seats surrounded the main building, where the tired visitor could rest and gaze upon the 10 x 4 1/2 foot round-topped tomb in the center of the room, directly under the dome roof. Inside this (or under this) a large, yellow, sealed vault lay the remains of Rachel, the beloved wife of Jacob and mother of Joseph and Benjamin. Nothing adorns it save two small ribbons and the thousands of tourist names.

Upon leaving the Tomb of Rachel, we continued on foot winding our way along the present hard-surfaced road towards the city built upon the distant hill. It was a beautiful sight to look down into the terraced olive orchards, surrounded by the stone walls; or to view the rolling hills in the distant landscape brought out in relief by the background of fluffy, white clouds.

BETHLEHEM, the City of David, the birthplace of the Savior is situated on the top of one of the many surrounding hilltops. Its present population is 6,200, mostly Arabs, Jews, and Armenians. As we sat on the stone walls along the roadside and looked up at the closely terraced houses, we were fascinated by the interesting and substantial architecture. All structures are built of the roughly hewn, common stone of the area; built in a square with flat roofs, arched windows and doorways, with steps leading from the roadside up to the front door. All windows have bars. In the peasant section of the city, the camel, goat, or donkey occupies the ground floor, while the family lives in the upstairs section of the house. All houses are terraced one above the other, with an occasional break or plot of garden space, not much larger than 20 x 30 feet in area. Arabian and Moslem denominations live on one side of the city; Jewish and others live on the opposite side.

One distinct custom among the womenfolk of Bethlehem, and not found elsewhere, is that all married women wear a white cloth (usually lace) over their fez or headdress.

Upon securing a guide, we entered a stone courtyard, with church buildings on either side. A small, 2 ft. x 4 ft. hole in a wall was the present entrance into the Church of Nativity, called the "eye of the needle." This church was erected by Helena, the mother of Constantine, during the third century A.D. It is the oldest Christian Church in existence. When the Persians destroyed all churches, this one was spared. At present it consists of one wide aisle, supported on each side by 50 pillars brought from Damascus Gate in Jerusalem or Mount Moriah. In between the pillars, and also throughout the rest of the great Chapel, are innumerable lamps of all shapes, colors, and kinds.

The first chapel we entered was that of the Greeks. They have a most beautiful partition located at the front of the chapel. It is made of Lebanon cedar, overlaid with gold. To the left of the

Greek chapel, but on a lower level is the Roman Catholic chapel. To the right is the Armenian chapel. Policemen are always on duty in order to break up any trouble which may arise between the different sects.

Entrance to the original stable or cave, where the Savior was born, may be obtained from either the Catholic side or the Armenian side. Heavy tapestries cover up the bare walls; burning incense makes one choke. The walls and floor are covered with marble slabs. Ten Greek lamps, 10 Armenian lamps, and 9 Catholic lamps are suspended from the roof. Over a round lined hole, which marks the spot of the Savior's birthplace, is erected an altar. To the right and at a lower level, is an enclosed marble stand representing the exact place the manger was located before it was moved to Rome. It was here that Mary and Joseph commenced their journey with the Holy Child into Egypt. Fire has destroyed portions of the tapestries. Now sheets of asbestos under them prevent their burning.

In the same cave, but divided off by partitions and controlled by the Catholics, is the tomb where all the innocent babies were buried when King Herod had all the children killed in Bethlehem.

Another altar, with a large oil painting of Joseph sleeping and an angel whispering to him, marks the place where he, Joseph, was sleeping when he was warned by the angel to flee into Egypt.

St. Jerome, who lived sometime during the fourth century and who translated the Bible from Greek to Latin, had to do his work in secret in the chambers of these caves. The secret stairway leading down to his chamber is still intact. The Tomb of St. Jerome lies in these caves, as do the bones of some of his disciples.

From one of the largest towers nearby, we had an excellent view of the surrounding country. To the east could be seen the setting of the beautiful story of service and love shown by Ruth to Naomi, as they toiled in the Field of Boaz, which is located about two miles from town. Near, also, is the field from which the shepherds saw the star and followed it into Bethlehem.

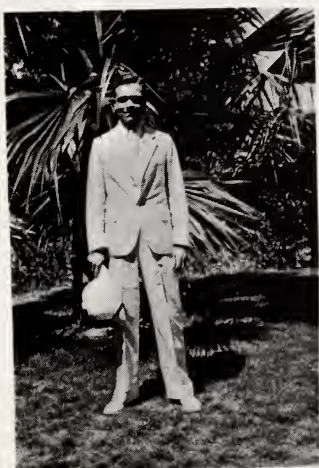
Souvenirs and ornaments of mother-of-pearl are outstanding here. Thick Arabian coffee is offered you in tiny cups wherever you go.



Mission Home, Salt
Lake City, Sept. 1930.



Departure for South
Africa, Sept. 18,
1930.



South African Mission
Secretary, 2/20/31 -
3/14/32.



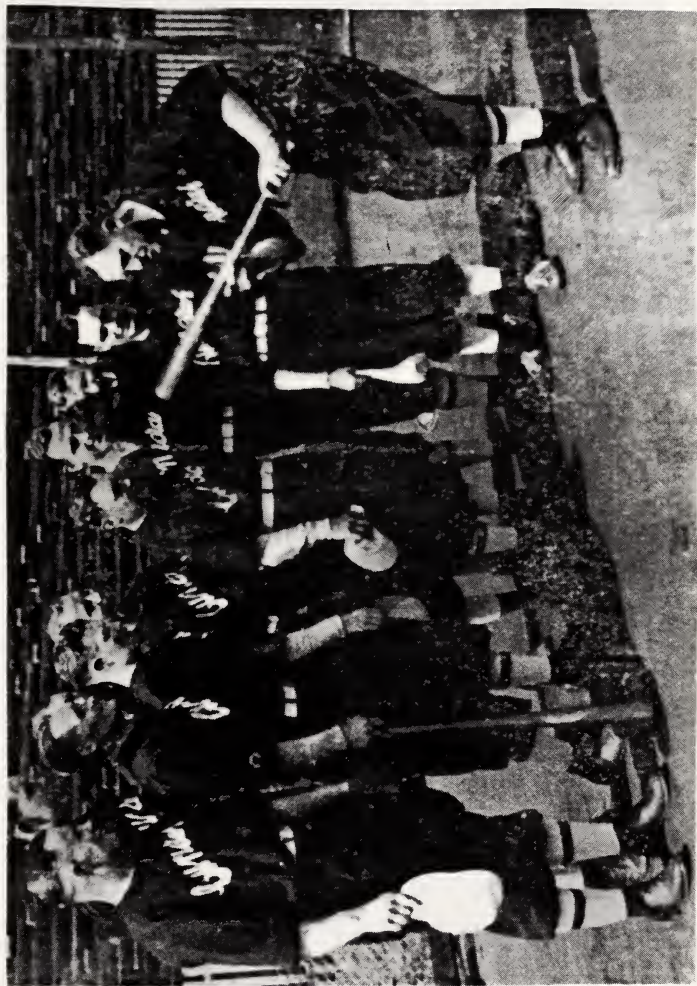
The Humphris--First Dixon
relatives discovered
while tracting in South
Africa.



Cousin William Hartman and wife,
Florence, at Cradock, South Africa.



Missionaries of South African Mission Convention, Dec. 28, 1931 to Jan. 5, 1932. Clarence is seated third from left, next to Pres. Don Mack Dalton, Mission President. His wife, Geneve J. Dalton, is next on the row.



South Africa Mission Baseball Team. Pres. Dalton is holding the bat. Clarence is fifth from the right.



Grahamstown, South Africa, Birthplace of
Henry Aldous Dixon. Visited in 1932.



Cairo, Egypt - 1933.



Lorenzo Marques



Dead Sea



Jerusalem - 1933

CHAPTER 6

SERVICE DURING WORLD WAR II

During World War II, Clarence was at Ft. Douglas, Camp Roberts, Camp Gordon Johnston, Camp Pickett, Camp Butner, and Camp Miles Standish, before being sent to Europe for duty. He served from January 1942 to September 1945. He was granted five Battle Clusters, for action in Northern France, Normandy, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe.

The following information on the War is an excerpt from a Salt Lake City newspaper:

Fifty Dates That Give the Highlights of World War II

Sept. 1, 1939--Germans invade Poland.

Sept. 3--Britain and France declare war on Germany.

April 9, 1940--Nazis invade Norway and Denmark.

May 10--Hitler invades Lowlands. Churchill becomes British Prime Minister.

June 22--French sign armistice with Germany.

Aug. 8--German air force begins blitz of Britain.

June 22, 1941--Nazis invade Russia.

Aug. 14--Roosevelt-Churchill sea conference drafts Atlantic charter.

Dec. 7--Japanese attack Pearl Harbor.

Dec. 8--U. S. and Great Britain declare war on Japan.

Feb. 15, 1942--Singapore surrenders.

April 18--Doolittle's "Shangri-la" bombers raid Tokyo, Yokohama and Nagoya.

May 6--Corregidor falls and organized Phillipine campaign ends.

June 3-6--U. S. Navy routs enemy force in naval battle of Midway.

Aug. 7--U. S. Marines land on Guadalcanal and Tulagi in first major allied offensive of the Pacific war.

Sept. 17--Nazis penetrate Stalingrad.

Sept. 25--Japanese turned back from Port Moresby.

Oct. 23--British break Axis line at El Alamein.

Nov. 8--Allies invade North Africa.

Nov. 13-15--Battle of Guadalcanal gives U. S. decisive naval victory.

Jan. 18, 1943--Russians completely break siege of Stalingrad.

Feb. 9--U. S. forces completely occupy Guadalcanal.

May 12--Axis resistance ends in Tunisia.

Aug. 15--U. S. and Canadian forces invade Kiska to find Japanese have fled the island.

Sept. 3--Italy invaded.

Sept. 8--Italian surrender announced.

Nov. 21--Marines and soldiers land on Makin and Tarawa.

Feb. 10, 1944--Yanks and Aussies win Huon peninsula campaign, New Guinea.

June 4--Allies take Rome.

June 6--Anglo-American forces invade Normandy, France.

June 16--B-29 Superfortresses bomb Yawata, Japan, from China, in first land-based raid on Japanese home islands.

June 20--American carrier planes drive off enemy fleet in the first battle of the Philippine sea.

July 9--Organized resistance ends on Saipan.

July 20--German generals fail in attempt to kill Hitler and seize control of the Reich.
 Aug. 25--Paris liberated.
 Oct. 20--MacArthur "comes back" as his forces storm ashore Philippines at Leyte.
 Oct. 23-26--U.S. Third and Seventh fleets and submarines sink 24 Japanese ships in second battle of the Philippine Sea.
 Jan. 9, 1945--Yanks land in Lingayen Gulf Area of Luzon.
 Jan. 17--Soviets captures Warsaw.
 March 24--Anglo-Americans drive over Rhine in force.
 April 25--U. S., Soviet troops link at Torgan.
 May 1--Nazis announce Hitler's death.
 May 2--Berlin falls.
 May 7--Germany surrenders unconditionally.
 June 21--Organized resistance ends on Okinawa, 325 miles from Japan.
 July 5--MacArthur announces all Philippine Islands won back.
 Aug. 6--First atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan.
 Aug. 8--Russia declares war against Japan.
 Aug. 14--Japan announces it will surrender to the Allies.
 Sept. 2--Japan surrenders unconditionally aboard USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay.

Army Service

By Clarence D. Taylor

I have been requested to write of my experience in World War II. I do so reluctantly; as for me, there is no good that comes from war, other than retaining one's liberty. War only results in destruction, heartache, and sorrow--a period of waste, loss of life, pain, and suffering. To me, a period of time to be forgotten.

Following is a brief outline of my 44 months in the Army Service:

On January 9, 1942, I went to the Recruiting Office in Salt Lake City to get as much information about the Armed Services as I could. The recruiting officer told me that they were enlarging the Reception Center at Fort Douglas; and if I would go up and talk to the Adjutant, Major Egan, it might be possible to be assigned there. I went right up to Fort Douglas and had an interview with him. He told me if I would immediately enlist, there would be an opening for me in the Reception Center. I returned to the Recruiting Office and was sworn into the Army of the United States and assigned to the Reception Center at Fort Douglas, Utah. My pay was \$21.00 per month, with \$5.20 deducted for government insurance. About four months later, it was increased to \$30.00.

After my processing, shots, tests, and physical exam, I was outfitted with new G.I. clothing. After a meal in the mess hall, I was assigned to a cot on the second floor of Headquarter Company barracks. Lights were out at 9:00 p.m. Next morning at six o'clock the bugle sounded to roll out of bed, get dressed, and report for roll call in the front of the barracks in the pitch darkness. After breakfast and cleaning up the barracks, I reported to the Record

Section to assist in processing the new recruits who came from the States of Utah, Idaho, Nevada, and part of Montana.

A couple of days after reporting at the Reception Center, I received orders to pack up and report to Camp Roberts in California for basic training. The day after arriving at Camp Roberts, I spent the morning with instruction of defense and use of the bayonet on a "dummy" in the field. That afternoon I received orders for me to pack up and be ready to return to Fort Douglas the next day. That was my basic training.

Several times while I was at Fort Douglas, I was assigned to accompany a group of new recruits to their assigned camps in the United States. On one of these trips, after delivering the new recruits to Camp Carson, Colorado, I was able to visit with Alice, Roy, and boys in Denver. Another trip took me as far as Kalamazoo, Michigan.

The next January, when more able-bodied soldiers were needed on the front lines, limited service recruits (handicapped by eyes, teeth, feet, hearing, etc.) were accepted and assigned to the jobs at the Reception Center, thus relieving the able-bodied to be transferred.

Camp Butner, North Carolina, was a collecting camp where I received orders to report to Camp Pickett, Virginia, for reassignment, which was to Camp Gordon Johnston, Florida, for amphibious training. What a disappointing spot this was. It was about twenty miles out of Tallahassee in an out-of-the-way spot on the sandy coast. It consisted of tar paper, one story huts, sand floors, with two pot-bellied coal stoves for heating, canvas cots to sleep on, no sheets, two blankets. There was only cold water to wash, shower, and hand wash our uniforms after a dirty day's work in the field. At this time it was too early to swim in the ocean, but we had to learn to survive in flames of oil fire on top of the water in nearby cold ponds.

At Camp Gordon Johnston I was assigned as a Cannoneer in the Cannon Company of the 109th Regiment of the 28th Division, a Pennsylvania National Guard Unit, formerly commanded by General Omar Bradley. Their insignia was in the shape of the State and colored red (the bloody bucket). After about a week, I was assigned as Company Clerk.

Late that summer the 28th Division was assigned for duty in the European Theater of War, rather than the Pacific which we had been training for. We left Camp Miles Standish, near Boston, and embarked from Boston Harbor on a motor vessel which developed engine trouble the first day out; so we returned to the harbor and were transferred to a luxury liner which had been converted to a troop ship.

The staterooms on the boat were comfortable and pleasant, but the storage holds of the ship had been converted to sleeping quarters by installing rows of pipe frames and steel springs, no

mattresses, about ten or twelve rows high, with only about two-and-a-half or three feet between rows. When anyone on the higher bunks became sick, everyone below immediately knew about it. Ventilation was very poor. Only two scanty meals a day were served with very inferior food, even weevil in the morning cereal.

After zig-zagging across the Atlantic for seven days, with no lights visible at night above deck--even smokers were denied smoking on deck at night during the trip to avoid being spotted by enemy submarines--we arrived in Glasgow, Scotland.

Boarding English trains, we ended up at the southern tip of England where we were temporarily billeted in the old stone castle of Randolph Hearst.

We spend the winter in the Margum Castle in Wales, near the village of Port Talbot, Wales, which was to the west of Swansea, Wales.

June found us camped at a tent camp outside of Tidworth, England, on the shore of the English Channel awaiting Invasion Day. It was rumored that the 4th Division or the 28th Division were candidates for the initial landing wave on the French beachheads. The 4th Division received the call for the landing on Utah Beach. The 28th Division landed on the Utah Beach in Normandy, France, a few days later.

From the Utah Beach, the 28th Division worked its way through the hedgerows of Normandy, across the farm lands, and through the bombed out cities of France, becoming the first organized unit to convoy through the City of Paris, France.

We traveled from the border of Switzerland into Holland and from the beaches of Normandy into Germany. On the Christmas week we were billeted in a shoe factory in Wiltz, Luxembourg. Here we received our Christmas packages and letters most of which were left behind when we were forced to hurriedly vacate.

In our traveling over such a variety of locations, we were often attached temporarily to the First Army or another Division. Once we came under the command of the French Army.

We were on the front line that was so thinly protected, and it was here the Germans made their last major assault. As the line began to bulge and break, orders were given to retreat. I was fortunate to catch the last service company truck which carried us back into France for regrouping, thus avoiding being taken as a prisoner of war.

For the next few months we served as the army of occupation in several of the smaller and outlining German cities.

The fall of 1945 we returned to Fort Dix, N.J., where we were given a furlough, before being reassigned to the Pacific Theater.

Arriving at Fort Douglas, Utah, I became eligible for discharge through the points of accumulation of length of service and 36 years of age.

I was honorably discharged from the United States Army on September 12, 1945, with a clean and whole body--no wounds--, a sound and alert mind, with gratitude for a safe return to my home and family.

The following letter was written from Clarence to Alice while he was stationed at Fort Douglas, Utah:

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY
Reception Center
Fort Douglas
Utah

August 4, 1942

Dear Alice,

I certainly appreciated your letter, and especially to hear that Ruth got along all right with her operation. That should make a big improvement in her health this coming winter. I hope you did not have too much trouble with the boys after their operation. You are certainly wise in having them out while they are young. I am glad I had mine out while in my youth, it has saved me a lot of trouble and sickness, I am sure.

I have been going to write to you for a long while, but I have not gotten around to it until tonight. You know how I like to write letters. Remember, you were going to let me know what Ruth and Fred might need, so I could give them a wedding present. Please keep your eyes open and give me a suggestion.

It has surely been a life-saver for me to be as close to home as I have. I look forward from one Sunday to another for my trip to Provo to pick up my washing and see Mother. Last Sunday we had to work, but were through by 3:00 P.M. I dashed downtown to the Orem Station, but missed the train by about 3 minutes. Rather than wait around for another 2 1/2 hours, I went out on the highway and thumbed my way. It took about 5 rides before I hit Provo, but most folks are very accommodating, especially when they see the soldier uniform. Can you imagine me out on the highway with a longing look on my face? There are a lot of things I have to do, which I had never thought I would be forced to do.

Tell Arthur and John to stand up at attention and give me a snappy salute even tho I am not there to see them. I would like to be around the boys and play with them and let them take turns wearing my cap.

On the surface, Mother appears to be fine, but I think her back is bothering her a little more than it has. I wish she would get

something done for it. She promises that when she gets down from the canyon she will take regular treatments from Dr. Boyer.

The regular routine takes place each day which is about all that happens, nothing unusual or very interesting. I will surely be elated when this thing is over, but I am afraid it is to be longer than most of us anticipate. I do hope your boys will never have to be drafted into an Army, for it does not help a young boy's outlook on the future or build up his ideals.

I know you will let Ruth read this letter, so I will say "Hello" to all and will try and get into a writing mood and write to her soon.

Love,
/s/ Clarence

Clarence wrote the following letter to his mother from Camp Pickett, Virginia:

UNITED STATES ARMY

Cannon Co.
109th Inf. APO 28
Camp Pickett, Va.

June 27, 1943

Dear Mother and family,

Sunday is here, the beginning of the last week in June. The weather is still very warm, but I imagine we can expect that for the remainder of the summer, or as long as we are here.

There hasn't been anything unusual happen here the past week, same routine such as: writing up insurance policies, or changing the names or addresses of beneficiaries on old ones; making application for dependency allotments for some of the fellows who have just returned from furlough and who were married while away; answering correspondence in regard to men who have been transferred to other organizations; making rosters; making out requests for appointments for increased grades or reductions, and seeing they are entered in the man's service record. When a man is absent without proper authority, we have to send a letter to his folks, notifying that he is AWOL and should be returned to camp. Five days after this letter we have to send out notices to the county sherriff, city chief of police, FBI, local board, the commanding general of the army where the camp is located, the commanding general of the army where the absent soldier's home is located, and the Adjutant General's office in Washington.

Each month we have to make up a very detailed payroll of each man showing his base pay, each of his deductions, such as insurance, allotments, laundry, bond deductions, and any increases or reductions in pay. We have to make up all furloughs and requests for three-day passes, besides a thousand and one other odds and ends of minor importance.

Yesterday we were to have the afternoon off, but our first cook received a telegram from home stating his Mother was in a critical condition and for him to return home immediately. So it was up to me to see the Red Cross representative and have him obtain a verification from his representative in the soldier's hometown. We did not receive this verification until about 2:30 P.M., after which I had to make out the emergency furlough, find the company officer of the company, the adjutant of the regiment, and have them sign the papers. From the time the telegram was received until the soldier was on his way took over 5 hours. So if any of the boys in the army or navy are ever wanted at home in a hurry, besides sending them a telegram, contact the Red Cross representative and have them immediately verify to their representative at camp by telegram their report. In this way there is very little time lost.

Last Tuesday we had a warrant officer from division come into the regiment and inspect and check all of our service records and company books.

Since your return home from Denver, you must have certainly been very busy, what with the Taylor Reunion, etc., for I failed to receive your letter this past week. Maybe I will get it tomorrow. I received letters this last week from Elayne, Art, and Henry.

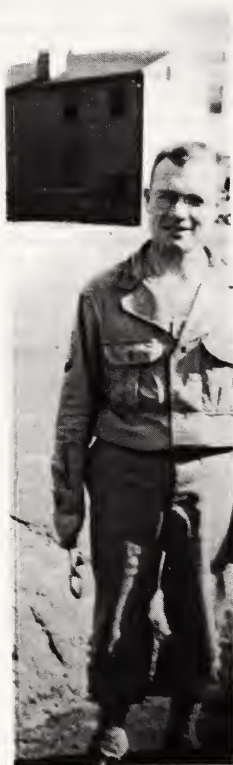
One of the fellows snapped a picture of me. How do you like the new hairdress?

I am also inclosing a clipping taken from the Richmond news about the huge steel plant in Utah.

This coming week, if all goes well, I should be able to spend one day out on the firing range, familiarizing myself with the carbine rifle. It will be quite a change to get out in the open, but will necessitate working at night to keep up with my work, for the fellow who has been helping me is on furlough at present.

I trust all is going well at home, and that you are all well.

Love,
/s/ Clarence



At Camp Pickett, Va.
en route to European
Theatre of War during
World War II, Jan.
1942 to Sept. 1945.



World War II
5 Battle Clusters:
1. No. France
2. Normandy
3. Ardennes
4. Rhineland
5. Central Europe

CHAPTER 7

FIRST BYU CHURCH HISTORY TOUR

In June 1951 the first BYU Church History Tour, under the direction of Alma P. Burton, was conducted. Clarence was one of those who was enrolled. Places of interest and significance in connection with history of the Church in the United States were visited.

The information about planning this tour was in the Deseret News Church Section, page 4, of Wednesday, April 18, 1951, as follows:

BYU CHURCH HISTORY STUDENTS PLAN TOUR

PROVO UTAH--A Church History travel tour, covering every major Church historical site and most minor sites, will be conducted by Brigham Young University during June of 1951, it was announced this week by Dr. Ernest Wilkinson, President of Brigham Young University.

The tour, requiring 21 days to travel the 6500 miles from Provo to Vermont and return, will be preceded by a five-day intensive training course in Church History on the campus of the university. The intensive training course will begin on the morning of Wednesday, June 6, and the tour will leave the campus on the morning of Monday, June 11, returning Sunday evening July 1.

"This study tour," said President Wilkinson, "has not been arranged as a commercial tour, but as a non-profit educational project by the Church university. The seminar-type course should promote a better understanding of the early leaders of the Church, of the early movements of the Church, and its eventual trek westward."

CO-SPONSORED by the extension division and division of religion at Brigham Young University, the tour will carry six hours of regular university undergraduate credit. Travel will be in modern buses, and stops will be made each night in modern hotels and motels.

The instructor for the course, Alma P. Burton, is a member of the faculty of the division of religion at Brigham Young University and one of the few men in the Church who spends full time in studying and teaching the documentary and comprehensive histories of the Church.

Cost of the tour will be \$260 per person, and will include all travel, hotels, fees, tuition, and side tours to interesting points of American history in Washington, D.C., and Boston. This tuition fee does not include meals or personal expenses.

The bus is limited to 35 enrollees, the maximum number who will be able to participate in the tour, said President Wilkinson. Although a suggestion has been made to charter two buses, this has been ruled out because of the university's desire to make the tour one of supervised study and one which will maintain a high standard of instruction, he said.

THE COMMITTEE for the tour is President Wilkinson, Dr. Harold Glen Clark, director of extension division; Dr. Sidney B. Sperry, director of religious instruction, Raymond E. Beckham, assistant to

the director of the extension division and coordinator for the tour, and Paul C. Child of the American Express Company. Special consultants who have helped outline the tour include John D. Giles, Dr. Franklin L. West, Church commissioner of education, Pres. Joseph Fielding Smith, Church historian, and Mr. A. William Lund.

Night stops will be made in Pueblo, Colo.; Dodge City, Kansas; Kansas City, Missouri (two nights); Indianapolis, Indiana; Zanesville, Ohio; Washington, D.C. (two nights); New York City; Boston, Mass.; Rutland, Vermont; Ithaca, New York; Niagara Falls, New York; Cleveland, Ohio; Chicago, Ill.; Quincy, Ind.; Ottumwa, Iowa; Omaha, Nebraska; North Platte, Nebraska, and Rawlins, Wyoming.

Among important Church historic sites which will be visited are Independence, Liberty Jail, Richmond, Far West, Haun's Mill, Adam-ondi-Ahman, Fort Leavenworth, the Reorganized Church's Assembly Hall, Trail of the Mormon Battalion, the Zion Camp trail, the Brigham Young Monument, Sharon, Bethel, Hanover, Whitingham, Palmyra, Martin Harris Farm.

The Sacred Grove, the Hill Cumorah, the Exchange Building, in which the first Book of Mormon was published; Fayette, where the Church was first organized, Harmony, where the Book of Mormon was translated, Binghampton, Elmira, the Kirtland Temple, Carthage Jail, the Nauvoo Temple, Fort Madison, Council Bluffs, Winter Quarters, and the trail of the Mormon Pioneers westward to Emigration Canyon and the This Is The Place Monument.

A detailed study will be made of each place visited, and the significance of each point will be outlined by Elder Burton.

IN ADDITION to the places of interest outlined above, important American history sites will be visited, including Mt. Vernon, Arlington, Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, the Pentagon, Lexington, Niagara Falls and other points of interest in Washington, D.C., Boston, and points en route.

Those who anticipate applying for admission to the tour should write for additional information immediately, or for reservation. Each application for admission should be accompanied by a down payment of \$50.00, and once the individual has been accepted as a member of the tour, this \$50.00 down payment cannot be refunded. Full payment of the balance, after a person has been accepted for the tour, must be made by June 2, 1951.

Those accepted should plan to be on the campus of Brigham Young University on Wednesday, June 6, to begin preparatory study for the tour. Background studies in Church history will be made in the Heber J. Grant Library on the BYU campus. Housing will be furnished by the committee in campus housing, but enrollees will not be required to use campus housing facilities if they wish to stay with friends or in homes in Provo. All tour members will be required to stay on the campus on Sunday night, June 10, so that an early start may be made on Monday morning June 11, emphasized President Wilkinson.

Anyone is eligible to make the trip said Dr. Wilkinson, for either credit or non-credit. Beautiful certificates of participation will be awarded all those who attend the study tour. There are no limitations for admittance, he said, and those in any age group may apply.

Upon the return of this group from their tour, the Deseret News Church Section printed this article on page 3 of the Wednesday, July 18, 1951, issue:

BYU Travel Students Return Home

PROVO--A 6500-mile tour sponsored by Brigham Young University extension division ended Sunday evening for 31 students of LDS Church history when their chartered bus rolled to a stop in Provo.

The loaded bus had carried its passengers to hallowed points in the history of the Church, from New York to Emigration Canyon. Throughout the tour, except for a few miles in Wyoming, the group stuck doggedly to the trail made by the "Mormon" pioneers when they came to Utah in 1847.

Given as a university course with six hours of credit, the tour attracted enrollees from 16 to 70. "The older ones seemed to take the trip with as much zest as the youngsters," said Alma P. Burton, instructor of religion at BYU, and tour director.

SPRING RAIN and an over-supply of mud caused some trouble in the East, said Mr. Burton, but the group overlooked the inconvenience and continued to have a fine time. The tour took the group from upper New York through Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, across the plains and into Salt Lake Valley via Parley's and Emigration Canyon.

Bus stops were made at important historical points along the way, and discussions held concerning the events which took place there. The group visited such places as the birthplace of Joseph Smith, the Sacred Grove, Nauvoo, Quincy, and Carthage. They stopped in Carthage on the 107th anniversary of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith.

The party left Provo on June 11 after a week of briefing for the trip. Three full weeks were spent en route. Students taking the class for university credit will write up the tour in research-paper form.



Tour Group at Adam-ondi-Ahman



First BYU Church History Tour: Kneeling: Left to right: Vern Thacker, Vasco Huffaker, Claire Judy, Joseph B. Harris, Clarence D. Taylor, Leon Mayhew, John E. Hayes, Raymond Harding, Verner Powell, and Milton Holdaway.

Standing: Left to right: Elva Killian, Alma P. Burton (Director), Clea M. Burton (his wife), Margaret Olpin, Lewis Olpin, Betty Humpherys, Ora Gledhill, Bertha J. Murdock, Olive B. Millburn, Maggie C. Perry, Geneva Winterrose, Melva Hale, Laska King, Florence B. Madsen, Irma G. Weist, Joseph T. Edmunds, Rikka Harding, Lois Edmunds, Edith Powell, Maud Holdaway, and Fannie K. Duce.

Not in Picture: B. (Ted) Miller (bus driver) and Della Miller (his wife).

TOUR

LDS, CHURCH

HISTORY

POINTS



Travel during the tour will be on modern buses such as the one pictured above. Special seating, including reclining, is provided for the tour. Special food-serving equipment is being installed for the convenience of tour members.

THE INSTRUCTOR

Alma P. Burton has devoted much of his life to studying and teaching Church History. He is one of the few men whose full-time occupation is studying and teaching the



Prof. Burton

history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. His duties at Brigham Young University are exclusively devoted to teaching the youth of the Church the documentary and comprehensive histories of the Church.

His diligent research and patient teaching is well-known on and off the campus. One of his classes in Church History takes two years to complete, so comprehensive and complete it has become.

He obtained his Master's Degree at Brigham Young University, and has been a member of the Religion faculty during the past three years.

Write . . .

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

EXTENSION DIVISION

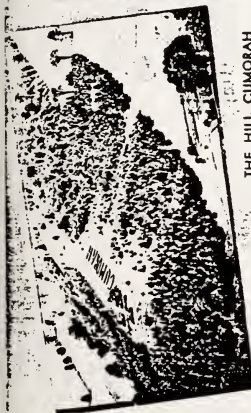
PROVO, UTAH

CHURCH HISTORY TOUR

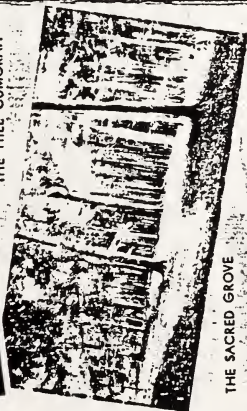
SPONSORED BY

Brigham Young University

JUNE 6 — JULY 1, 1951



THE HILL CUMORAH



THE SACRED GROVE



JOSEPH SMITH'S BIRTHPLACE



CARTHAGE JAIL
THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE
(Photos courtesy of John D. Giles)

Brigham Young University's Extension Division, in cooperation with the Division of Religion, is conducting this study tour of important historic sites of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in order to give to those who are interested a more comprehensive, on-the-spot study of Church historic points of interest.

This seminar-type course should advance the cause of better understanding of the early leaders of the Church, of the early movements of the Church, and of its eventual trek to the west.

This study tour is not a commercial tour; it has been arranged as a non-profit educational project by the Church University. Our desire will be to arrange the type of study tour which will awaken interest and deepen understanding of the early history of the Church.

TOUR ITINERARY

ON CAMPUS

*"He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies, must carry the wealth of the Indies with him.
So it is with traveling - if a man would bring back knowledge, he must carry knowledge with him."*

—INSCRIPTION ON THE UNION STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

All those who wish to participate in the tour, without exception, will meet on the campus of Brigham Young University on the morning of Wednesday, June 6, 1951. Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, June 6, 7, 8, and 9, will be used to acquaint all participants with all important Church history points of interest, their particular significance in the history of the Church, and other data which will be of use during the tour. Research in Church history will be done in the Heber J. Grant Library on the Brigham Young University campus. Housing facilities will be furnished during these five days (including Sunday, June 10) on the campus, but tour members will not be required to stay on the campus if they have friends or homes in Provo. However, all tour members will be required to stay on the campus on Sunday night, June 10, so that an early start may be made on Monday morning June 11.

DATE START POINT

Monday, June 11	Provo, Utah	(Sick detachment of Mormon Battalion and Mississippi Company of Saints spent winter of 1816-47 in Pueblo).	DESTINATION
Tuesday, June 12	Pueblo, Colo.	Following somewhat the trail of Mormon Battalion.	Pueblo, Colo.
Wednesday, June 13	Dodge City, Kan.	Following somewhat the trail of Mormon Battalion.	Dodge City, Kan.
Thursday, June 14	Kansas City, Mo.	Independence, Liberty, Richmond, Fort West, Hahn's Mill, Adam-Ondi-Ahmen, St. Joseph, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas City.	Kansas City, Mo.
Friday, June 15	Kansas City, Mo.	Columbia (Perley P. Pratt in prison), Springfield, Ill. (Following somewhat Joseph's Division Zion Camp Trail).	Kansas City, Mo.
Saturday, June 16	Indianapolis, Ind.	Richmond, Springfield, Ohio. Following somewhat Joseph's Division Zion's Camp Trail.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Sunday, June 17	Pittsburg, Penn.	Gaithersburg. (Famous Civil War Battleground).	Pittsburg, Penn.
Monday, June 18	Washington, D.C.	Mt. Vernon, Arlington, Lincoln Memorial, Brigham Young Monument, Washington Monument, Pentagon, and other points of interest via Gray Lines Bus Tour.	Washington, D.C.
Tuesday, June 19	Washington, D.C.	Baltimore, Philadelphia, Scranton, New York, N.Y., Jersey City, through Holland Tunnel to New York City. Individual tours of New York City will be arranged during afternoon.	Washington, D.C.
Wednesday, June 20	New York, N.Y.	Coast Route, Gray Line sight-seeing tour in Boston during afternoon of important points of U.S. historical interest.	New York, N.Y.
Thursday, June 21	Boston, Mass.	Lexington, Fitchburg, Concord, Claremont, Lebanon, Sharon (Joseph Smith's Birthplace).	Boston, Mass.
Friday, June 22	Rutland, Vt.	Wilmington, Whitingham (Brigham Young's Birthplace), Troy, Albany, Afton (So. Bainbridge), Ninavah (Coalville), Oakland, Harmony.	Rutland, Vt.
Saturday, June 23	Ilhaca, N.Y.	Westerlo (Peter Whitmer Farm), Palmyra, Martin Harris Farm, Alvin Smith Grove, Joseph Smith Farm, Sacred Grove, Hill Cumorah, Exchange Building (Book of Mormon first published).	Ilhaca, N.Y.
Sunday, June 24	Niagara Falls, N.Y.	Kirkland Temple, Willoughby.	Niagara, N.Y.
Monday, June 25	Cleveland, Ohio	Toledo, Elkhart, South Bend. Following somewhat Hyrum's Division of Zion's Camp Trail.	Cleveland, Ohio
Tuesday, June 26	Chicago, Ill.	Ottawa, Peoria, Pekin, Canton. Following somewhat Hyrum's Division of Zion's Camp Trail.	Chicago, Ill.
Wednesday, June 27	Quincy, Ill.	Carthage, Keokuk, Nauvoo, Montrose.	Quincy, Ill.
			Ottumwa, Iowa

Thursday, June 28
Friday, June 29
Saturday, June 30
Sunday, July 1

Ottumwa, Iowa
Omaha, Neb.
Scotts Bluff, Neb.
Rock Springs, Wyo.

Gerden Grove, Mt. Pisgah, Glenwood, Council Bluffs to Omaha (Winter Quarters).
Follow north bank of North Platte River to Fremont (Original Trail of Pioneers), cross to south bank.
Following original trail to Casper, to Muddy Gap, Rawlins.
Echo City, Emigration Canyon, Salt Lake City.

Omaha, Neb.
Scotts Bluff, Neb.
Rock Springs, Wyo.
Provo, Utah

GENERAL INFORMATION

COST OF TOUR

The cost of the tour will be \$240. This will include all travel, hotels, fees, tuition, and side tours to American History points of interest in Washington, D.C. and Boston. It will not include meals or personal expenses.

TRANSPORTATION

Transportation will be by modern buses of the American Buslines, Inc. There will be no night traveling.

HOTELS

Night stops will be at modern hotels and motels. All reservations for accommodations have been made. Rooms with twin beds and baths will be provided wherever possible. For persons desiring single occupancy of room, every effort will be made to accommodate them at the additional expense incurred.

MEALS

Stops will be made at convenient points for meals. Box or pocket lunches will not be restricted.

UNIVERSITY CREDIT

Six hours of regular university undergraduate credit will be given those who successfully complete all requirements for the course. Regular assignments will be made, and it is expected that participants of the tour will keep a daily log or scrapbook of sites which will be seen and discussed. Beautiful Certificates of Participation will be awarded to those who go on the tour.

VETERANS' ELIGIBILITY

Veterans Administration approval is expected to enable veterans to receive a part of the expenses for the tour. Such expenses for fees and tuition would be approximately \$55.00, plus full subsistence during the four weeks of the tour. Other fees and expenses up to the \$260 fee charged for the course must be paid by the Veterans.

HOW AND WHEN TO APPLY — FEES

You may apply at any time prior to May 20, 1951, by filling out the application form enclosed or by writing directly to the Extension Division, Brigham Young University. Only the first 35 people to apply, however, will be admitted. Your application must be accompanied by a down payment of \$50.00. Once you have been accepted as a member of the tour, this \$50.00 will not be refunded, but in case of emergency your application may be resold if there is enough time to do so. Full payment of the balance, after you have been advised that you will be accepted as a member of the tour, must be made by June 1, 1951.

ENROLLMENT LIMITED

Only 35 persons will be admitted for the tour because of the number of seats in the bus. Some have suggested the possibility of taking two buses, but in order to maintain a high standard of instruction and supervised study, this possibility has been ruled out. You are urged to register early to assure your application of being among the first 35 to register.

THE AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

Travel and hotel arrangements have been made through the American Express Company. This has been done so that participants of the tour will have assurance of the best accommodations available. Tour members should protect their travel funds by American Express Travelers' Cheques.

INSURANCE

Personal Travel Insurance will be available at a nominal charge (\$4.50 for persons under 70 years of age) for those who desire it. Personal effects insurance may also be secured at a cost of 95c per each \$100 of insured value. (Minimum charge, \$2.00) Full information will be supplied during the on-campus study period.

ADMINISTRATION

Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson, President of Brigham Young University, Dr. Harold Glen Clark, Director of the Extension Division of Brigham Young University, Mr. Raymond E. Becham, Assistant to the Director of the Extension Division of Brigham Young University and coordinator for the tour, Dr. Sidney B. Sperry, Director of Religious Instruction at Brigham Young University, and Mr. Paul C. Child of the American Express Company. Special consultants in arranging the itinerary for the tour have been Joseph Fielding Smith, Historian for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, A. Will Lund, Assistant Church Historian, Franklin L. West, Commissioner of Education for the Church, and John D. Giles, well-known historian and writer of early Church and Pioneer History.

RESPONSIBILITIES

This tour has been planned with every intention of its full execution. However, Brigham Young University reserves the right to make cancellations, changes, or substitutions which may seem advisable in the interest of the program. Tour officials cannot be responsible for alterations in accommodations and services beyond their control.

The American Express Company and/or Brigham Young University act only as agents for the owners or contractors providing means of transportation or other services, and all tickets are issued subject to any and all terms and conditions under which such means of transportation or other services are offered and provided, and the issuance and acceptance of such tickets shall be deemed to be consent to the further condition that neither the American Express Company, or any of its subsidiaries or affiliated companies, nor Brigham Young University shall be or become liable or responsible in any way in connection with such means of transportation or other services, or for any loss, injury or damage to or in respect of any person or property howsoever caused or arising.

5928-A, Oct., 1950
(Printed in U.S.A.)

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

TRAVEL DEPARTMENT FINAL PAYMENT RECEIPT

Nº 170917

Issued at Salt Lake City June 7 1951
(City) (Date)

Received from Mr. Clarence D. Taylor

The sum of Two hundred sixty and^{no}/100 Dollars (\$ 260.00)

Representing payment of the following Travel Arrangements:

Membership in the First Annual Church History Tour party,
sponsored by Brigham young University, Extension Division.
Provo, Utah

NOTICE AND CONTRACT:—The American Express Company acts as agent for the owners or contractors providing means of transportation or other services and this final payment receipt is issued subject to any and all terms and conditions under which any transportation or any other services whatsoever are provided by such owners or contractors, and by the acceptance of this receipt the patron agrees hereto and also agrees and understands that neither the American Express Company nor any of its affiliated or subsidiary companies shall be or become liable or responsible for any loss, injury or damages to person or property in connection with any transportation or other services or resulting from the acts of God, dangers incident to the sea, fire, break-down in machinery or equipment, acts of governments or other authorities, wars, civil disturbances, strikes, riots, thefts, pilferage, epidemics, quarantines, delays or changes in itinerary, and that the American Express Company shall not be liable for any additional expense sustained by the patron as the result of any of the foregoing causes; and further agrees to the terms and conditions set forth in the announcements and circulars of the tour or cruise and to the conditions annexed to the itinerary, if any, issued. The American Express Company shall have the right to cancel this receipt and any coupons issued in connection therewith and to refund the equivalent of the unused portion thereof in case the Company deems the tour or cruise impracticable or for any other reason.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

By [Signature]

CHAPTER 8

DEVELOPMENT OF "TAYLORS HILL"

In September 1965 our brother Lynn wrote a detailed account on our purchasing and developing the property on the "Hill," giving his article the title of "Our Home on the Hill." He passed away on July 2, 1967. The following is the article he wrote:

OUR HOME ON THE HILL

By Lynn Dixon Taylor

Many times during the past 30 years I have been asked the question: "Why did you pick that particular spot on which to build your home?"

For many years this question was tinged with incredulity, but now I detect a hint of envious curiosity. Never in all these years has there been any change in the answer, "Because we love it here."

As I look in retrospect, I am aware of tremendous physical changes in the area in which we chose to live.

As a boy I recall hiking up Rock Canyon, a long way from "Sandy Alley," home of the Dixons and Taylors. I remember trudging over "Temple Hill" to a winding wagon road, little more than a trail which is now known as "Martin Lane."

This, at that time, was the only passable road for a vehicle to Rock Canyon. At the foot of the hill near the culvert currently leading up Oak Lane, there was a slaughterhouse. Remains of the old rock and concrete walls and floors are still visible. A pipeline up the hill ended in an open concrete reservoir which was about 10' x 10' in size.

I recall stopping at the slaughterhouse and watching with curious nausea the killing of a cow and several pigs. At this time the slaughterhouse was owned and operated by the later defunct Provo Meat and Packing Co., whose market was located just south of the State Bank on University Avenue.

Perhaps the most vivid of my trips to Rock Canyon (one which stamped itself indelibly on my mind, and one which was pleasantly recalled many times) was one of those incomparable sunny days in June when we climbed the foothills to the old Muhlestein House on the upper bench, stopping for a drink of cold canyon water and a rest.

At this time a clay pipeline extended from the springs in Rock Canyon along the hillside and stopped at the Muhlestein Home. Parts of this old waterline are still in evidence.

To the west the entire valley with its green farms, clusters of houses and trees framing the sparkling expanse of Utah Lake, was breathtaking. To the south, Mount Nebo; to the north, majestic Timpanogos; and practically overhead, the towering crags of Squaw Peak, seemed to create a picture I had never before seen.

Here was an old-fashioned garden in full bloom. The lazy droning of bees in the flowers and the pungent perfume from scores

of native lilacs, with the comfortable warmth of June sunshine, brought to my mind a glimpse of Paradise that I have never forgotten.

During the early period of Provo's history, the Fort was located in what became known as the "Fort Fields." Here was level rich black loam with no rocks, plenty of water, and close proximity to the Fort for protection from the roving bands of Indians.

Two families from Switzerland, the Muhlesteins and Liechtys, had other ideas. These families were industrious, religious, and very ingenious.

Instead of acquiring fertile acres in the Fort Fields area, they looked to the mountains on the east. They settled on one of the benches left by prehistoric Lake Bonneville. Here was a lack of fertility in the soil. Rocks, clay, and quicksand were the soil with hard-pan close to the surface in many places. No available water was apparent.

Settling on this terrain called for hard work and determination to scratch out a living. As a result, these families became practically self-supporting. They even built an almost impossible road up Rock Canyon to Dutchman's Flat (now the Camp Ground) where certain crops were planted and produced. I recall seeing parts of an old abandoned hayrake in this area.

An uncle of mine told me he remembered, as a boy, seeing Nicholas Muhlestein, who wore a gold earring in one ear, driving a yoke of oxen on a Provo street drawing a bobsled loaded with maple and oak logs to make delivery of someone's firewood. A few of the big oak trees are still growing on the hill and are responsible for the name "Oak Hills."

These self-supporting people made their own shoes from self-produced leather. They sheared, carded, and spun their wool to make their own clothes. Straw was woven to make hats. I remember Ephraim Liechty showing me an old granary where spinning wheels, a straw hat weaver, shoemaker's lasts, and a great deal of other equipment was stored.

Too much praise cannot be given these families for their frugality, resourcefulness, honesty, and integrity.

In 1929 my brother Henry D. and I drove up toward Rock Canyon and after parking at the foot of the bench climbed up the hill and sat down to rest about where my home now is. It was another spring day and the hillside was covered with Sego Lilies and sort of a blue pea-type wild flower.

Gazing at the lake and the valley, we began to talk about a problem which concerned us both. We had married recently and were living in rented homes. To live and raise families in homes of our own was a situation we both were anxious to achieve. However, we were facing the fact that the worst part of the depression made it the poorest time possible to think of building.

As we reclined on the sunny hillside, I made the remark, "How would you like to live up here?" It sounded like wishful thinking.

Henry, however, seemed to think it was not a silly question, and we began to discuss the possibility of getting a couple of lots and someday in the far-distant future building on them. At this time the only houses were Muhlestein's, Liechty's, the old Bean home, and a few more nearer the heart of the present Upper Campus BYU structures.

We had noticed a man over near the north edge of the bench planting some peach trees. We decided to ask him about the ground and introduced ourselves. After a while we asked if he would consider selling us a couple of lots on which we could build. He thought we were crazy, and it took him quite a while to get the idea.

He said he did not wish to sell any of his ground as he needed all he had for farming. We pointed to the rocky ridge running from where we had been sitting north to the edge of the bench overlooking the Rock Canyon wash, which was not under cultivation. He said it was too high and rocky to farm and there was a huge pile of rocks at the south end where they had been dumping those gathered up from the fields for many years.

However, if we were crazy enough to want to buy it he would let us have it. We made a deal with Ephraim Liechty on the spot for approximately three acres along the edge of the hill.

It was heartening when we brought Celestia and Alta up to see the view and the lots to find they both were thrilled with the outlook. We made a number of visits up in the evening to look at the glorious sunsets, and each visit increased our desires to move up there.

It became a habit to drive up on the hill each evening and enjoy these beautiful sights. On one occasion Ephraim Liechty, who frequently came out to chat with us, looked at the magnificent scene and remarked, "I've lived up here all my life and never noticed these sunsets before. They are kind of pretty, aren't they?"

We faced a problem that many times seemed insurmountable. It was the worst part of the depression. We had no cash, and it was impossible to get a loan on houses located in such an unheard-of-place.

Henry had worked in the Dixon Real Estate Co. and was acquainted with certain people who put money out to loan. I remember visiting some of them with poor success. One man said, "I've already got all the houses I want!" (assuming that if he made a loan on our homes he would soon have to foreclose on them).

Another man said he had every confidence in us, and, that if we would pick lots in Provo City, he would gladly let us have the necessary money.

It was a very discouraging period, but failed to dampen our enthusiasm for the idea of getting up on the hill.

Father, who was always starting projects, had purchased the area at the mouth of the Provo River on the north side and with some others dyked certain areas to protect the ground from the flood waters of Provo River during the spring run-off. The soil was very fertile and the proposition looked excellent until one spring the dyke was breached, and a small fortune went with it.

The next project was the Provona Resort Co. A number of bathhouses, a store, and a dance pavilion were built. A great deal of experience, but little profit was the result.

Desperately struggling with our problem of building on the hill, we suddenly came up with the idea of using lumber from the now deserted Provona Beach structures as part of the building materials we needed.

The dance pavilion had a beautiful maple floor. The bathhouses were covered with lumber which would make exterior sheathing together with dimension timbers.

After several years of part-time employment in the architectural offices of Joseph Nelson, I was able to draw up plans for our two houses, so that we knew exactly what materials we needed for construction.

Father, meanwhile, had become interested in starting the Dixon Taylor Russell Co., and we had become financially interested in the business. During the depression the business had its troubles as did most others. Being an installment business, a large amount of its assets were tied-up in customer accounts. People with good credit were out of work and could not make their monthly payments.

The company set up for each of the owners and employees what became known as "Produce Accounts." A certain percentage of one's wages went each month into this account. It was a period of trade and barter. Farmers traded hay, butter, milk, eggs, etc., to employees, and accounts were debited and credited accordingly.

We began to see a glimmer of hope for our house projects. Why not find men whose various services we needed, and give them credit on their accounts for these services?

We lined up a good carpenter, and helpers, men and teams for excavating and road building, sand and gravel suppliers, laborers, roofers, electricians, and many other craftsmen. With such assistance, for example, the beautiful maple floor of the Provona dance pavilion, including the floor joists underneath, were sawed into sections which would rest on our basement walls in the exact size needed. These sections were loaded and moved by a housemover who had an overdue account.

We will not forget how Parley Larsen went to bat for us on a finance plan enabling us to pay for the plumbing and heating. We were turned down on our application to use the manufacturer's finance plan, but "P.L." swore we were good risks and refused to take "no" for an answer. I know the manager in Salt Lake City thought they were making the wildest kind of a gamble, but Parley vouched for us all the way.

Before we could think of starting construction, there were certain basic things that had to be accomplished. Our best approach appeared to be the idea of starting near the slaughterhouse site, cross the creek and make a dugway following the present Oak Lane, then to circle my lot and run north to Henry's.

We were able to get some pieces of used bridge conduit to put in the creek, then fill over the top with dirt from further up the road until we had a passable roadway. We had made a deal with the Giles Family for merchandise at the store to pay for covering the entire road with gravel.

The whole cost of this road expense was borne by us. In the winter we had no help from the county but had to park at the bottom of the hill or churn up the hill through the snow with the aid of tire chains. Frequently Ephraim Liechty would appear with his horse-drawn snowplow to help clear our road as well as his own.

The greatest problem of all was the water situation. This problem held back the development of the area for many years.

The pipeline serving the Liechty and Muhlestein homes had been allowed to disintegrate after the Rock Canyon Water Co. had developed a source of water which pretty well dried up the old springs used by the Muhlesteins and others.

When we moved up on the hill, the families there were using water from the irrigation ditch, diverted from the concrete flume in Rock Canyon. The water was run through a gravel bed for settling and then into a concrete reservoir, which had a hand pump on the top.

After a great deal of thought we decided that pending the development of the old springs, drilling a well, or getting a connection with Provo City's system which was reservoired at the foot of the bench, we would use the same system as the Liechty's.

We bought several shares of water in the Rock Canyon Water Co. and received delivery of the stream approximately once a week. Our water system involved building a concrete, watertight reservoir under the living room of Henry's house. A pipeline was run from there to my house. A pressure pump was connected to the system which proved to be annoying. It frequently leaked and it was noisy, going on at any time of the night or day. At intervals the reservoir had to be drained and scrubbed. Samples of the water were sent to the State Board of Health frequently, and when showing pollution, we brought our culinary water up from town each day.

An incident typical of our water dilemma occurred a few years later when Karl and Elma Young rented Henry's house for a year while he, with his family, was in New York where he worked on his Master's Degree.

It was a bitterly cold winter with one of the heaviest snows in our experience. One January day we discovered the reservoir was empty. This calamity had to be resolved quickly because there were hot water jackets in each furnace and because of the bitterly cold weather it was necessary to keep the furnaces going continually.

Karl and I took our shovels, after dressing as warmly as we could, and struggled up to the "Devil's Kitchen" where the water could be diverted into our ditch. We fixed the dam and coaxed the water by shovelling the snow and debris out of the ditch ahead of the water. Several times it clogged and froze into ice, and we had to check back on it frequently.

We struggled all day and finally by dusk had the water nearly to Henry's house. However, the freezing snow and ice clogged the ditch and we were forced to give up.

After a restless sleep, worrying about the pipes freezing and bursting, morning came, and we slogged up the ditch and started all over. Some moderation in the weather began, and we finally were able to get a steady trickle of water into the reservoir.

We had missed two days from school but had added another experience we would not soon forget. Had Karl not sprung from "Pioneer Stock," and had he not the fortitude and determination to assist in overcoming our plight, it might have been a sad episode.

Incidentally, it brings to mind another occasion connected with our struggle to keep the reservoir full.

Upon returning from a bishop's meeting late one evening, Celestia informed me that we had no water. According to the Water Turn Schedule our turn began at 6:00 a.m. the following morning. However, it should have read at 6:00 p.m. that evening.

As I thought the matter over I felt that due to the lateness of the hour and the fact that I would only need the water about 30 minutes, I decided to "borrow" someone else's water.

Not stopping for a lantern, I grabbed a shovel and climbed the trail to the point in Rock Canyon where a headgate combination diverted the water either west in our ditch or south to the Liechty's.

Feeling my way in the pitch black darkness, I found the headgates and discovered a big stream of water going south. After tugging with the gate which was tightly jammed, I finally got it out and turned the water down our ditch.

All of a sudden I was struck with a brilliant glare of light and an angry voice cried, "Stealing my water, are you?" I couldn't help thinking of how many quarrels and deaths had resulted from stealing water, and I was mighty scared.

Then the light was turned at an angle, and I discovered my friend, Heber Liechty, who did not know until then who had been splashing around in the ditch stealing his water.

Of course, when I explained my troubles to Heber he was sympathetic and helped me turn the water and said to keep it as long as I needed it.

The problem of communication was slowly solved. No mail delivery was available and all mail was sent to the store. A satisfactory arrangement was made with the Utah Power & Light Co. to service us with electricity, but our problem of telephones was not so simple.

The ruling on telephones for a situation like ours was that a minimum of three phones was necessary. We agreed to pay for three phones, but red tape said no. There must be three houses.

After much deliberation, we solved the problem by moving an old sleeping porch from Father's home and placing it equidistant between our two houses. A phone was installed in it along with ours in the name of my brother Clarence, and every time a phone on our nine party system rang, you could hear it in the old sleeping porch.

The soil on our hill was such that after a rain you could "sink a blanket" on it. Romantically inclined couples began parking along our roadway, admiring the moonlight on the lake, and in rainy weather becoming mired in the mud. After being awakened many nights with pleas to help extricate cars, we finally put a shovel where we could tell them to help themselves and dig their own way out.

One of our biggest problems was that of mud everytime it rained. I spent many hours of backbreaking toil gathering and placing large boulders with the flat side up around the house serving as walks and a flagged area. Lawns were planted and gravel was spread to help the situation.

A near tragedy occurred in connection with gathering the rocks. One July 24th morning at daybreak John, my oldest son, who was about 10 years old, went with me to scout for additional rocks. I had just purchased a beautiful new Dodge sedan of which we were very proud. John and I rode up Rock Canyon to a site just below the weir. We were stopped by a deep wash about ten feet deep and 20 feet across. In order to turn around safely, I got out of the car to check my position. I told John to stay in the car, but fortunately he climbed out, dogging my heels. As I looked up the canyon, John grabbed my leg and yelled. I turned just in time to see the rear of that beautiful new car rise, rise, as the front plunged down to the bottom of the wash, then turn and come to rest on its side.

I can still feel that sick sensation in my stomach as I scrambled down and removed the key from the ignition.

We hurried home and got Henry up to see what our insurance status was. Fortunately we were covered by a reliable company, and the car was repaired in first-class condition.

The Rock Canyon water shed had been scalped year after year by so many herds of sheep that every spring a roaring flood came down, sometimes going all the way to the highway. The ground from our bench to Indian Hills would frequently be a raging torrent, sometimes on the north side, sometimes over against our bench. I recall standing there with Ephraim Liechty watching the flood roll boulders the size of pianos down its course.

Naturally, people living in the area were much concerned. One evening when we returned home in a rainstorm, we were surprised to find Darwesh Kader, his wife, and little girl sitting in our kitchen. The Kaders were Syrians, and it was hard to understand their speaking. Mrs. Kader was tattooed on the forehead and around her mouth and could speak no English.

When we entered the house, Darwesh said in his high-pitched voice, "Big storm, we come stay with you." Fortunately the storm was soon over, and they were able to return to their home.

We became quite well acquainted with both Darwesh and his Uncle "Mose." They frequently stopped us as we drove past and insisted on our accepting fruit until it became rather embarrassing to us.

Returning home in somewhat of a hurry one day, I approached the large culvert where the road crosses a canal. The culvert is rather high and conceals the road for some distance ahead. Skimming over the culvert I saw a flock of chickens directly in my path. Setting my brakes I did my best to stop but ploughed thru the chickens. Stopping the car I jumped out and ran back to try to pay for the damage.

Suddenly Mrs. Kader came running out of her house, brandishing a huge knife and screeching at the top of her voice. I thought, "Well, this is it," and I started to tell her I would pay the damage. She kept coming and grabbed a big Plymouth Rock rooster, who was flopping around with a broken leg, and whacked off its head, grabbed a newspaper from under her arm, rolled the chicken in it, and handed it to me saying, "You take him home and eat him!"

One of our problems was transportation. Each family had a car, but there was the problem of getting to work, getting the children to school, and having a car available for the girls' use for social affairs, etc. Each morning we loaded one car with children and dropped them at school on our way to work. There were no school buses and inasmuch as we lived in the county we were not allowed to send them to the city schools. The BYU Training School had a full complement of Taylor kids.

In the evening on the way home our pick-ups started with the store (DTR), with stops at the library, Training School, and homes of friends, not to mention stops for culinary water, gas, and our daily supply of milk or groceries. Today there are four school buses that pass our house.

In the meantime the old Muhlestein house was abandoned and became a "haunted house" for our children, especially at Halloween time. All members of the Muhlestein family had left for other areas, and the old homestead and its 160 acres of barren ground, with deep ravines, bare hillsides, and profusion of scrub oaks began to return to its original state.

Arrangements were made to pasture two of Father's saddle horses on the property, and we all enjoyed riding them.

Meanwhile, other people began to drive up and enjoy the view. We watched them with trepidation because we had begun to dream about a subdivision at some future date which would cover this area with fine homes. We felt it had sound possibilities, and the longer we considered it, the more sure we became.

However, there were two stumbling blocks in our way that seemed insurmountable. The old Muhlestein Estate was now owned by thirteen heirs, and to set a price and to get a 100% agreement from so many individuals seemed an impossibility. The other obstacle was a familiar one to us--we had very little capital we could raise to make such a purchase.

The more we thought about it the more certain we were of its possibilities. We began to mention it to some of our family and friends. Little interest was shown by some, but certain ones, particularly J. Hamilton Calder, saw the possibilities and became unflinching participants.

Henry began to work with the Muhlestein family and after untold hours finally reached an agreement for the sale, satisfactory to each member of the family. Only because of their implicit confidence in Henry's integrity, was he able to handle this transaction. Without Henry's far-sightedness and loyal support, we would never have achieved success on the hill.

In order to raise the money, many people were visited and a lot of salesmanship occurred before a small group were included in the Bonneville Development Company which was the corporation owning and responsible for its development.

Before any lots could be sold, many things had to be done. A complete survey of the property, including topographical data, location of lots and roads, and a sales program had to be made.

The biggest problem of all, however, was our old bugaboo--an adequate water supply. The deed to the property gave us the major interest in the old springs developed by a tunnel part way up Rock Canyon. This had now caved in, and the Rock Canyon Water Co. had

done considerable development work in that area. Reclaiming this tunnel and springs appeared to be a wonderful idea. We could develop our own water supply and be independent of Provo City.

After investigation we discovered that such construction would undoubtedly lessen the flow of the Rock Canyon Water Co., and inasmuch as they had been using the water longer than seven years, we would get into a costly legal battle with questionable success.

We examined sites where drilling had brought good flows of water, and engaged Dr. George Hansen to advise us. It is a known fact among geologists that the strata of rocks in Rock Canyon are slanted to drain the water below this, finally coming up near the surface down in the valley. There is a great deal of water behind this dyke, some of it spilling off to Bridal Veil Falls.

A location for drilling was selected in the mouth of Rock Canyon, and a contract was signed with a driller. The hole finally turned out to be a "duster," and another location was selected with a similar lack of success.

A number of shares in the Rock Canyon Water Co. had been acquired with the purchase of the property, and it was decided to try to use these. Fred L. Markham (always generous with his architectural services, and a pillar of support in the new corporation) designed a large reservoir, inclosed completely with a manhole in the top, in the mouth of the canyon, near the weir where the concrete conduit spilled into the diversion box.

Len Creer received the contract to construct the reservoir and dig a trench for the 4" cast iron pipeline which led to the site of the new homes.

Later, taking turns at filling the reservoir and scrubbing its walls became something of a social occasion.

About this time Clarence D. Taylor, Ham. Calder, Wesley F. Knudsen, and L. O. Turner had built their homes, and we began to feel like a community.

Our water system left much to be desired. We had always felt that we should be part of Provo City and that our water system should be connected with the city lines. A petition, meanwhile, to annex our area into Provo City had been granted, and we were paying city taxes which were considerably higher than those in the county. We were constantly working with the Mayor and Commissioners to cooperate with us on a water system. We received all sorts of objections, especially a constant battle with the city engineer. We were told to move down and fill up some of the vacant lots in Provo; that we were crazy to build on such a bare hilly country, and that the city could not afford to extend its utilities to such a small community. We argued that it was so desirable a place to live that we would soon have plenty of homes to justify it, and that such a desirable taxing unit would be created it would be a profitable source of income to the city.

In one meeting with the commissioners, one of them said, "Why did you join the city? It's because you thought you would get city water!" We agreed. He said that if we thought they were going to extend the lines to our property and make us rich we had another guess coming.

Time after time we would have the majority converted to our proposition, only to have them defeated at the polls and a new commission be installed in office. In almost every case they had the same opinion of our foolhardy venture. They constantly relied on the city engineer (who unfortunately had a permanent position), and our answer would be the same.

Finally with the advent of a city manager, the idea did not seem so far-fetched, and orders were given to the engineer's office to outline some plans which would deliver water to the higher elevations.

The result was a concrete tank built up on the hillside with an 8" pipeline down to the main city reservoir, where a pump was installed. We were forced to advance the cost of these with a connection charge on each lot which would eventually come back to us in payment for the original amount we had advanced.

A considerable amount of money had to be raised in addition to the water system expense. Sewer line, roads, the cost of topographical maps and plat plans which had to be made and submitted to the engineer's office before approval to sell lots was obtained.

Deed restrictions covering the design, constructions, and materials going into each home were strictly enforced, as well as landscaping restrictions. Lots in many cases sold themselves, and lovely new homes began to arise. Additional acreage had to be subdivided.

By the fall of 1965 when this was written, 83 individual homes had been built with several other lots sold and houses in the planning stage. Somewhat over half of the original acreage has now been sold as building lots, with plans to develop the balance on a par with those now finished.

Note: The area where Lynn and Henry built their homes is officially recorded in the Utah County Records as "TAYLOR HILL SUBDIVISION." The old Muhlestein property to the south is officially designated as "OAK HILLS SUBDIVISION."

Henry D. Taylor continues the account of "Taylor's Hill":

Tony, Stephen, and David were born while we lived at Oakcrest. I well remember what a cold, wintry, early morning it was when we had to make a "mad dash" to the Utah Valley Hospital, which had been constructed, in order to get there before Stephen arrived on January 6, 1942.

We had acquired a few shares of Rock Canyon Water Company stock. I was elected to serve as a member of the Board of Directors and held this position for several years. Edward Isaacson was president of the board and Alfred R. Chipman was secretary. Other members of the board that I remember were Wilford R. Stubbs, Ephraim A. Liechty, and Levi Bounous. The meetings were interesting and different from any other board meetings that I ever attended.

In 1949 with our boys growing up, we felt the need for a larger home. Fred L. Markham, architect, designed a beautiful home for us. Rual D. Davis, an excellent builder, agreed to supervise the work. We sold the lot that we had acquired from Bonneville Development Company to Claude S. Ashworth for \$2,000 and purchased the adjoining lot from Weldon J. Taylor fronting on Oak Lane for \$2,000. This lot had a tremendous view of the valley. Work commenced, and we were able to move into our beautiful home located at 2025 North Oak Lane in June 1949.

Our first and original home "Oakcrest" was sold to Richard L. Gunn and wife, Jeanne, for \$10,000. They loved the "Hill" and the view and became wonderful neighbors. The sale to them was made on June 27, 1949.

When the call came to be president of the California Mission, we sold our lovely home on Oak Lane to Willard G. Smith and his wife, Virginia. This was in September 1955. The price was \$40,000. They assumed the mortgage to Beneficial Life Insurance Company in the amount of \$17,047.65, and we were paid our equity which was \$22,952.35. Later Willard was transferred to Salt Lake and sold the home to Dr. Scott P. Wallace, who resides there presently.

After selling most of our lots on the hill, we had over 4 1/2 acres remaining. This land was between 9th East and the bottom of the hill. In August of 1967 upon authorization by the First Presidency, it was announced by the press that a temple was to be built in Provo. Later a site was selected in the mouth of Rock Canyon and approved by President David O. McKay. The groundbreaking took place on September 15, 1969. General Authorities who participated were Presidents Joseph Fielding Smith and Hugh B. Brown of the First Presidency; LeGrand Richards of the Council of the Twelve; ElRay L. Christiansen, Gordon B. Hinckley, Henry D. Taylor, and James A. Cullimore, Assistants to the Twelve.

The cornerstone was laid on May 21, 1971, and the temple was dedicated by President Joseph Fielding Smith (who became President of the Church on January 23, 1970) on February 9, 1972. At the dedicatory services in one of the sessions, I was called upon to speak. The following is a copy of this talk:

PROVO TEMPLE

This is one of the most eventful days in the history of Utah Valley. It is a thrilling and joyous occasion for the members of the Church who reside in this area, as well as for the "Y" students here attending school. The erection and dedication of a House of the Lord fulfills the desires and prayers of many faithful and dedicated Latter-day Saints. It is a lifelong dream that has come true.

From earliest youth I was taught that a temple in the Provo area would one day be a reality. The hill upon which the Maeser Memorial Building now stands was called "Temple Hill." As children we would hike to the hill on Easter. When the Maeser Building was erected there we were somewhat reconciled when told that it was a "Temple of Learning." But the hopes and prayers for a temple continued to persist.

The location of this temple is beautifully situated. It is sufficiently elevated to be visible from most points in Utah Valley. Located here at the entrance to Rock Canyon with rugged Squaw Peak, Cascade Mountains, and majestic Provo Peak as a background, it is fitly framed. A breathtaking view of the valley with beautiful Utah Lake to the west, Mt. Timpanogos on the north, Mt. Loafer and Mt. Nebo on the south, it is an impressive sight.

Some years ago I was privileged to accompany Elder Harold B. Lee to effect a division of the New York Stake. George H. Mortimer was president of the stake. He was also a native of Provo, and we had gone to school together. As we were talking, he asked me the question, "Henry, don't you miss Provo?" Quick as a flash, Elder Lee spoke up and said, "Of course he misses Provo. You might take Henry out of Provo, but you can't take the Provo out of Henry." Brother Lee, those are true words.

Here I was born, and here I expect to be buried. Whenever I leave Salt Lake City traveling southward and pass around the Point of the Mountain into Utah Valley, my heart seems to beat a trifle faster; and in spite of the so-called haze from the steel plant, the sky seems to become somewhat bluer, the grass a bit greener, and the songs of the birds considerably sweeter.

I love this Utah Valley. I love the people here. Many others also love it. George H. Brimhall, president of BYU for many years expressed his love in a descriptive poem which was put to music. The song was called, "I Love You, Utah Valley," and we sang this song frequently. These are the words of the song:

I LOVE YOU, UTAH VALLEY

I Love you, Utah Valley
You are near and dear to me;
I love your eastern Kolob
And your western Galilee;
I love your Timpanogos
Reaching up to kiss the sky
And your rugged Provo mountain
With its bosom 'neath the "Y."

I love your white-robed winter,
And I love your golden fall;
I love your balmy summer,
And your springtime best of all;
I love your breezy canyons
And the music of your streams;
I love you in my waking,
And I love you in my dreams.

And then the chorus:

O valley of peace,
Thy charms never cease,
You're a Garden of Eden,
O valley, to me.
Tho' far I may roam,
I'll dream of my home,
And awake with a yearning,
With a yearning for thee,
My Utah Valley, my home.

When the First Presidency announced that the Provo Temple was to be constructed, the members in the area were invited to contribute funds for its erection. The invitation was enthusiastically accepted, and funds donated far exceeded the suggested amount. The members displayed their willingness to go even beyond the second mile.

You good members of the Provo Temple District have a great and justifiable pride in this beautiful building. You have a financial interest in it. Others also have a financial interest in it, and that includes every tithe payer in the Church.

Today President Smith will dedicate this building, the ground, and all improvements and present them to the Lord. We may have access to this beautiful facility as often as we wish, providing we will live so that we can qualify ourselves to come here. But we should always remember and never forget that this is the Lord's House and should be treated and respected as such.

Any community is truly blessed that is fortunate enough to have a temple erected. There comes a noticeable spiritual influence to that area that was not there previously.

May this Provo Temple District now enjoy a tremendous upsurge in spirituality.

As the young people gaze at this beautiful edifice by day and its illuminated spire by night, may they be inspired with a firm desire to live so that they can qualify to come here for an eternal marriage.

And may this sacred temple be a reminder to all of us of the covenants we have made with the Lord.

For which I pray humbly in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.
Amen.

During the building of the temple, the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was asked to donate one acre of their ground in order to have enough space to provide for adequate roads around the temple.

After donating one acre to the Church for the necessary roads, we had approximately 3.8 acres of land between the road and the hill. It was decided that the best way to use the land beneficially was to have a planned development. This is described very well in the article written by Clarence D. Taylor, called "Taylor Terrace" as follows:

Some called it Rockville, or Slaughterhouse Heights, or Taylorville, or White Houses, or Temple Row; but we officially named it Taylor Terrace.

Taylor Terrace is the sixteen-unit housing development east of the Provo Temple. It is located between 2100 and 2250 North on the old Rock Canyon Road, but which has now been renamed Temple View Drive, Provo, Utah. It was planned by members of the Arthur N. and Maria D. Taylor Family, where the brothers and sisters could live near each other and be helpful to each other in their declining years.

Taylor Terrace was developed by Henry D. Taylor, Celestia J. Taylor, Alice Taylor Nelson, Clarence D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Ruth Taylor Kartchner, and Dixie Taylor Frampton.

A 3.8 acres of hillside land of irregular shape and really a developer's "headache" was laid out and designed by architect Fred L. Markham who did a masterful job in complimenting the temple area. Fred's two sons, John and Dixon Markham, were very helpful with the architectural and engineering details.

J. LaDell Petersen was the contractor and builder. He is truly a builder of quality homes that the owner takes pride in possessing and displaying.

In the early days the location for a slaughterhouse was always on the extreme outskirts of a city, which was infrequently visited by the townspeople. The Provo Meat & Packing Co., having their retail market at about 65 North Academy Avenue, Provo, Utah, purchased a small tract of land way out in the country at the mouth of Rock Canyon for their slaughterhouse operation. This property was purchased from the old Swiss homesteader, Johann Liechty.

Down under the hill the Provo Meat & Packing Co. constructed a two-room rock building for offices and storage. Directly above it on the point of the hill, they constructed a small concrete water reservoir with a water pipe running down to the slaughterhouse. Water was brought to the reservoir in Rock Canyon Water Co.'s open ditch. In Rock Canyon and on the steep hillsides the water was carried in clay pipes into the open ditches or reservoirs. This was the source of water used for the washing of the slaughtered carcasses and for the washing down of the large concrete slab in front of the rock building.

A narrow, winding road took off in a northeasterly direction from the Provo Canyon Road at about 1400 North in Pleasant View towards the mouth of Rock Canyon. This was the road used by the Liechty and Muhlestein families to their homestead homes higher up on the foothill.

For years after the Provo Meat & Packing Co. had gone bankrupt and passed into the hands of a receiver, the property was unoccupied, the building was wrecked by vandals, and the area was being used by the townspeople as a garbage dump--an unsightly situation.

After Lynn and Henry had bought building lots from Ephraim A. Liechty and built houses on the hill above the slaughterhouse property, their father, Arthur N. Taylor, could foresee the damaging results of this growing garbage dump in the front yard of his boys' houses.

As a protection to the area, Arthur N. Taylor traded a new, full-sized rug to Julian Greer, the receiver for the Provo Meat & Packing Co. (defunct) for this worthless property.

After Clarence came home from his mission in the summer of 1933, he and Ken dug post holes and fenced this property as a horse pasture, but which produced very little feed.

The land donated by Arthur N. Taylor for a county road down under the hill, divided the property so that was a narrow strip of land on each side of the road. In many places it being too narrow for a full-sized building lot.

In order to subdivide the upper level of this property, Provo City insisted that a thru road be constructed connecting Oak Lane with 2000 North Street. This was accomplished by trading the first lot on the south boundary and west of the proposed 1200 East Street for Clarence's Bonneville Development lot located between Ruth's and Wes. Knudsen's lots. Then the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate sold Wesley Knudsen the south one-half of Clarence's old lot and the north one-half of this lot was traded to Ruth for the east 50 feet of her Bonneville Development lot, which was used for the connecting thru 1200 East Street. This upper development of 17 lots was called "Taylor Estates."

This 17-lot development was the first underground electric subdivision approved by Provo City, although the Indian Hills underground system was completed before this one.

The first lot sold in August of 1955 to Norman Williams for a price of \$2500. The last lot sold on contract in 1976 was for \$20,000.

Time after time we schemed and figured and discussed the best way to utilize this odd-shaped land under the hill.

In August of 1967, announcement was made for the building of a Provo Temple. The site later selected by President David O. McKay was across the street to the west of our property. Groundbreaking services were held September 15, 1969. The cornerstone was laid May 21, 1971, and the temple was dedicated on February 9, 1972.

Provo City was assigned the project of providing city streets around the temple area. The triangular-shaped property west of the Rock Canyon Road which we owned was desired for widening the road as well as becoming a part of the temple grounds area. The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreed to donate this one acre of land to the LDS Church. The appraised value was between \$8000 and \$9000.

A 10-inch, cast-iron water pipeline had been installed on the Rock Canyon Road connecting the city water reservoirs in the mouth of Rock Canyon and the reservoirs just below us.

Provo City agreed to grade and hard-surface the new road, install a sewer line, and waive the assessment charge for constructing the water line in the Rock Canyon Road in consideration for the donated land.

The Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate was to install curb, gutter, sidewalk, and parking strip.

In talking with K. Dale Despain, a neighbor, he suggested a Planned Unit Development for this property east of the temple site. At that time I could not visualize the potential of this kind of development. By the time Celestia came to the realization that the huge yard she was trying to keep up on her old home on the hill was just too large and difficult to maintain and she was now ready to move to a smaller place, the idea of a planned development came into focus. Not only for Celestia, but for all members of our family who were getting older; and as time continued we all would welcome smaller yards to maintain, or better still, be totally relieved of yard work.

I then started checking into the requirements of a planned unit development. My first contact was to the Provo City Engineering Department. I was introduced to Jerry Howell, who had charge of the development and planning for the department. He was very helpful and encouraging. He could see no reason why our property would not qualify. He mentioned one of the requirements of a planned unit development required a minimum area of four acres.

Without a survey I did not know exactly how much acreage we had. Provo City Plat was not accurate. The deed to the land which Arthur N. Taylor had donated to the county to construct the Rock Canyon Road had been lost and never recorded so the roadway was still listed and described in the estate name.

We had a plat made up, and I took it to a neighbor, Jim Barton, a BYU Professor of Engineering, and asked him to calculate the size of our area. He came up with a total of 3.7 acres, not including the roadway. This was just short .3 of an acre in meeting the minimum requirements. We had sold Jim the lot he built his house on and had even given him additional footage in order to get his planned house on the lot. His property joined our property to the east. I was sure he and other adjoining property owners along the east line would help us by selling us a few feet of their property to provide the additional acreage we needed. To my surprise and

disappointment, he and his family felt they could not cut down the size of their lot.

When Frank Jones was making the first survey of the whole property for us, he mentioned a discrepancy he found. It appeared that a very small parcel of land in the northwest corner of what had been considered our property had never been included in the deed to the Provo Meat & Packing Co. or from the Liechty's. He inferred that he thought it had been an omission in the description and could give no reason why it had not been included. The plan in the recorder's office did not show any other owners but ours. It did not show that the title was in the Liechty name, nor had they been paying any taxes on it.

I later mentioned the discrepancy to Leslie Liechty who immediately went to the recorder's office and had it listed in their name and paid the current year's taxes on it.

A knowledgeable individual had earlier told me that I should make a quit-claim deed on the property and have it recorded and that possession and this deed would make it hard for a person to get clear title without a sale. I told him we did not do business that way, which eventually cost us about \$10,000.

After being turned down by Jim Barton for additional land, I contacted the Liechty family about obtaining this small corner of property. They were not interested in selling.

Joseph K. Allen was the owner of the property to the north. I had written to him in Atherton, California, asking him to sell us a small strip of land on the west side of Oak Lane dugway road. He was not interested. Later while he was visiting in Provo, I spent about three hours with him, showing our plans of development and asking him to join us in developing his area along with ours. He mentioned his plans were very indefinite, and we shouldn't rush into something like this.

I finally went to the Provo City mayor, suggesting that in view of our donation of land for the temple and road, they consider the original acreage which then consisted of more than the four acre minimum and allow us to proceed with a Planned Unit Development. The Provo City Commission agreed to this.

Since this property was owned by our family, I contacted each of my brothers and sisters including Celestia, Lynn's widow, regarding the development of this land as a Planned Unit Development. My oldest brother, Arthur, was not interested in the plan. He stated he was too old for a building program. He had his home on Fifth West in the Third Ward where he was born, and that was where he intended to live the rest of his life. He stated he did not have the money to invest in a new house, and he would not mortgage or sell his house to raise the money.

For some time Celestia had realized that her home and lot were much too large for her to take care of. She was the prime mover in

immediately desiring to build a smaller home on this property. This Planned Unit Development concept was just the thing she was most interested in. A home with congenial neighbors, hopefully members of our family, who would watch it when she was traveling or visiting her family; no yard work; no shoveling snow. This was just what she wanted. She was ready to build immediately.

Elton, like Arthur, was not interested in the project. He had his home and farm in Lakeview, and any money he had or could get would be invested there.

Henry, although he was requested by the Church Authorities to live closer to the Church Headquarters in Salt Lake, was very enthusiastic about the development. He was one of the first developers of this area, and since the Provo Temple was built across the road from this property, he wanted to see an appropriate development around the temple.

Since Alice's marriage and leaving Provo to live in Troy, New York, in 1935, she had always desired to eventually move back to Provo. Her husband, ElRoy, Vice-president and Economist of First Security Bank Corporation, was now nearing the age of retirement, and he felt that next to Pleasant Grove, Provo would be a good place to retire to. He would consider selling their home in Salt Lake City and would be interested in building a new house in this Planned Unit Development.

Ruth was interested in seeing a well-planned development near the temple as well as near their large home and beautifully landscaped lot. Each year it was taking more effort to keep up their yard and big house, and she eventually might get Fred to consider living in a smaller house with no yard work, or doing only the amount he was inclined to do. She was all for this Planned Unit Development.

When Ethelyn, widow of my younger brother Kenneth, who died on October 31, 1940, married my older brother, Henry, on September 9, 1968, our Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate agreement became effective which reads: "In the event of the death of any male grantor, his distributive share of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate will be paid to his surviving wife, for her benefit, use and disposition as she may see fit, and for as long as she lives, or until she re-marries; at such time she forfeits all rights and interest in the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate." (Later, by unanimous approval Ethelyn received Kenneth's distributive share of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate.)

The family vote had been taken--five members for the Planned Unit Development; two members against. This not being unanimous, a planned unit development could not be an Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate development.

Dr. Boyd Frampton and his wife, Dixie Taylor Frampton, youngest daughter and son-in-law of Arthur D. Taylor, were negotiating for the sale of some property in Weber County and had mentioned they

were looking for a good investment. I explained to them our desire to develop the estate property across the street from the temple; and if they were interested in a good long-term investment (not a quick profit venture), to ask Arthur D. if he would sell his interest to them. This they did, and Arthur D. agreed to sell them his interest in the property, and a deed was made.

Like Alice, Ethelyn had found Provo to be a good place to live. She would eventually like to move back to Provo to live. She felt a house near the temple would be a good location for an investment until she was ready to move into it. She contacted Elton and arrangements were completed for her to purchase his interest in the estate property east of the temple. She was very interested in the plans for the Planned Unit Development of this land.

The following met at the home of Fred and Ruth Kartchner's for the purpose of organizing a development organization: Henry D. Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Alice T. Nelson, ElRoy Nelson, Celestia J. Taylor, Dixie T. Frampton, Boyd M. Frampton, Ruth T. Kartchner, Fred D. Kartchner, Clarence D. Taylor.

After it was unanimously approved to proceed and develop the property under a Planned Unit Development, the following assignments were made:

Henry D. Taylor	Chairman
Clarence D. Taylor	Executive Manager
Alice T. Nelson	Vice-chairman
Ruth T. Kartchner	Vice-chairman
Ethelyn P. Taylor	Recording Secretary
Dixie T. Frampton	Asst. Rec. Secretary
Celestia J. Taylor	Historian

Provo City insisted that the property to be developed be in the name of responsible individuals and not an organization. It was agreed the property would be deeded to Clarence, Alice, and Ruth, as Trustee Developers. After the construction was completed, the land was to be deeded to the newly created non-profit Home Owners Association, and the buildings would be deeded to the individual owners.

Clarence was authorized to contact Fred L. Markham to see if he would consider the layout and over-all designing of the development and to supervise the drafting and architectural details by his office crew. We all knew Fred was already burdened by his work with the Washington Temple, several buildings on the BYU Campus, and other large building projects. Our project was just a small, insignificant job in comparison, but we wanted the best. As is typical of Fred, he gladly accepted the challenge and within a few weeks he and some of the boys at the office were on the site establishing some elevations and grades.

Late in the previous fall I had hired one of Jim Barton's engineering majors at BYU to make a rough topographic map of the property which was given to Fred for his use.

At this first meeting I think it was Ethelyn who suggested the project be named "Taylor Terrace." It was unanimously accepted.

On April 24, 1973, I submitted a request to Provo City to upgrade our 3.72 acre tract of land at approximately 2200 North Temple View Drive from the present residential 3 zone to a residential 2 Planned Dwelling zone. At this time I submitted an application for a Planned Dwelling Development.

In the May 6th Sunday Herald appeared the following notice:

A SHORT MEETING TO BE HELD, Wednesday May 9, 1973
Clarence D. Taylor, 2200 N. East Temple, has land with unusual topography. He has applied to have the property rezoned from R-3 (residential) to R-2 planned development to allow a condominium development on the property which is south and east of the Provo LDS Temple. The developer also intends to ask for a plan approval at the same time.

PROVO CITY PLANNING COMMISSION

At the May 9, 1973, Planning Commission Meeting, a conditional approval was granted for the preliminary plans submitted.

A notice was in the Daily Herald edition of May 17th of a public hearing by the Provo City Commission to determine a zone change from R-3 to R-2 (PD) be granted. The meeting was to be held May 31, 1973.

At the May 22, 1973, Board of Adjustment Meeting, the request by Clarence D. Taylor and others for a variance in area to construct a planned unit development at 2200 North East Temple Drive was conditionally approved. The variance in acreage of 3.72 acres where 4 acres required was approved for the reason of donating additional land to the LDS Temple and for widening of the street.

The next public hearing of the Provo City Commission on May 31, 1973, pertaining to the zone change started the "fireworks" when Peter Crawley and his neighbors to the north protested this change. The City Commission deferred further action to June 11, 1973.

On the next day, June 1, 1973, a two-column by 15-inch article, "NEIGHBORS ASK DELAY IN TEMPLE AREA PLAN" appeared in the Daily Herald. This was strictly a negative attack against the development with no substantial foundation for the opposition.

The next day BYU UNIVERSE carried in bold headlines on its front page, "CITIZENS DEMAND BUILDING HALT." This article was more fair in that it expressed the developers side of the story, even tho it was slanted to the opposition.

A small 15-line article appeared in the Deseret News on June 6, 1973, titled, "PROVO RESIDENTS PROTEST."

Thanks to our good neighbors, Jeanne Gunn and Raymond Beckham, who submitted letters to the Daily Herald in favor of the development. Jeanne's letter appeared on June 7, 1973, titled "Neighbors Praise Proposed Planned Unit Development." Ray's letter appeared in June 8th Herald, "Proposed Taylor Family Project Draws Backing."

Other articles opposing the development were run in the Herald on June 8th and 10th.

At the Provo City Commission meeting Monday night, June 11, 1973, Commissioner Russell Grange made the motion and stated that his decision to approve the zone change came on the grounds that approval had been recommended by the Planning Commission, that the Board of Adjustment had also approved the plan, and that the neighbors immediately to the east of the property had likewise given their approval. The motion was unanimously approved.

Prior to the construction of the Provo Temple, Arthur and Elton met with Ben Lewis and other members of the Temple Site Selection Committee in Ben's office in the BYU Administration Building, including a representative of Provo City and Utah County.

On a list of tentative agreements reached by the committee pertaining to the site construction of the Provo LDS Temple, the following items to our property east of the proposed temple were made:

The Taylor Brothers (Arthur N. Taylor Estate) will convey by deed to the LDS Church, land which is needed for construction of the Temple site, and for roadways adjoining the Temple site along the south-east side of this new peripheral roadway. Provo City is to provide a sewer line in the street along the south-east side of the Temple site, at no cost to Taylor Brothers whose property will abut along the southeast side of the peripheral roadway.

Since the water line connecting the reservoir in the mouth of Rock Canyon and the reservoirs south of the temple site were already installed, there was to be no assessment charge to abutting property, other than the hook-on fee.

On May 29, 1973, I made an appointment with Ben Lewis to have him re-affirm the agreement on the water and the sewer lines. He stated he could not exactly remember the details but would check back on them. While in his office I showed him our preliminary plans for our development. I wanted to find out what the BYU plans were for the vacant area south of our property. If we could get them to haul in top soil and grade the area, I thought we could use Rock Canyon water to plant and maintain a beautiful green park area. He stated they were having so many requests for improvements from property owners adjoining BYU land that they could not accommodate all of them, so they were just letting the land grow natural and leaving it as is. With this answer I dropped the subject and did not volunteer my plan of beautification. After

showing him our development plans, his remark was something like this: "That is just what B Y U does N O T need in this area." With that remark my visit was ended and I left.

With approval of the zone change and approval of our preliminary project plans, Markham and Markham, architects, could now proceed to develop our plans for final approval.

The terrain had so many grades and was so uneven that a detailed topographic map was required before more paper work could be done. Lynn Gottfredson and Art Jueschke, land surveyors, were hired to make this map.

On October 19, 1973, an ordinance to rezone the Arthur N. Taylor Estate property, located between 2150 and 2300 on East Temple Road, from residential zone 3 to residential zone 2 planned dwelling appeared in the Daily Herald. This ordinance to take effect on November 15, 1973.

Upon making application for a building permit on Celestia's house, the City Engineer would not issue a permit until we paid approximately \$7,000 assessment for the main water line, which had previously been laid in the old Rock Canyon road.

I immediately went to the Mayor, who concurred with his Commissioners that we should not be charged this assessment in view of the agreement made by Provo City at the time a temple site was chosen, wherein the Taylor Estate had donated land. A resolution and agreement had been made out to show this, but I found out later it had never been signed.

With this verbal authorization from the Provo City Commission, the city engineer allowed a building permit to be issued for construction of a house at 2202 Temple View Drive on November 12, 1973, for Celestia.

While untangling the red tape involved in getting the building permit for Celestia's house, our good and dependable neighbor, J. LaDell Petersen, agreed to be the contractor and builder for our entire development project. On November 7, 1973, LaDell had Tyler Construction Co. excavate for the footings of the house and garage. The footings were formed and the day the building permit was issued, November 12, 1973, concrete was poured for the footings.

Although the city was requiring us to install an underground power system, on December 3, 1973, the City Power put in an overhead temporary electric service to facilitate our immediate construction program.

Our original plan was to build only one building at a time and upon it's completion move on to the next building and complete it. After starting Celestia's house we could see that our contractor would be able to better utilize the time of his carpenters and other workmen and sub-contractors by constructing two or more buildings at the same time. Much valuable time was lost in waiting for a

sub-contractor to finish his work and get out of the way for the next. Different stages of construction made it possible to shift workmen from one job to the next without loss of time.

By having several units under construction at the same time, it put a financial strain on our financial construction fund of \$70,000, which was made up by each of us contributing \$10,000. To solve this problem, the owner of each unit under construction agreed to pay monthly the amount of the cost of his building to-date. This amount was to be paid by the tenth of the following month, bill-paying day.

Just before Joseph T. Bentley and his wife, Kathleen, left for the Mexican Mission where he was called to be president, they were in the process of selling their home at 1924 Oak Lane. Upon their return they planned to build a new house, preferably in this ward and near the temple. They asked me to save them a lot when we subdivided our property. I promised them I would let them know when we started to develop the property.

In the latter part of 1972, Joseph was called from the Mexican Mission to open up a new mission in Argentina. On May 26, 1973, I wrote him a letter informing him of our plans to develop our property east of the temple as a Planned Unit Development and asked him if he would still be interested in this type of ownership. He immediately responded by writing that they were interested in this type of operation, but would make no commitment until they knew more concerning plans and prices.

A letter written by the City Engineer on November 21, 1973, and received by me several days later stated that the agreement between the Taylor family and Provo City regarding utility line assessments and future curb and gutter construction was ready for my signature, after which he would take it to the City Commission for their signature.

When I went to the City Engineer's office, I found he had gone to California and would not be back until after the first of the year. I would have to wait until he returned to get the agreement signed.

On January 7, 1974, I went back to the City Engineer's office and signed the water and sewer agreement. On January 1, 1974, a new Mayor and Commissioner had taken office, and they would not sign the agreement for the old City Commission.

Excerpt from the Daily Herald of January 13, 1974:

PROVO RECONSIDERING AGREEMENT: The new Provo City Commission is reconsidering an agreement the Old City Commission reportedly had made with the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate to provide free water and sewer main line extensions to property northeast of the LDS Temple.

The previous Commission agreed to pay the amount after they were told of a series of oral agreements that had been made. A contract was prepared by the City Legal Staff to formalize the agreement made a month ago. The contract was not formalized before the old Commission left office and the new Commission is now investigating the matter before making a decision.

After reading the above newspaper article, I made an appointment with the new Mayor for 2:00 p.m. on Tuesday the 15th. He was at lunch when I called so I had a talk with the new Commissioner Hillier. He agreed to go along with the decision of the other Commissioners. The next day I was able to talk to Commissioner Miner. He was going to talk to the former Mayor and felt sure the agreement would be signed. Nothing further was done about the agreement until February 28, 1974, when I accidentally found out about a meeting with the Provo City Commission that afternoon at 2:00 p.m. to discuss this water and sewer agreement in which I was supposed to be present. I knew nothing about it, not having been invited by the City Engineer. After a lengthy, controversial discussion, Mayor Grange recommended that in view of the action of the previous Commission and the acknowledgment of former Mayor Verl G. Dixon, that the new agreement be made, waiving trunk line costs of water and sewer.

The big day for the drawing of location choices arrived on January 8, 1974. With the exception of Henry and Alice, we met at the home of Ruth. It was unanimously agreed that the location Celestia was building on would be choice #1. The remainder of the first drawing would be by age: Celestia, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Ethelyn, Ruth, and Dixie. The second drawing choice would just be reversed: Dixie, Ruth, Ethelyn, Clarence, Alice, Henry, and Celestia.

Boyd Frampton drew the following numbers out of a hat:

	CHOICE NO.	UNIT LOCATION	UNIT LOCATION
Celestia	1st & 14th	# 8	# 6
Henry	5th & 10th	4	3
Alice	7th & 8th	13	15
Clarence	2nd & 13th	16	11
Ethelyn	3rd & 12th	9	10
Ruth	6th & 9th	12	14
Dixie	4th & 11th	1	2

Units #5 and #7 would be sold to help finance the improvements. The units were numbered by starting on the south end with #1, moving north to the circle; then moving counter clockwise around the circle back to the street. This unit on the northwest corner of the property would be numbered #15. Unit #16 would be the house located east of #3 and #4 on a higher elevation. If the City Commission would not allow sixteen units, then #16 would be deleted and a new choice would be made.

John Maas, with the approval of the architects, was employed to draw up a preliminary landscape plan (January 21, 1974).

Since our neighbors east of the development on the hill had been so concerned about the development plans, we invited them to call at Ruth's home in the afternoon of March 2, 1974, to inspect our preliminary floor plans, colored rendering of the buildings, the Restrictive Covenants, and ask any questions we might be able to answer.

By now the plastering was completed in Celestia's house and LaDell was just about ready to start the finishing work inside. Before long he would be ready to start construction work on the next unit.

The engineering and architectural plans for the development were now far enough along to submit them to Joseph Taylor Bentley, president of the Argentine Mission, to see if he would still be interested in buying Unit #7. His daughter, Francis Hammond, gathered all available material together and sent it to him in Argentina. Very shortly we received word back from him that he approved of the project and his daughter would work with us in the construction of the house. The agreement was for LaDell to build the house, Joseph would pay the current construction cost each month and would pay \$15,000 for a 1/16th in the land.

In laying out the location for the house, we discovered the temple site engineer had pushed the new city road about twelve feet east of our old property fence line. This pushed the location of #7 house over the present irrigation ditch. This irrigation ditch furnished water to the BYU peach orchard, just south of the project, and they wanted to continue to use the water. We did not want to build over the ditch so the ditch was realigned and siphoned up the hill a short distance and then dropped back into the old ditch further south.

To put this water-tight, 18-inch concrete pipe in operation, it cost us over three thousand dollars, and then it was only used about four times the remainder of the season. I also developed a hernia in helping put these large concrete pipes in place and was operated on August 1, 1974.

April 11, 1974, Provo City issued us a conditional approval for the Taylor Terrace Planned Development final plans.

One of the conditions on this approval was that a performance bond, cash bond, or security trust in the amount of \$30,000 be posted to assure completion of sewer, water, street improvements, driveways, and sprinkling systems. In order to help us our brothers Arthur D. and Elton agreed to let us pledge \$30,000 of an \$80,000 time certificate the Arthur N. Taylor Trust Estate had with Zions First National Bank to satisfy the city on this performance bond issue.

The building permit for the Joseph Taylor Bentley home at 2176 Temple View Drive was issued July 19, 1974, and construction started immediately.

In the construction of Unit #8, we could see how much faster and more efficient the building of two or more units at the same time could be. We decided also that by working with each owner of the house the same as we had worked with the Bentleys where he paid for construction cost each month, that this should be our mode of future financing all unit construction. The one exception was #5 which was to be sold upon completion.

In the future each owner would pay-as-we-go basis for the cost on construction. All bills contracted during the month would be paid by the home owner on the 10th of the following month.

Dr. Harold and Violet Brown of New York had made arrangements with Celestia to buy her second choice unit, #6. On July 10, 1974, we received a building permit for our first duplex, Units #5 and #6. Now three units could be worked on to an advantage all at once.

It was on Saturday, April 27, 1974, that with Keith Stewart's and Richard Kartchner's trucks and with the services of Lynne Ann and Bryan Richard, George T. Taylor, Ken and David Kartchner, we moved all of Celestia's furnishings out of her old home at 2050 North Oak Lane to the garage at her new home 2002 Temple View Drive, Provo.

About 1:30 p.m. on the 23rd of July, the Tyler Construction traxcavator started clearing the land and excavating the basement for Unit #7. Two days later on July 25th they began clearing the land and excavating for the basement of Units #5 and #6, which are just south of Unit #7.

After the footings were poured and the basement walls formed and poured on #7, the carpenters moved to Units #5 and #6 to form and pour the footings and walls. This enabled the plumbers and heating workmen to rough-in the plumbing and heating ducts in the basement floor of #7. This completed, the carpenters moved back to grade the basement floor of #7 and pour the concrete floor. When the floor was dry, the carpenters began setting the supporting partitions and the upstairs floor joists, then laying the subflooring, erecting the ground floor partitions, and eventually the rafters and plywood roof. By then the plumbers could move in and finish the roughing-in; the heating workmen could install their heat ducts; the electricians, their wiring; the telephone men, their concealed wiring and conduit; the central vacuum, their plastic pipes and wiring; the T.V. and stereo cables strung; and the insulation blankets placed in the walls. As the sheet-rockers were nailing on the plaster board for the walls and ceilings, the perfa-tapers were following close behind to make a smooth sandpaper finished wall and ceiling. The carpenters were now working outside on the trim, and hopefully the roofers had finished nailing on the heavy cedar shakes on the roof.

By the time the inside walls and ceiling were dried out, the painters had arrived on the job and were painting the outside brick walls and wood trim, ready to move inside when completed.

In the meantime, the carpenters had completed hanging the doors; nailing down the particle floorboards; fitting the wall and floor baseboards and moulding; constructing the stairways, railings, cabinets, and such built-ins as closets, vanities, bookshelves, cupboards, china closets, fireplace mantels, and etc.

The painters could now have the place to themselves to paint the woodwork, the walls, and the ceilings, and hang wallpaper where specified. Hopefully the chosen carpet, drapes, and hard-surface materials were now ready to be laid and hung.

Next the finishing touches are to be added, such as light and plumbing fixtures, mirrors, drawer and door pulls, door stops, locks, knobs and handles, fireplace screens, gas logs and grates, and one-thousand and one other items.

Finally the cleaning of the windows, bathtubs, basins, sinks, and the whole house in general. In the next few months there is always something cropping up that was forgotten, or needs adjusting or fixing. This routine continued through the sixteen units, with some variation such as on August 8, 1974, after the basement forms had been set on Units #5 and #6, ready for pouring the concrete. The day before was irrigation time for the BYU peach orchard. Water from the irrigation ditch on the hill above the basement, together with a rainstorm, had soaked up the hillside dirt wall to the extent that the whole southeast bank caved off, filling the basement with dirt and causing about \$500 damage to the concrete forms.

Or on September 4, 1974, while the carpenters were just starting to set the basement floor joists on Unit #7, LaDell was walking around the top of the narrow concrete wall and stepped on a loose board which had a small rock under it and it slipped, throwing him over the wall and down to the basement floor, breaking his ribs and bruising his chest and back.

Or the Sunday morning of December 22, 1974. I was on my way to priesthood meeting when I noticed the front door of Unit #7 was wide open. On the way home I noticed it was still wide open, so I stopped and went in and closed and locked it. The next morning when the carpenters came to work they found that someone had pushed out a temporary window pane and had gone in and stolen most all of Ted's carpenter tools in his box and taken most all of LaDell's hand tools, plus all of his small power tools. What a Christmas present!

Or when we were pouring the footings for the retaining wall at Unit #16. The concrete was being hauled in a wheelbarrow on a plank runway on the top of a five-foot high bank of gravelly dirt. Bob Reeder was wheeling a full heavy load and was just about to the end of the trench when the plank slipped with the caving gravel bank, throwing Bob, the wheelbarrow, and the concrete into the trench. Bob landed on his back in the fresh concrete and reinforcing steel.

I am sure it must have knocked him out for a few minutes, but after cleaning off the cement on his clothes and resting a few minutes, he was back to work wheeling more concrete.

There were some tense minutes the time the road grader severed the underground telephone cable in front of Unit #14 garage. We all knew the underground power line was buried just inches below this telephone cable and if it had struck that power line, there would have been sparks flying.

While grading for the patio in the rear of Unit #2, the backhoe pulled out the water line which serviced #16. A huge section of the hill had to be dug away before they could find the upper end of the pipe in order to restore the waterline.

On December 21, 1976, while installing the water and sewer lines for Units #14 and #15, the bucket of the backhoe dropped too close to the high pressure gas line, punching a hole in this plastic pipe. Caution was the watchword as the workmen tried to get close enough to the whistling, unseen stream of volatile, escaping gas to plug it off. With the help of the gas company emergency crew, they repaired the line without a fire or anyone asphyxiated.

Harold and Violet Brown worked very closely with Fred Markham in planning for the interior of Unit #6. Blair Bowen, a Spanish Fork native but now living in San Francisco and a very talented professional interior designer, did all of the interior decorating plan.

It was not until November of 1977 that the Browns left New York and moved into their new house.

Fay L. Evans, a native of Lehi and his wife, Theda, a native of Pleasant Grove, were in the process of selling their rest home at Clearfield and wanted to move back to Utah County for their retirement.

On December 30, 1975, they signed a contract of sale for the purchase of Unit #5. They moved into their new house, 2146 Temple View Drive, in June of 1976.

In order to utilize some of my leisure hours, I asked each member of our association if they would allow an exception to be made in the construction schedule and let me start construction on Unit #16, providing it did not interfere with the other scheduled construction. LaDell agreed to let me do a lot of the work myself on my unit, #16. This was unanimously agreed to.

On September 18, 1974, a building permit was issued by Provo City for the building of a house at 2130 Temple View Drive, Unit #16.

In July of 1975, I moved into the basement. In November of 1975, Alice and Roy moved from Salt Lake and lived with me in my now completed upstairs house while their new house was being built. Their furniture was stored in my basement.

The construction on Units #3 and #4 was started on October 10, 1974. During the summer of 1974, the BYU had only used the Rock Canyon irrigation ditch to run water to their peach orchard only four times. In view of this Henry talked to Ben Lewis of BYU about the future of this orchard. Ben mentioned that BYU intended on tearing out the peach trees, and they did not anticipate using the Rock Canyon ditch in the future. By eliminating this ditch Henry was able to move his garage to the east of his unit #4 instead of its being on the north of the house where it blocked the view of Mt. Timpanogos from the dining room.

John Markham's large family had need for dental work which was being done by Dr. Boyd Frampton, so it was agreed that John, with the supervision of his father, Fred Markham, would be the architect on Units #1 and #2. The building permits for Units #1 and #2 (2094 and 2096 Temple View Drive) were issued on June 8, 1975.

By November 18, 1974, Units #1 and #2 were being constructed on schedule and the next unit to be constructed was Ethelyn's Unit #9. She was not quite ready to start construction, and Alice and Roy had now moved to Provo from Salt Lake to be on hand for the supervision of their Unit #13 construction. They requested permission to immediately start construction on their house. All members of the association approved starting construction of Unit #13 immediately. A building permit was issued by Provo City for a single, two-story house and basement to be located at 2238 Temple View Circle. A large ornamental coat-of-arms with the letter "N" for Nelson was designed for the west (front) gable.

Ethelyn's second choice, Unit #10, was the next on the construction schedule. She had promised to sell her interest in this unit to a very close friend, Lucille Hallam, from Spanish Fork. Lucille had worked with the architect from the beginning in planning and laying out the interior plans of what she wanted.

With her request for the sub-contracting of the electric heating and wiring to Zane Curtis of Helper, Utah, he was awarded this contract. The distance from the job and his illness and other factors prolonged the completion of this phase of the construction. The special plaster to cover the electric wiring in the ceiling was another problem with delayed construction. Lucille had a very serious operation and illness which resulted in her becoming discouraged with the project and so desired to be disassociated with the Taylor Terrace project.

When the partially completed building was turned back to Ethelyn on November 26, 1976, Henry stepped in and paid Lucille Hallam all the money she had paid in on the project and assumed the responsibility for completion. He then altered some of the plans and finished constructing the house at 2214 Temple View Circle and rented it.

The building permit for the above Unit #10 (2214 Temple View Circle) was issued on December 10, 1975.

With the slow-down of work on Unit #10, a building permit was obtained for the two-story and basement building, Units #11 and #12, on March 9, 1976.

By June 4, 1976, Ethelyn had developed her plans so a building permit was received on that date and construction on Unit #9 (2208 Temple View Circle) commenced.

When laying out the building site for Unit #13, the city insisted that the Oak Lane dugway road be not endangered by excavating too close into the hillside in building this house. They insisted the house be pulled to the west to give plenty of room between the house and the hillside.

By moving house #13 to the west, our planned building for Units #14 and #15 made this corner cramped, crowded, and unattractive.

We had one of three choices to make:

1. Build a two-unit building as planned, which would be too close to the other units for driveways and parking.
2. Just build a single unit reducing the number of units to participate in the development.
3. Pay the Liechty family \$10,000 for a sub-standard parcel of land approximately 30 x 60 feet which would be just a nuisance of a weed patch for it was not large enough for a building lot. This would eliminate the weed patch and finish off our development as it should be.

Since the land in the Taylor Terrace Development was held in the name of the association and the buildings in the name of the individual owners, it was agreed that to pay the Liechty's \$10,000 which was still a very high price (they originally were asking \$15,000) was an investment in land as well as eliminating a future nuisance. The original developers plus Fay L. Evans and Joseph T. Bentley paid the following amounts to purchase this Liechty land:

Fay L. Evans	Unit #5	\$ 625
Joseph T. Bentley	7	625
Celestia	8	625
"	6	625
Henry D.	3	625
"	4	625
Alice	13	625
"	15	625
Clarence	11	625
"	16	625
Ethelyn	9	625
"	10	625
Ruth	12	625
"	14	625
Dixie	1	625
"	2	625
		Total \$10,000

After recording the deed we obtained a building permit from the City on November 22, 1976, and started construction on Units #14 and #15.

Although the building had not been completed, Rex M. and June B. Catmull from Rexburg, Idaho, decided they would like to buy one of the units so Alice and Roy agreed to sell them their second unit, #15, subject to the completion of the building as was planned.

Ruth and Fred decided Unit #14 would serve as a good future investment for them so they decided to complete and lease it which they did.

So now with the completion of the construction of the sixteen dwelling units of the Taylor Terrace, articles of incorporation into a non-profit corporation were sent to the Utah State Secretary.

On December 1977, the Secretary of the State of Utah issued a charter to the TAYLOR TERRACE HOME OWNERS ASSOCIATION as a non-profit organization.

Since the land had been recorded in the names of Clarence, Alice, and Ruth during the construction phase, a deed for the common land from "The Taylor Terrace, Trustee--Developers (Clarence, Alice, and Ruth)" was recorded in the name of the Taylor Terrace Home Owners Association.

On December 27, 1977, a deed to the land upon which the dwelling had been erected was issued by the Trustee-Developers as follows:

Unit No. 1	Boyd M. Frampton and Dixie T. Frampton
2	"
3	Trustees of Henry D. Taylor Trust
4	Henry D. Taylor
5	Fay L. Evans and Theda B. Evans
6	Harold W. Brown and Violet J. Brown
7	Joseph T. Bentley and Kathleen B. Bentley
8	Celestia J. Taylor
9	Ethelyn P. Taylor
10	Henry D. Taylor
11	Clarence D. Taylor
12	Fred D. Kartchner and Ruth T. Kartchner
13	ElRoy Nelson and Alice T. Nelson
14	Fred D. Kartchner and Ruth T. Kartchner
15	Rex M. Catmull and June B. Catmull
16	Clarence D. Taylor

Since this writing the adjacent corner property to the north, then owned by Joseph Allen, was acquired by Henry D. Taylor, Jr., and, with the approval of the Taylor Terrace Home Owners Association, was annexed by the association. Now there are six more newly constructed units added to the Taylor Terrace, which now make a total of 22 units.

The following information was written by Henry D. Taylor, Jr., concerning the addition to Taylor Terrace:

ANNEX TO THE TAYLOR TERRACE UNITS
(Units 17 through 22)

In the late 1970s, after the first 16 Taylor Terrace units had been completed to create a very nice development, I became aware from Uncle Bud and father that the piece of land directly to the north of the units belonged to Joseph K. Allen. Joe lived in Atherton, California, near Colette and me. Uncle Bud indicated that he had some development plans of his own and didn't wish to sell.

I told father and Bud that I knew Joe quite well and saw him now and then and would speak to him about the property. Later I did talk to him and found that he had plans for all of his land which runs along the south side of the Rock Canyon Road; however, the piece adjacent to the Taylor Terrace Units was not an integral part of his planned development east of the Oak Lane dugway. He had laid out building lots for single family homes under the existing R-1 zoning for the approximately one-acre parcel which was adjacent to the Taylor Terrace Units. It was his intent to subdivide and sell the three lots which that space would accommodate. He was receptive to the idea of selling his property to let the Terrace units extend north to the Canyon road, but he needed some time to firm up his plans and to complete some negotiations with the City of Provo.

I had several conversations with Joe over the period of two or three years. His negotiations with the city were progressing slowly. Joe and the city had come to a basic agreement that Rock Canyon road would shift to the north. Joe would give up some property on the north side of the road and pick up a little on the south side. Joe also had come to the conclusion that if he were to let the Taylor Terrace owners buy his land, it would need to be accomplished through a property exchange for tax reasons. I told him that there would still be an interest.

In the spring of 1980 I learned in talking to Joe that he was now ready to proceed. All the realignments had been surveyed, approved, and recorded by the city. We met together and he gave me the form of trust agreement that he wanted to use in a property exchange. I reviewed them and told him we could work it out.

In July or August he said that he had concluded that a property exchange would not be necessary because of the change in Federal Tax law giving more favorable treatment to capital gains. A direct sale was agreed upon and a closing time was set in September 1980.

I talked to Bud and father thinking they would pick up the purchase and complete the development. They both wanted to see the development go ahead, but felt there was no one in the association including themselves who felt in a position to take responsibility. They suggested that I might do it along with some cousins they thought might want to participate. I talked to each one mentioned as a possibility, but none was in a position at that time to do so.

With more sentimental involvement than good judgment, Colette and I decided to go ahead. The land purchase from Joseph K. and Ruth S. Allen, his wife, was closed on 23 September 1980. The agreed selling price was \$80,000.

John and Dixon Markham had done a site survey for us prior to the purchase and had concluded that the probability was high that the city would allow a zoning change to include the Allen land with the Taylor Terrace planned unit development. Upon the decision to purchase, John and his firm began some serious design and layout work on the property.

We had expected initially that there would be 4 additional units, but John strongly suggested that 6 units were quite feasible. His layout and elevation designs were acceptable to the Taylor Terrace Association, and they gave their approval to proceed. They did say that they would not annex the land until the work was complete. They explained that they did not want liability for any damage that could occur during construction or responsibility for the completion of the project itself.

In addition to the Taylor Terrace Association leaders, I talked to the leaders of the residents association on the hill to make sure that they saw no problem with the development. Their only concern was the proposed right angle intersection of Oak Lane to the Canyon Road which the City Engineer had proposed. That angle was changed back to the traditional dugway approach in a public hearing as reported by the Provo Herald.

J. LaDell Petersen, who had done all the building on the first 16 units, said that he had work in progress which would make it impossible for him to take on the building of the new units. I did some exploring of other possible builders, but none seemed to measure up to LaDell's standard.

The city of Provo required a zoning change. John Markham handled all the necessary paperwork and hearings and successfully obtained city approval and permits. There were a couple of snags however. One was the City Engineer's Oak Lane treatment and the hearing took care of that. The other difficulty was that the City Engineering staff, based on Federal studies, had concluded that the land was in the 100-year flood plain. This meant a redesign of all the units to avoid below ground level occupancy or some earth work to take the property out of the flood plain. We chose the latter approach and constructed a berm and kept an elevation difference between the road and the building sites. Later the city decided that the new units were not in the flood plain after all.

Meanwhile LaDell's schedule had cleared a little bit, and he had had second thoughts about someone else finishing the project he had started. He said if I could give him a little flexibility to complete the large home that he was working on, he would like to build the new section of the Taylor Terrace Development. We gladly accepted his offer to build the units.

Some work on the new units started in November of 1980. During the winter the very rocky earth was excavated and foundations were poured. Some of the huge rocks which were turned up were used later at the site for a large retaining wall.

As the construction proceeded another severe problem arose. Money had become so tight that all lenders who had given their tentative agreement to provide construction financing completely terminated this type of lending activities. Prime interest rates climbed to record highs of 21% during this time. For more than a year after the start of the project no Utah financial institution would even talk to us about lending money. The only way we were able to proceed was borrow against all of our stock through a broker margin account and remortgaged our Palo Alto home with a new first and second mortgage and in addition arranged for a large unsecured note from our local bank and borrowed all the available cash value of our insurance policies. LaDell was also very accommodating at the times when payments were difficult.

In late April 1982 as the project was nearing completion, a Utah Savings and Loan, United, gave us a construction loan. This allowed us to complete the units.

The Henry D. Taylor Trust bought half of unit number 20 with payments during construction. On March 1, 1982, it was leased to the Swensons and was the first new unit occupied. The Waymires bought number 17 and took occupancy on July 2, 1982. The Johnsons bought number 18 on August 9, 1982, and on August 25, 1982, the Jensons bought number 19. Kris Taylor was the informal real estate agent. The last two units were held by Colette and me for rental. The sale of 3.5 units allowed the most painful portions of the construction debt to be retired. The Jensons left us with a building lot in trade for their unit. The lot is at 1500 North 1450 East, Lot 1, Plat K, Oakhills Subdivision. In May 1985, the HDT Trust completed the purchase of Unit 20.

The last major snag came when the city would not record the sale of individual units until the whole project was annexed by the association. The association would not allow the annexation until the project was complete so that they could avoid all risk. Finally when we posted a bond which held them harmless, the association allowed the annexation which allowed the sales to be completed, which allowed the last units to be completed.

The whole project was completed by September 1982, except for some residual landscaping and the units were all sold or leased and occupied.

September 17, 1980

Mr. Henry D. Taylor, Jr.
745 Christine Drive
Palo Alto, California 94303

Dear Hank:

The purpose of this letter is to give you some of the historical background regarding the property you are acquiring from me near Rock Canyon in Provo.

About four years ago, the City of Provo initiated an exchange with me in which the City received a 66' strip from me in exchange for a 25' strip which now comprises the northerly part of the parcel you are acquiring. The City's reason for acquiring this parcel was to allow them to improve the alignment of the street at the intersection of Temple View Drive and with the Rock Canyon Road which was moved northward some years earlier by the County.

In addition the City wanted to realign Oak Lane at the Canyon Road to achieve more nearly a right angle intersection. This proposed move of Oak Lane will add some footage to the property you are acquiring, as I had indicated to you earlier, and may require some loss on my property to the east. I have talked to the City about this move and do concur with the adjustment of Oak Lane as the City Engineers have designed it.

Further, at the time the Temple was built and the streets were put in around it, I gave up some frontage on the westerly side of the property you are acquiring, and this was done without compensation to me.

In light of these favorable property concessions and exchanges granted to the City it was my distinct impression that the City would proceed with the street realignments at their expense just as the County had done earlier.

I'm sure also over the past year or more of our discussions about this property that I have conveyed to you that the City was the prime initiator in the proposed adjustment of these two roads and that their purpose is to improve the design safety of the two intersections.

I hope this review will be useful to you.

Sincerely,

/s/ Joseph K. Allen

The following is an article from the Provo Herald, September 1980:

Oak Hills Development Has
Go Ahead From Provo City

The Provo City Commission approved a request by developers of Taylor Terrace at 1200 E. 2320 N. to expand the development after a "satisfactory" plan to re-align the intersection of 2320 N. Oak Lane was presented.

With more land in the development, the intersection needed to be moved further from the Taylor Terrace site. At last week's commission meeting, developers proposed re-aligning the two streets so Oak Lane intersected 2320 North at a 90 degree angle rather than the present Y-shaped intersection with a continuous right turn lane up the Oak Lane hill.

Residents of Oak Hills protested the proposal, saying that when roads were slippery they needed the gentle right turn angle in order to "get a run at the hill." The commission agreed that further study was needed and delayed the decision.

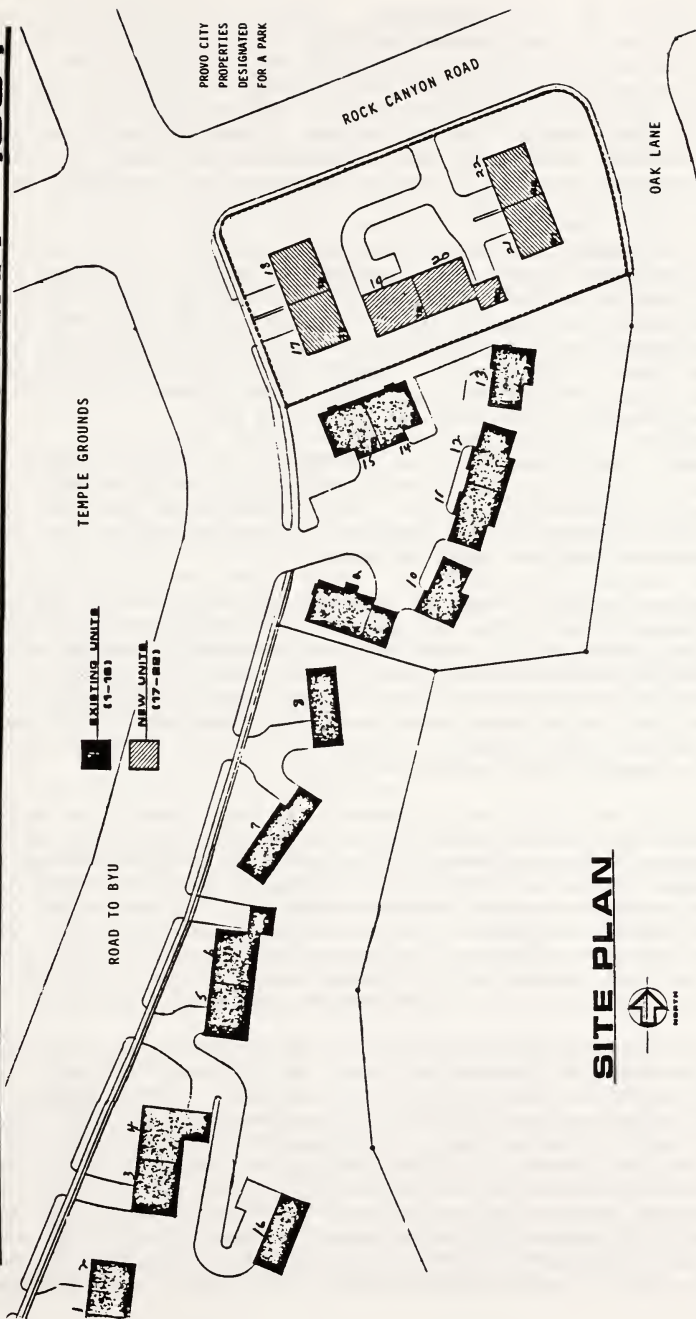
At Tuesday's commission meeting, developers presented a new plan which would shift 2320 North about 30 feet to the north and shift the bottom of Oak Lane about 30 feet also. A continuous right turn lane, separated from the Oak Lane intersection by an island, would be built at approximately the same angle as was presently available to residents. The developer will pay for the asphalt work and donate an additional land for the street right of way.

Provo Mayor James Ferguson said the new plan was better and would give residents "a better chance of making the hill." Moving 2320 North will also give traffic coming down the hill a more time to stop before reaching the intersection, he said. A yield sign will be placed on Oak Lane.

TAYLOR TERRACE

Unit No.	Owner	Tenant	Address
1	Boyd and Dixie T. Frampton	C. Monroe Hart	2094 Temple View Drive
2	Boyd and Dixie T. Frampton	Dale O. Andersen	2096 "
3	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Edward Midgley	2120 "
4	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Eugene C. Roth	2122 "
5	Fay L. Evans	Fay L. Evans	2146 "
6	Violet J. Brown	Violet J. Brown	2148 "
7	Joseph T. Bentley	Joseph T. Bentley	2176 "
8	Celestia J. Taylor	Celestia J. Taylor	2202 "
9	Ethelyn P. Taylor	Lois G. Moffett	2208 "
10	Henry D. Taylor Trust	Val J. Conlin	2214 "
11	Clarence D. Taylor	James E. Crawford	2218 "
12	Ruth T. Kartchner	Donald E. Matthews	2224 "
13	Alice T. Nelson	Elroy and Alice T. Nelson	2238 "
14	Ruth T. Kartchner	Jacqueline Risser	2244 "
15	Rex M. Catmull	Rex and June Catmull	2246 "
16	Clarence D. Taylor	Clarence D. Taylor	2130 "
Henry D. Taylor, Jr.			
17	Barbara J. Witherow	Barbara J. Witherow (Waymire)	2274 "
18	Russell T. Johnson	Russell T. Johnson	2276 "
19	Dr. Jay B. Jensen	Dr. Jay B. Jensen	1226 East 2300 North Street
20	Henry D. Taylor Trust	John C. Swenson	1228 "
21	Henry D. Taylor, Jr.	Wayne B. Watson	1242 "
22	Henry D. Taylor, Jr.	Craig T. Holdaway	1244 "

TAYLOR TERRACE DEVELOPMENT ~1981



SITE PLAN



OAK CREST
OUR HOME ON THE HILL

From our boyhood experiences while living on the farm near the brow of the hill in Grand View, which we called first "Hill Crest" then later "Crest View," we had gained a deep appreciation for beautiful views of Utah Valley and, especially, Utah Lake. It was a hope that someday we could live again where such a view would be a reality.

In the forepart of 1929, there was a holiday. In the early morning my brother, Lynn, and I decided to take a ride along the foothills east of Provo. After parking the car, we hiked the hill and walked along its brow until we reached Rock Canyon. The view from this point was breathtaking. Majestic Mt. Timpanogos was across the canyon to the north. Rugged Squaw Peak and Provo Peaks framed the east. Mounts Nebo and Loafer were on the south of the valley, and beautiful blue Utah Lake was to the west.

We both thought and declared: "This is it; this is where we would like to live." A farmer was planting peach trees nearby. We walked over, introduced ourselves, and learned that his name was Ephraim A. Liechty; and upon inquiring, we discovered that he was the owner of the land upon which we stood.

The ground along the edge of the hill had a slope to it and had not been planted, but it had a tremendous view of the valley. There were several piles of rocks that had been accumulated and dumped as the productive land had been cleared. We asked Mr. Liechty if he would consider selling us a tract on this unproductive area. He advised us that he had never considered such a possibility but would give the matter some thought. We assured him that we would return in the near future for his answer.

A day or two later, we did return. Brother Liechty had talked the matter over with his wife. Inasmuch as the area could not be farmed and was unproductive and, possibly thinking that it would be an advantage to have some neighbors, they were agreeable to selling the tract we desired if a suitable price could be agreed upon. We contacted Scott P. Stewart, a civil engineer and friend of the family. We assisted him with the surveying. Three lots were laid out with a total acreage of 2.70 acres, each in size about 200' x 200' or .90 of an acre. Mr. Liechty set a price of \$225 per lot.

I had just been graduated from the BYU in June, was unmarried, and was working as a salesman at Dixon Taylor Russell Company. My beginning salary was very limited (\$75 per month plus 1% commission on sales, which was around \$25), so finances were a problem. Lynn and Cess had a growing family, so demands were many upon their income. We approached our brother, Arthur D., and offered him the opportunity of purchasing the third lot. Lynn had selected the South lot, and I had selected the North lot, and the middle lot was available. Art agreed to the purchase. Brother Liechty was very cooperative in helping us work a possible payment program. On July 5, 1929, we each signed a \$225 mortgage to Brother Liechty, pledging

our tract as security. A down payment of \$12.50 was made with monthly payments of \$5.00 on each of the three tracts, plus 6 per cent interest on the unpaid balance, due on or before three years.

Father was very much interested in what we were doing and gave us encouragement. A year later, he urged us to acquire some additional acreage around our lots, in order to control our neighbors, and to have protection. Again, we negotiated with Brother Liechty and arranged to purchase the orchard and adjoining hillside. This tract contained 8.84 acres. The agreed purchase price was \$800. A mortgage, dated July 5, 1930, for this amount was given to Ephraim A. Liechty, and conveyed title on the property to us. The mortgage was signed by Arthur D. Taylor, Lynn D. Taylor, Henry D. Taylor, and our wives. The down payment was \$25.00 with the balance due on or before five years, with monthly payments of \$14.35, plus 6% interest. Mr. Liechty was to have the orchard crops for five years, until 1935.

At about this time our brother Clarence D. bought Art's equity and assumed his indebtedness on the mortgage. He played a very important role in the development of Taylor's Hill.

After acquiring the property, our thoughts were constantly on figuring out ways and means in which we could construct homes. In the meantime, on December 26, 1929, I had married Alta Hansen of Richfield. Alta also shared my desire to have a home of our own. She loved "The Hill," as I did. However, we were aware of many obstacles that must be overcome. There was no road to the property. There were no utilities such as water, electricity, and phones. The country was just entering the great "depression," and money was extremely tight.

But with more enthusiasm and courage than with good judgment, we continued to work and plan.

Economic conditions incident to the depression had created much unemployment. Customers of DTR Company who had sizable installment accounts were unable to make payments. Father had instituted a program where the employees were required to take 10 per cent of their salaries in produce. Many unemployed debtors were willing to offer their services for credit on their accounts; and others had fruits, vegetables, and other commodities to offer. These were referred to as "Produce Accounts."

In the depths of the depression, we decided to go forward with our homes. The first step was to build a cement bridge over the Rock Canyon ditch at the bottom of the hill. When this was completed, in November, 1930, Utah County was kind enough to lend us the use of a road grader. John Peay was contacted and, on a produce-account basis, furnished his team and outlined and graded a road to our proposed home sites. This was completed in June 1931. With his team, Mr. Peay also excavated for our basements. We had entered into a contract with Utah Power & Light Company, and they had run the electric power lines to our properties. Bert Crane, Manager of Utah Timber and Coal Company, was most cooperative and

helpful in providing cement and other needed building materials. P. L. Larsen, a good and wonderful friend, agreed to handle the heating and plumbing contracts. He arranged for us to sign a note to First Bancredit Corp., Wrigley Building in Chicago, Illinois, which was dated August 25, 1932, and was for \$1,242.50; \$1,000.00 was for the plumbing and heating in both homes, and \$242.50 for carrying charges. The note was payable at \$34.51 per month.

Later, in order to pay P. L. Larsen \$200.00 for additional stokers, a new note dated January 16, 1933, was signed by us in the amount of \$1,360.00 payable at \$37.78 per month.

Not long after we had commenced building, Julian Greer, cashier of the State Bank of Provo, came into the store and advised me that years before he had been associated with the Provo Meat and Packing Company. They had operated a slaughterhouse in the mouth of Rock Canyon and owned two tracts of land adjacent to our property. They had built a cement cistern on the hill above to furnish water for the slaughterhouse located below at the base of the hill. The Company had quit business, and Julian had become the recipient for remaining assets. He stated that he and his wife were very interested in a beautiful rug which was priced between \$200 and \$300. He offered to trade us his interest in the property for the rug. I told him I would let him know in a day or two. When I discussed the matter with father, he advised that I should acquire the property and, in view of my limited resources, the rug could be charged to him; but I should take title to the property and could have the same. I thanked him and told him I was willing to take the title but would feel better if it were owned by him. We made the deal with Julian. He gave us a quitclaim deed, explaining, that in view of circumstances, he would not give a warranty deed. One tract was 4.42 acres and one for 7.07 acres, for a total of 11.49 acres.

Lynn, who had worked at one time in the architectural office of Joseph Nelson, had designed two artistic and lovely homes for us.

A problem which gave us considerable concern was a water system. Finally, we had determined to pattern somewhat after the system used by our neighbor, Ephraim Liechty, who ran Rock Canyon water from an irrigation ditch into a cement reservoir, then pumped the water with a hand pump. Lynn designed the west half of our basement to become a cement reservoir, which would be filled from the Rock Canyon stream. An electric pressure pump was installed in the east part of our basement, which provided us with adequate pressure; and a water line was run from the pressure pump down to Lynn's home.

Albert Westover, a gifted and dependable carpenter, was anxious to do the carpentry work on a produce-account basis and to supervise the buildings, as he had a very substantial account at the store.

For many years we had operated Provona Beach, a bathing resort, at the mouth of Provo River and Utah Lake. Bathhouses and a dance hall had been erected. When the farm had been sold, which included the resort site, to my cousin, G. Arnold Taylor, and his family, the

resort was no longer operated. Father suggested that the materials in the buildings might well be used in the construction of our new homes. After the foundations for our homes had been finished, the dance hall floor was cut in sections in the right sizes to fit in the foundation of our new homes. The siding and other materials were used to good advantage.

Construction went forward during the summer of 1932, and by the fall we were able to move in. What a thrilling and exciting day! We gave our new home the name of "Oak Crest." The days that followed were not without problems. The road up the hill was not graveled and, following a rain storm, would become very soft; and the car would mire and sink down. Many times we were required to walk up the hill. Another concern was the water. To get water into the reservoir under our house, it had to come through an open ditch. In the winter the water would freeze in the ditch, and we had a desperate time breaking the ice and trying to coax it along. We had no phones and would have to go down to our neighbor, the Alden Chatwins. They were most kind and thoughtful people.

After the buildings were completed and we had moved in, we were able to qualify for HOLC loans sponsored by the government. Thus, we could care for all our creditors who had been so kind and trusting.

On April 6, 1934, Alta and I signed a mortgage in favor of Home Owners Loan Corporation (HOLC) for \$2,526.05--bearing 5 per cent interest, payable at \$10.51 per month until June, 1936; then \$23.36 per month for 12 years. The funds were disbursed to pay the following obligations:

DTR (Produce Accounts)	\$1,500.00
Utah Timber & Coal Co.	1,000.00
Abstract	6.25
Appraisal Fee	5.00
Examination of Abstract	5.00
Recording	5.10
Credit Rating	1.00
Closing Fee	5.00
	\$2,526.05

I would like to pay tribute to Alta and Cess. It was not an easy thing for women to go through the sacrifices, privations, and hardships of pioneer living; but they were wonderful sports, and much of the credit for the success of "Taylor's Hill" should go to them.

The Kaders were also wonderful neighbors, constantly wanting to give us gifts of fruit and chickens. There was Darwesh and his uncle, Mose. When Henry D., Jr., was a little boy, he got a job picking strawberries for Mose. He wasn't too fast; and at the end of the day as they counted the crates he had picked, Mose said, "Hendry, you are a fine little boy but you will never get rich picking strawberries." However, on the picking of raspberries, it

was a different story. To many young people this is a slow and unpleasant task, but Henry seemed to be blessed with the knack for picking them and was most successful.

Tony, Stephen, and David were born while we lived here. I well remember what a cold, wintry early morning it was when we had to make a "mad dash" to the Utah Valley Hospital, which had now been constructed, in order to get there before Stephen arrived on January 6, 1942.

At the time I was called to succeed Arthur V. Watkins as President of the Sharon Stake on January 20, 1946, I was serving as Bishop of the Pleasant View Ward. I chose two other bishops to be my counselors, J. Clayton Watts of Sharon Ward and Walter R. Holdaway of the Vineyard Ward. It took some time to get approval from the First Presidency and Council of the Twelve for brethren to succeed us and to effect the reorganizations.

After replacements for Sharon and Vineyard had been taken care of, we were having the ward conference in Pleasant View to release me. During this time Alta was pregnant with David. She was threatened with a miscarriage many times, and her health was delicate. She was sitting in the congregation near the rear of the chapel. Edna M. Hansen, a wonderful motherly soul who had served as my Relief Society President while I was bishop, was sitting by her. President Watts, Holdaway, and I were on the stand. We were going to propose that R. Bliss Allred, who had been serving as one of my counselors in the bishopric, should succeed me.

The service was not too far along when I observed Alta turn deathly pale, then a look of anguish and horror came into her face. Sister Hansen quickly sized up the situation, arose quickly, went to the Relief Society Room, and returned immediately with a quilt which she wrapped around Alta. I requested my counselors to carry on, hurried down, and found that Alta had been hemorrhaging severely. Several brethren helped me carry her out to the car. We rushed to the Utah Valley Hospital. It was determined that in order to save her life and that of the child, an operation was urgent. She was operated on, and David was taken by Caesarian section, a month or two prematurely. This was on March 27, 1946. A family joke that we have, when David is asked: "Are you a natural-born citizen?" finds it necessary to say, "No I was taken by Caesarian."

With my call to the stake presidency, my concern over Alta's health, and a combination of many factors, my ulcers decided to act up; and the next day I was in the hospital along with Alta and Dave. While there, I contracted pneumonia and was taken to the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City.

A rumor got around that I had passed away, and A. P. Warnick, Principal of the Lincoln High School at Orem, made such an announcement over the loud-speaking system.

An interesting experience occurred after I had been set apart as President of the Sharon Stake and prior to my release as bishop

of the Pleasant View Ward. My temple recommend was expiring so I filled out the new recommend, signing it as the applicant, then also signing it as the bishop, and lastly as the president of the stake. The next time I presented it at the temple, they were suspicious, and I had some explaining to do.

We had acquired a few shares of Rock Canyon Water Company stock. I was elected to serve as a member of the Board of Directors and held this position for several years. Edward Isaacson was president of the board, and Alfred R. Chipman was secretary. Other members of the board that I remember were Wilford R. Stubbs, Ephraim A. Liechty, and Levi Bounous.

The meetings were interesting and different from any other board meetings I have ever attended.

It was awkward to get along without a phone. We made constant contracts with the telephone company. Finally, they agreed that if we had three subscribers, they would make installation. We worked out a plan to which Clarence agreed. A 12' x 12' sleeping porch was moved from our former home on Fifth West and was placed on Clarence's lot between our home and Lynn's. Phones were then intalled in our two homes and in the sleeping porch. As I recall, it was on a 10- or 12-party line which was in almost constant use, but we were thrilled and delighted to have the use of a phone, if and when we were able to secure the line.

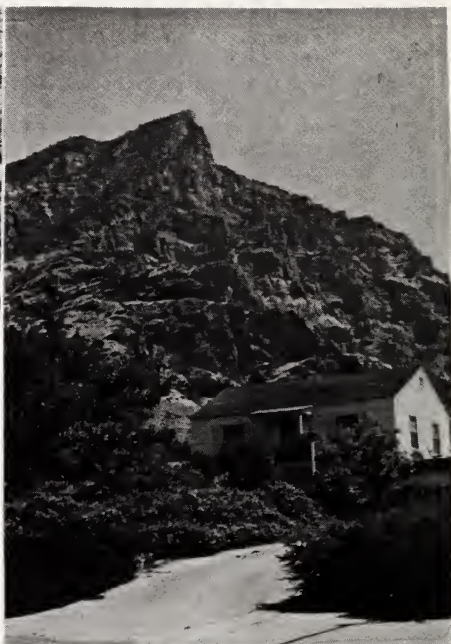
In 1949, with our boys growing up, we felt the need for a larger home. Fred L. Markham designed a beautiful home for us. Ruel D. Davis, an excellent builder, agreed to supervise the work. We sold the lot we had acquired from Bonneville Development Co. to Claude S. Ashworth for \$2,000 and purchased the adjoining lot from Weldon J. Taylor, who owned a lot fronting on Oak Lane, for \$2,000, a lot with a tremendous view overlooking the valley. Work commenced, and we were able to move in our beautiful home located at 2025 North Oak Lane in June 1949.

Our first and original home, "Oak Crest," was sold to Richard L. Gunn and his wife, Jeanne, for \$10,000. They loved the "Hill" and the view and became wonderful neighbors. The sale was made to them on June 27, 1949.

When the call came to be President of the California Mission, we sold our lovely home on Oak Lane to Willard G. Smith and his wife, Virginia. This was in September 1955. The sale price was \$40,000. They assumed a Beneficial Life Insurance Company mortgage with a balance of \$17,047.65, and we were paid our equity which was \$22,952.35. Later, Willard was transferred by his accounting firm to Salt Lake and sold the home to Dr. Scott P. Wallace, who resides there presently.



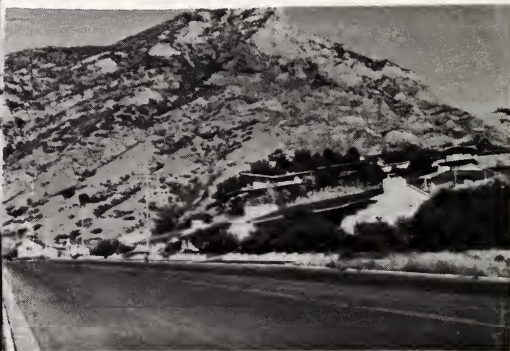
The Old Sleeping Porch
"Telephone Booth on the Hill"
Aunt "Rye" Taylor



Clarence's Home at 2180 Oakcrest, Provo



Present Home at 2130 Temple View Dr.



Taylor Terrace, Temple View Dr.

CHAPTER 9

UNCLE BUD'S PARK

Uncle Bud's Park
By Clarence Dixon Taylor

In the summer of 1961 there were about 51 children in the neighborhood with only the street to play in. In the center of the area were two vacant lots which sloped to the West and were covered with weeds and rocks. Ray Beckham and Clarence Taylor came up simultaneously with the same idea of converting the weed patch into a playground.

With Ray's enthusiasm and connections, hundreds of loads of fill dirt were hauled in to level the area. The west boundary was raised about five feet to get a level field.

The Oak Crest Neighborhood Association was formed by the following families:

Raymond and Ida Lee Beckham
Don and Virginia Riggs
Richard and Jeanne Gunn
Verl and Lula Allman
LaDell and Mary Petersen
Robert and Elizabeth Allen
Fred and Ruth Kartchner
Terry and Glenna Hansen
Marlow and Mabel Harston
Lynn and Celestia Taylor
Paul and Virginia Simmons
Max and Beverly Golightly
Clarence Taylor

Each of fifteen families contributed \$155.00, to pay for the initial development:

Lawn seed, fertilizer	\$221.50
2000 yds. fill dirt	450.00
Top soil	330.00
Clay soil	80.00
Leveling and grading	65.00
Materials for sprinkling system	169.50
Water meter, install. and box	156.40
Baseball and volleyball equipment, horseshoes, swings, sandbox	852.60

Labor for carpentry work, plumbing, painting, grading, planting, and etc., was donated by members.

Each family was assigned one week during the summer to check the automatic water system to see that it was watering correctly. During the week, preferably on Saturday, they were to mow and trim the grass, pick up the litter, and police the area. No organized sports were to be played on the playground on Sundays.

Each spring all families hold an annual clean-up day consisting of clearing, raking, cutting, and fertilizing the grass on the

playground. After the work, a park party is held, including refreshments and games.

The land on which the playground is located is owned by Clarence Taylor with the explicit understanding that it can be used for a neighborhood playground as long as it is maintained in a neat and orderly manner. If and when it is neglected, not watered, overgrown with weeds, and becomes a disgrace to the neighborhood, the owner will convert it into building lots with attractive houses and yards.

On February 5, 1981, an agreement with Provo City was made with Clarence D. Taylor as follows:

Now, therefore, the parties agree as follows:

1. Clarence D. Taylor will herewith submit two (2) shares of stock in Rock Canyon Water Company to the City for the consideration hereinafter set forth. (Certificates #296 and 298).

2. The City will provide for "Uncle Bud's Park" located at 2185 Oakcrest Lane, Provo, Utah, free water from City sources for as long as that park is used as a park.

In October 1982 a real estate appraisal of the Park area was submitted by Real Estate Guild of Provo, Utah:

"Based on listings and sale prices of property similarly well located, I appraise the property at \$87,000.00."

On the 29th day of October 1982, an IRREVOCABLE TRUST AGREEMENT was established for "UNCLE BUD'S PARK."

"Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually understood and agreed by the parties as follows:

1. The donor (Clarence D. Taylor) hereby transfers, assigns and conveys The Property (the described Park area) to the Trustees IN TRUST for the sole purpose of benefiting the residents of the neighborhood in which the property is located. It is to be used for the exclusive purpose of providing a playground for said residents, and is to be maintained by the residents who shall provide the work and such other contributions as may be needed to maintain its recreational facilities, its clean and presentable appearance, its safety rules and regulations, and its safeguards against any and all harmful influences or conditions. No part of the property or any income that may be derived therefrom shall be used for the benefit of any private individual; it being understood and agreed that everything shall be for the benefit of the property and the recreational advantages it can afford said residents.

The term of each Trustee shall be for life, unless he or she resigns, permanently moves from the neighborhood, or fails to serve hereunder. In the event any of said Trustees dies, resigns, moves, becomes incapable of serving or fails to do so, the other Trustees then serving shall elect a successor to take the place of such Trustee who dies, resigns, moves, or fails to serve; provided, however, that during his lifetime The Donor shall have the right to approve or disapprove the selection of each such new Trustee.

At such times, if ever, as The Property (park) ceases to be used as a neighborhood playground or properly maintained, the Trustees shall convey the Property to "The Clarence D. Taylor Revocable Living Trust," for the purpose of developing buildings lots thereon."

The original TRUSTEES are: Nancy T. Stewart, Raymond E. Beckham, J. LaDell Petersen, Brent T. Stewart.
The Donor, Clarence D. Taylor.

On the Fourth of July of each year, a tradition perpetuated by the Oak Hills Sixth Ward Boy Scouts is to hold a sunrise flag raising ceremony at Uncle Bud's Park where the ward members and neighbors are invited to participate. As the sun is rising over the top of Squaw Peak, and after patriotic songs and a patriotic address, the colors are presented and hoisted to the top of the flag pole and the pledge of allegiance is led by one of the scouts, then light refreshments are served. This begins a glorious Fourth of July.

Other activities and sports are enjoyed by members of the ward together with the folks of the neighborhood in Uncle Bud's Park.

1987 Members Include:

J. Ladell and Mary Petersen - On a mission
Ed. J. and Patricia Pinegar - On a mission
Ruth T. Kartchner
Bessie T. Allen
Herbert H. and Harriett Pheysey
Stephen R. and Sandra Covey
Brent T. and Karen Stewart
Paul A. and Virginia Simmons
John E. and Faun Ord
Boyd M. and Dixie Frampton
Donald F. and Virginia Riggs
Evelyn R. West
Verl P. and Lu Allman
Richard L. and Jeanne Gunn
Raymond E. and Ida Lee Beckham
G. Keith and Nancy Stewart
Craig and Deniece Ord
Dixon and Pat. Anderson
Vaughn M. and Eunice Clayton
Richard J. and Janice Dean
Dee R. and Barbara Taylor
A. Craig and Suzanne MacArthur
Larry and Lana Rowland
Clarence D. Taylor



A Neighborhood Park



on Taylor Hill

CHAPTER 10

TRIP TO SOUTH AMERICA

When our youngest son, David, was released from his mission in Brazil in December 1967, Clarence, accompanied by our son Tony, went to South America to travel home with him. Our nephew, Henry Aldous Nelson, who was serving as a missionary in Argentina, was released at the same time.

They all joined together to travel home. They first visited the Statue of Christ in Rio de Janeiro and the Iguassu Falls in Brazil, then Lake Titicaca and Machu Picchu in Peru, followed by other places of interest, on their homeward journey.

The following is Tony's account of this trip:

When my brother David was nearing the completion of his mission in December of 1967, he encouraged me to meet him in Brazil and tour South America together. I gladly accepted, and, as I was making preparations, I thought it would be fun to have Uncle Bud (Clarence D. Taylor) along, too. He agreed to join us, as did cousin Hank Nelson, who was finishing his mission in Argentina about that same time.

Arrangements were made, and Aunt Alice and Uncle Roy took Uncle Bud and me to the Salt Lake airport. As we were waiting for the flight, Uncle Bud discovered, to his horror, that he had left his camera at Aunt Alice's place. She quickly called members of her family and found someone who was able to go get it and bring it out to the airport, which was a half hour drive once the camera was located. There was great concern as boarding time approached, but they arrived just in the nick of time with the camera, so I and a much relieved Uncle Bud took off for Los Angeles to catch a Varig flight to Rio. Our connection was scheduled about an hour and forty-five minutes after we arrived in Los Angeles which would have been about 2:00 p.m., but the L.A. airport had been socked in with fog for about five days, and all flights had been grounded until just before we got there, and even with flights leaving every three minutes, our departure to Rio was delayed until about eleven-twenty that night. Uncle Bud and I took a bus into the city and spent the day looking around.

After our day in L.A., Uncle Bud and I caught the bus back to the airport, but we hadn't counted on the usual heavy traffic which was compounded by the increase of Christmas shoppers. The bus inched along in the bumper-to-bumper traffic at an agonizingly slow pace. At the airline ticket desk, we had been instructed to be there at least an hour before take off, so Uncle Bud and I, both having a fetish for promptness, thought we should be back two hours or so ahead of time just for good measure, but as the twenty-minute drive stretched into two hours we nearly developed ulcers. As it was, we still got back in ample time, only to discover that our flight had been further delayed, and we wouldn't take off until about 2:30 a.m. We had already had a snack, but the airline gave us tickets for a complimentary dinner in the coffee shop. It was past dinner time by now, but for a free dinner--what the heck!

The airport was jammed with people who had been stranded for days because of flights grounded by the fog. Little children were

yowling and screaming everywhere and tired parents with frassled nerves were trying to cope. People were sleeping on piles of luggage, or carpeted sections wherever there was space. While Uncle Bud and I were comparatively fresh, 2:30 seemed a long time coming. Even then there were delays in boarding, and once we were on the plane we had a long wait before take off. Sometime after 3:00 a.m. we did get off and were actually on our way. We were no sooner in the air than the flight attendants brought around sandwiches and drinks. Because of the odd hour, Uncle Bud declined, but I figured it was part of the fare and ate. I had just dosed off when they came around and asked if we would like some hot meat. Uncle Bud again declined, and I again accepted and was told that they would bring some shortly. Uncle Bud looked at me in a puzzled way and said, "Would I like some hot meat? At 4:00 in the morning?" We both wondered what they would bring. I waited, and waited, and finally dosed off. I was awakened, and the stewardess gave me a baking dish with chunks of meat in a spicy sauce. It was delicious, but such a strange thing to be served at such an odd hour that Uncle Bud and I have never forgotten. When we get together, even now, he jokingly asks if I would like a bowl of hot meat.

I finally got some uninterrupted sleep and next thing I knew, it was morning, and we were touching down in Mexico City. We were herded off the airplane to a waiting room where we stretched and moved around for a while. We didn't get into the city, but when we took off again, I was impressed with the brownish-grey bleakness of everything, even for winter. Later that afternoon we touched down in Bogota, Columbia. There wasn't time to leave the airport so we browsed around the terminal for a while. It was a beautiful new building surrounded by the lush green of the forest and countryside and filled with many interesting shops. The items that most captured my attention were the carvings, jewelry, and colorful weavings. The airport personnel and shopkeepers were very helpful and pleasant without being pushy as the Mexico City people had seemed to be.

As we continued our flight, I was impressed with the food, particularly round whitish slices of something in the salad which I later learned was palmetto or palm heart. I also enjoyed a Brazilian soft drink called guarana which was made from a Brazilian fruit of the same name. As the hours passed, we saw nothing but jungle below, no villages, no fields, just endless stretches of tree tops. I remember thinking what a terrible place to be if the plane went down. You could never find your way out. As darkness eventually came, there was still no glimmer of humanity from lights or fires. Then an occasional light appeared below, then a few more and more, and as we burst over a mountain, we saw the dazzling lights of Rio de Janeiro.

Our flight from L.A. was supposed to have arrived in the middle of the day. I hoped that David had received word of our delays; he had. As we disembarked, he was there to meet us and arranged for a taxi to take us into town. The driver was a congenial chap who pointed out the various sights as we went along. David asked if he might be available the following day to take us touring. He said he

had a wedding to chauffeur, but his brother could take us. As he dropped us off at our hotel, a narrow but tall and luxurious building called the Lemi Palace, the driver grimaced and shrugged and said that it was excessively expensive. David, who had been used to the Brazilian economy, agreed, but for \$20 a night, it was a good price by American standards, even in 1967. Our room was high in the building and looked out on the beach upon which it was situated, and was very modern and clean.

After a good night's sleep and a shower, we were introduced to our first Brazilian breakfast in the hotel dining room. It started with fresh fruit, papaya with lime juice, banana, pineapple, orange slices, then rolls, and soft white cheese, and finished with hot chocolate. Other breakfasts sometimes included meat, occasionally an egg. Uncle Bud inquired about getting cereal, but was unsuccessful in finding any throughout the whole trip.

The brother of the taxi driver came by and took us on a tour of the Rio area. We drove all through the city viewing the nice residential areas, traveling markets called ferras, business districts, famous beaches, such as Copacabana and Ipanima. We saw Sugarloaf Mountain and the giant statue of Christ on Corcovado. The view from there gave us a sprawling panorama of the whole Rio de Janeiro area. From the Christus, we drove through jungle past small villages, towns, and recreation areas. Our driver was even more congenial than his brother and had a great pride and love for Rio. He would stop and show us waterfalls, wild orchids, and strange fruits. He bought a large, brown, fuzzy fruit about half again the size of a basketball. He opened it and offered us little yellow sections from inside which tasted unlike anything else. He called it jacka.

After a few days in Rio, we flew to Sao Paulo. It was a great sprawling city with building going on everywhere. The city had some nice places, but it seemed like everything was under construction, and traffic was zooming everywhere with seemingly no means of regulating it. Crossing the street was a real fright for us, and this was increased when we noticed the terror-stricken faces of the local people attempting the same thing. Our tour of the city included a visit to the venomous snake farm and research lab. We saw them extracting venom from some of the snakes selected from the collection of nearly all the venomous creatures in the world, then develop syrums and anti-toxins, which are sent to all parts of the world where they are needed.

After a day of touring, we got some ice cream and sat in a park which sloped up a hill overlooking one of the main boulevards of the city. As we were enjoying the rest, our treat, and the view, we heard some meowing and noticed a group of cats, then a few other cats, then others, and others until the place seemed to be teeming with them. I have never seen so many cats in my life.

We next flew to Curitiba where David's mission headquarters were located. It was a smaller, more rural place where the pace was much slower and easier. After Sao Paulo, this was a refreshing

change. Here and there we saw carts drawn by horses. There were flower and fruit stands, and vendors of various kinds all around the city.

David had a few arrangements to take care of at the mission home, and we were invited to have dinner there. The next day David took us out to the country to a few shops where they did wood carving, needlework, and other interesting things.

We continued our tour of Brazil at Iguassu Falls, a very impressive group of waterfalls that are higher and more extensive than Niagara. They are nestled in lush, green, jungle on the borders of Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Argentina. The plane circled for a good view of the falls before we landed and were transported to the hotel. It seemed to be the only facility in the whole area. From the hotel, we were taken to various vantage points from which to view the falls at different times of the day. One jaunt was after dark, and they lighted one section of the falls for us. After our view when they were loading the bus, we said we would like to walk back to the hotel which was not far. They jabbered something to David in Portuguese, and he informed us that we were to ride the bus back. They had pointed out that this area, except for the hotel, was uninhabited jungle, and that poison snakes were sometimes a problem at night. We quickly concluded that this was a justifiable reason to take the bus.

Sometimes when something is translated directly from one language to another, it comes out a little strange. Near the pool at the hotel was a tree with a large yellow, blue, and red macaw perched on the limb. It rattled off some garbled talk in Portuguese which I couldn't understand, but apparently many American guests had tried to get it to speak English because a sign beneath its perch said, "No perturb to the parrot." At the hotel pool, we met a family from Wisconsin who had had a Brazilian student stay at their home, and they had come to return the visit and see the country. At the hotel there was a group of Brazilian high school girls at the hotel who sang songs that we enjoyed, but only David could join in

When we left, the plane circled over the falls again and passed over the only part of Paraguay that we would see.

From Iguassu Falls, we went to Porto Alegre, a large port city with many old buildings nestled among some hills with stairs, terraces, bridges, and overpasses. All over the city there were groups preparing for carnival with drums, marachas, and other instruments. Many of the automobiles had a series of horns on which they would beep out tunes. One day about noon David took us to a boarding house where he had once lived to have lunch. It was a sumptuous meal of local foods. I don't remember what we had, but I remember it was very good as was all the food in Brazil. One night we ate at a restaurant called the Gaucho that served a local specialty called churasco, sort of a barbecued meat. At the restaurant we ran into the American family from Wisconsin that we had met at Iguassu.

As Porto Allegre was our last stop in Brazil, we visited several shops to pick up some items characteristic of the country; trays designed with butterfly wings and other odds and ends. We were told that if we wanted anything of leather or hide, we would do well to wait until we got to Uruguay. I learned, after it was too late, that if you see something you want--get it then. I saw several interesting things that we didn't see in Uruguay or any place else.

We next flew to Montevideo, Uruguay. From here on we would encounter only Spanish-speaking people. Luckily Spanish is close enough to Portuguese that David was able to understand and be understood by most people. He could get us by until we were joined by cousin Hank Nelson, who was to be released from his mission in Argentina. He was to meet us the following day if he could arrange it. We were checking into the hotel and wondering how Hank would find us if he got to Montevideo. I hadn't gotten the arrangement very clear. Just as we assumed that we would probably have to look him up in Buenos Aires when we got there in about three days, he walked into the lobby. It seems that his mother had provided the necessary information for him to meet us, and he was released a day or so early. We now had a traveling companion fluent in Spanish.

That evening Hank helped us locate a restaurant that had been recommended to Uncle Bud by cousin Kenny Karchner who had served here on his mission. As I remember, it was called Robintino's. We ordered chateau briand, which cost equivalent to about \$1.25 in American currency. We also ordered salad, soup, and french fries. They brought a giant terrine of soup and a loaf of bread. We were nearly stuffed after the soup, then they brought a giant platter of salad followed by an equally big platter of french fries, and an enormous steak. The whole dinner cost about \$2.50. We saw why the restaurant came so highly recommended. The next day we toured the city. It had some of the same feelings and smells of other big cities like Paris, Rome, or Madrid. There were many interesting shops with many nice things of leather and hide. David was getting a high pressure sell from some lady to buy a leather jacket. She said, "I promise, you will never repent of buying this." He commented, "There's a literal translation for you."

We decided to try Robintino's again that night. This time we didn't want so big a meal so we ordered a small dinner steak which cost about \$0.80 and the previous accompaniments. The waiter said something to cousin Hank who replied with some comment. We asked what he had said. Hank said he asked if we were sure we wanted soup and salad with our steak, and Hank had confirmed that that was correct. As we finished the soup and salad, we were confronted with the reason for the waiter's question. Our dinner steaks were the size of Sunday roasts.

The next day was Sunday and Hank located an LDS Branch which we attended. We couldn't understand what was said, but the spirit was the same as any LDS service. The people were very friendly and congenial. Hank gave us intermittent translations, and we gave a try at the hymns in Spanish. After Church, Hank guided us to a

restaurant that had been recommended by some of the elders. To an appreciative eater like me, it was like a bit of heaven on earth. At one side were three giant barbecue pits about 12 feet square. They were all stacked with the same thing; rows of whole pigs, lambs, beef halves, poultry, seafood, sausages of all types, and assorted roasts. One pit was keeping warm the meats that were done, another pit was roasting, and the other they were loading in preparation for roasting. Another part of the room was filled with refrigerated glass cases filled with salads, fruits, desserts, and pastries. Even with no understanding of the menu, all you had to do was point.

That night at the hotel I noticed directly across from our window was an apartment in which was seated a very attractive girl watching T.V. The next morning as we were packing and getting cleaned up prior to catching the plane, the girl was out on the balcony visiting with an equally good-looking friend. David came to the window to see what I was looking at. He enjoyed the view too and beckoned to Hank to join us. At first the girls pretended not to notice, but did some careful primping and preening. Hank's amiable smile got them finally, and he and David's knowledge of South American gestures allowed some communication. Eventually Hank conversed the 15- or 20-foot distance to their balcony. I think he got some good gospel teaching in, but alas, we had a plane to catch.

Buenos Aires was Hank's stomping ground. While he had worked in various parts of Argentina, most of his time had been spent in this city. We visited the mission home, the residential areas, the business district, and government buildings. Hank pointed out many bullet holes on various buildings attesting to the violence of revolutions. Our hotel was very elegant, somewhat rococo in design and decor and good priced by American costs, but to an Argentine missionary it seemed exorbitant, so Hank arranged for cheaper accommodations for us. It was a small, dingy, building with small rooms and common facilities down the hall. It wasn't exactly living in the grand manor, but this was South America, too; so we took in all the noise and squalor coming from the street and the narrow halls outside our rooms.

Hank took us on a tour of a sector called "El Tigre." It was a residential area situated on numerous small islands in the Delta of the great river. The only access was by boat, so each home, instead of having a garage, had a small pier in front, and instead of having bus and taxi service, they had boat service. The neighborhood markets and gas stations were situated on piers rather than roads and street vendors shuttled about in boats.

Although Argentina is one of the world's largest exporters of beef, meat was available in the markets and restaurants only every second day, so dining one day would be soups, salads, spaghetti, cheeses, fruits, etc. The next day would be regular fare with meat and accompaniments. One evening we bought a big, juicy pineapple from a street vendor and were planning to take it to the restaurant with us and have them cut it and prepare it for us, which Hank said was not an unusual thing to do; but Uncle Bud was so uncomfortable

about doing this that he wouldn't join us until we agreed to wait until we got back to the hotel rooms to eat it.

On Christmas Eve we went to the Italian sector of the city called La Boca to eat. The buildings were so garish and tastelessly done in bright oranges, purples, greens, blues, yellows, and pinks that they had kind of a charm to them. In front of one of the restaurants was a giant bruiser that looked like a bodyguard for a mafia boss. He was hustling patrons to come in and eat; and after a dazzling description of the evening's menu and an almost threatening insistence on our trying it, he convinced us to go in. Except for its garish colors, the interior was unimpressive. It had a small platform against one wall with a few musical instruments placed here and there. From time to time, one or more of the staff or patrons would get up and play or sing, or both. The "host" outside recruited a large family to come and eat. They started their meal with an enormous platter of spaghetti and when he came in to sing a little number, he commented that the spaghetti looked very good, so he pulled up a chair and joined them. I don't remember what we had, but I remember that it was quite good. One of the other waiters somehow noticed that I enjoyed trying various foods, and everytime he passed he would bring a little delicacy and have me try it. I remember a shell fish and a piece of octopus among other things. After a bit the bouncer arose from a plate of spaghetti that he had shared with the family and began making a speech during which he gestured toward us. We asked Hank what he was saying, and Hank told us that he had said, "We would like to welcome Bud, Tony, Dave, and Hank here this evening." We asked what he had really said. Hank told us that he had welcomed everyone including the Americans and wanted everyone to participate in a little song by whacking the table with one of our eating utensils at the appropriate moment. As the song progressed, we tapped the table at the designated time, but apparently we were not showing enough gusto because the waiter came over and demonstrated the proper way for us. He had us grasp our knives by the blade and really pound the table with the handles. The crew in the kitchen, not wanting to miss out, threw pots and pans out into the dining area at the appropriate part of the song. It must have been a nightly favorite, because we lifted the tablecloth and noticed that the whole table was dented and battered. The evening continued with spontaneous numbers by anyone who felt like performing. All and all it was a lot of fun and certainly one of the most unusual Christmas Eves we had spent.

On Christmas Day Hank took us around to meet some of the local people. Not speaking Spanish, I don't remember much, but we visited an old friend from the "Y" who was living there, David Stone, and a British man who had a young daughter named Girly. The following day we flew to La Paz, Bolivia.

La Paz is located in a wide, hilly gully, down off the plateau where we landed. As we rode from the airport to the city, we saw women and girls dressed almost universally in a loose skirt, blouse, a bright striped shawl, and a fedora hat. Often in the shawl they carried something: a child, a load of wood, produce, or whatever. Sometimes they would wear the shawl regularly and have an extra

shawl to carry things, but they were never idle. Almost every female, whose hands were not otherwise occupied, was spinning wool on a hand spindle. They did this as they were walking down the road, sitting someplace, watching animals, or tending children. The men seemed busy, too, hauling things, loading animals, and such. They wore pants and shirt with a knit or woven poncho. Many didn't wear hats; but when they did, it was a regular man's hat or a colorful knit cap with a high peak and looped flaps at the ears. Many people didn't wear shoes; but those who did, wore mostly sandals with the soles made of tire treads. As we got into La Paz, there was a prevailing smell like a combination of dead animals and raw sewage. There were many shops that had baskets of dried llama fetuses and other animal parts. The butcher shops had dead carcasses hanging about with flies swarming around them. There were shops with baskets of produce, grain, fruit, and live poultry. This was probably the place that Uncle Fred had cautioned us about the food. Despite the squalor, it was an interesting place. There were shops with beautiful robes made of alpaca and vicuna skins with bright, colorful weavings, leather goods, and replicas of Inca art. The street markets were colorful places with many exotic fruits and vegetables. Potatoes originated in the Andes and they had varieties we had never seen. In addition to russets, yams, and sweet potatoes like we have, they had purple and yellow ones, some two feet long, some small pellet-sized, hard ones, soft ones, a real variety.

Bolivia was perhaps the only place on our trip where the food was not good. Meat dishes had a rancid taste that reminded you of the stench from the butcher shops. Milk products tasted like the animals had stepped in the bucket after they were milked. We were told to avoid uncooked vegetables and salads, but the potatoes were not bad. Because of the wide variety available, we seldom got kinds that we were used to at home, but the ones we had were not bad. I must admit that my enjoyment of food was somewhat stilted by a brief touch of altitude sickness. La Paz, as I recall, was about 14,000 feet above sea level. We were rushing one afternoon to get to the Post Office before it closed. It was up the hill, and when we got there, my head was pounding and felt like it might explode all over the mountain. It seemed to create an imbalance of pressure in the inner ear which caused dizziness and a queasy stomach. As I recall, all of us had a touch of this one time or another, except Uncle Bu

We traveled overland from La Paz to Cuzco, Peru. We went by car to the plateau above La Paz and then across a wide plain stopping at the site of an ancient Incan statue. The car drove across the broad plateau past small villages and herds of cattle, sheep, goats, llamas, and such, where women and girls were constantly spinning. Eventually we came to a beautiful spot by Lake Titicaca where we ate and then boarded the hydrofoil to continue our journey to the other side of the lake. We stopped at an island where there were more ruins. This island had lush vegetation which was unusual at this altitude, because La Paz and the plateau above are higher than the timberline. Because of this, the native boats on the lake were not made of wood, but were made of reeds lashed together. On the other side of the lake we continued by

automobile. The car was required to stop at every town and register and pay tariffs. While we were stopped at one town, we saw some gentleman dressed in a coat and tie nonchalantly urinating in the village square. In order to maintain some degree of privacy, he shielded his private parts with a hand. The people in the square were unconcerned and seemed to regard it as a normal occurrence.

We arrived that evening in Puno, Peru. As we had to catch the train the next morning, it was necessary to look around that evening. There were many interesting shops and street vendors, but the things that impressed David and me the most were the weavings. David bought a brightly colored poncho, and I bought several fajas or sashes.

In the morning we boarded the train for Cuzco. They were not luxurious accommodations, but the large windows provided a good view of the bare mountain ranges and golden prairie slopes. At almost every stop there were vendors selling local handmade items. There were even peddlers selling "genuine" Inca relics (made by local craftsmen), but it made the long trip interesting. At one point a man came running down a hill and across the open field waving one arm. The train stopped, and he got on taking a seat a few rows in front of us. He had, among other things, the skinned carcass of a sheep or goat which he placed on the rack overhead. As we rattled along, the entrails dangled gaily between the slats in the rack, and the stench contributed to the already accumulated fragrance in the car. Towards evening, as we got nearer to Cuzco, we must have been getting lower because the dry, barren peaks and plains gave way to more foliated terrain and lush green started to appear everywhere.

As we got out of the taxi which had brought us from the Cuzco train station, we were greeted by a young boy in front of our hotel who was selling more "genuine Inca relics." Although he had some nice items, we weren't doing any shopping at the moment. He said that when we were ready to do business just ask around for Juan, and he would take care of us. There came a time when I was interested in taking another look at what he had, but Juan was not to be found.

When we awoke and looked out of the hotel window, we saw a mosaic maze of tile roof tops everywhere. We took a tour of the city and its environs and saw a great many ruins left by the Incas. Some had been built on top of by the Spanish. Sometimes a wall would be used as part of a newer structure, but all of the city seemed old whether Incan or Spanish. This was no modern metropolis. In the hills above the city, we saw some ancient Incan stone walls about 18-20 feet high made of enormous boulders, some 12-15 feet in diameter. These were fitted together without mortar so close that a knife could not be inserted between them. These were very impressive, but even more impressive were the ruins at Machu Picchu which we visited the next day. To get there we took a train which ran several miles through jungly canyons and rugged mountain passes. We got off in the bottom of one of the canyons and were met by a small bus which took us back and forth up a narrow, windy, dirt road, until we came to a small hotel near the top. From here we took a trail to a saddle between two sharp peaks which rose

from the canyons far below. And there in the saddle was nestled the ancient city of Machu Picchu. The magnificent stonework, and the size and scope of the city, and its beautiful location were almost overwhelming. We spent a most enjoyable day wandering among the buildings, corridors, sports arenas, stairs, terraces, and stone highways of this most interesting place.

New Year's Day we visited one of the cathedrals in Cuzco and observed what to us seemed a very unusual service. Just inside the entrance was a band playing tunes that didn't seem to be religious pieces. As we went through a corridor toward the main worship area, we passed many small coves with barred gates which seemed to be individual chapels or worship areas. Some were filled with people praying and lighting candles. Opposite these small chapels was a wall with many doorways, some closed, some barred, but they were dark inside. As the corridor opened into the main chapel, there was kind of a caged wall with statues inside and on a platform above this was a person loudly singing what seemed to be religious music. The big chapel was dark except for candles being lighted by individuals and was not being used. We continued toward the sound of a priest who was in a smaller chapel running off to the right. This chapel was filled with worshippers. A man in the rear was following the service carefully, and at various points would signal another man down the corridor who would give a signal to some boys who would light off strings of fire crackers just inside the front entryway. I wouldn't profess to be knowledgeable about Catholic worship, but I have never seen or heard anything like that before.

There were many interesting shops and market places in Cuzco; and after a good perusal, I thought I might get some weavings and a replica from Juan. But by the morning of our departure, I still hadn't located Juan. I did go over to the marketplace and get some weavings. Just as we started for the market, it began to rain. When we got there, we found everything closed, its being an open-air affair. I learned once again that if you see what you want, get it, because you may not get another chance.

I was surprised by the Cuzco air terminal. Cuzco was such an ancient-looking city, but the terminal was of very contemporary design. We boarded our plane; and after a flight over the mountains, we landed at Lima. I was surprised at Lima also. Peru, except for mountain areas above the timberline, was lush, green jungle. Lima looked like it was built in the Sahara Desert. All around was bleak and dry, but the city was nice. It was a blend of modern and Spanish. The Spanish residences that we were shown were elegant old buildings with beautiful courtyards in the center. Most of the new buildings looked like new buildings anywhere. The food was mostly Euro-American type. We left Lima in the evening and put down in Guayaquil, Ecuador, for a short stop, not long enough to leave the airport. We continued to Panama City for a brief touch down and got to Los Angeles airport some time the next day. After being gone for two and a half years, Dave and Hank were anxious to get home. There was a big welcome party at the Salt Lake airport which was composed largely of Nelson relatives.

After a great trip, Uncle Bud and I were glad to get back, to



"The Christ" on Corcovado Peak, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.



Copacabana Beach, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.



Iguassu Falls
Uruguay



Lake Titicaca,
Peru -- Reed
Fishing Boats



Machu Picchu, Peru

CHAPTER 11

EMPLOYERS

Upon returning home in the spring of 1933 from his mission, Clarence was employed by the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, where he worked until 1964.

He then worked at the BYU Bookstore from May 15, 1964, to May 1974, when he reached the age of 65. In 1974 he supervised the building of "Taylor Terrace" on the "Hill." The detailed account of this is found in Chapter 8, "Taylor's Hill."

Employment--Paying Jobs

1919 - Fall--Water boy, furnished drinking water to peach pickers at Uncle John D. Dixon's orchard.

1921 - Summer--Construction of DTR building. At age 12, I furnished the horsepower for the elevator to hoist the bricks, mortar, lumber, and building materials to the third and fourth floors and to the roof, by leading the horse to pull the wooden elevator.

1922 - 1925--Each Saturday I passed the DTR handbills to all residents in Utah County. Pay was \$1.00 per day.

1922 - Summer--Thinned and hoed sugar beets.

1923 - Summer--Helped John Holdaway install water line at Wildwood.

1923 - Christmas--Clerk in DTR toy department.

1924 - 1925--Dance Nights. Hat and coat checker at Provo High School dances, and Provo Third Ward married folks dances on Thursdays.

1925 - Summer--Thinned and hoed beets on farm at Logan, succeeding in "japing" an acre in a day; paid \$7.00.

1926 - 1929--Summer. Provona Beach. In charge of bathhouses and rental of suits and towels. Later was manager of store and dance hall.

1929 - 1930--Summer. Drug store, "soda jerk", clerk, janitor.

1934 - 1942; 1945 - 1964--Dixon Taylor Russell Co. Salesman, accounts collector, branch store auditor, accounts payable, assistant secretary and treasurer.

1936 - 1967--Part-time agent, Hartford Fire and Casualty Insurance Company.

1942 - 1945--United States Army.

1964 - 1974--BYU Bookstore. Supervisor, accounts payable.

1978 - 1979--Paid Provo Temple worker, treasurer.

History of Dixon Taylor Russell Company
As broadcast over Radio Station KOVO, Provo, Utah
By Arthur D. Taylor, on March 31, 1947

The first furniture store in Provo, started in pioneers days, was owned and operated by George Taylor. His son, Arthur N. Taylor, with a group of young Provo business men in the summer of 1921, organized the Dixon Taylor Russell Company. Arthur N. Taylor was the president and manager; Albert F. Dixon, vice-president; Sidney W. Russell, secretary and treasurer; Orson G. Bird, J. W. Howe, Jr., and Wm. D. Norman were directors. The company received its charter to do business on October 6, 1921, and opened the doors of its first store in Provo--a three-story brick building at the corner of Third West and Center Street--on the first day of November 1921.

Arthur N. Taylor, who had been in the furniture business for more than 30 years, believed that merchandise should be sold at one price to all--the lowest possible price--and that partiality and special favors to individuals should not be. This One-Price Policy was the foundation of the Dixon Taylor Russell Company. Discounts were done away with. Goods were sold at the cash price; and if people desired installment payments, convenient terms were arranged; and the customer paid, in addition to the cost of his merchandise, a small carrying charge covering the length of time he wished to run his account.

This policy for a furniture store was revolutionary in this intermountain country at that time. It was a hard program to start with, as the public had been schooled to trade for discounts. Every man, depending on who he was, seemed to have a different purchasing power. It was not long, however, before the public realized that the Dixon Taylor Russell Company was sincere in carrying out its policy of one price to all. They saw that every man, regardless of whether he was a good friend, a rich man, a poor man, or a stranger, paid the same price. A child could go into the store and buy a bedroom set, or any other item, and would receive the same deal as the most skilled traders. This policy established confidence with the public and brought increased business and resulted in a pleasing growth. It is interesting to note that after 25 years, the Dixon Taylor Russell Company is still pursuing this policy and that this policy is now being recommended by the National Retail Furniture Association to all furniture stores in this land.

Arthur N. Taylor also dreamed of a business that would bring furniture, house furnishings, and service into the rural communities at prices as low as could be had in the larger cities and trading centers. In order to do this, he could see that a large buying power in carload lots direct from the factory was necessary. It would be necessary also to have a display in the smaller towns where it would be convenient for the people to see the things offered for their homes.

This started the opening of branch stores.

The Springville Store was opened February 1, 1924, Seymour B. Mendenhall, manager.

The Nephi store, May 26, 1924, John C. Hall, manager.
The Payson store, August 15, 1924, Golden Taylor, manager.
The Pleasant Grove store, February 23, 1926, Elton L. Taylor, manager.
The Spanish Fork store, March 17, 1926, Arnold Angell, manager.
The Heber store, March 15, 1927, Glen Baker, manager.
The American Fork store, September 10, 1927, Glen L. Taylor, manager.
The Price store, July 3, 1929, Elton L. Taylor, manager.
The Helper store, June 14, 1930, Allen Halverson, manager.

By the year 1929 ten stores and three districts were in operation in Central, Eastern, and Southern Utah. Carload shipments were rolling constantly direct from factories to the Provo warehouse and from that point distributed by company trucks to the stores. At the close of the year 1929, a large sales volume was shown, the greatest since the business had started. Then came the depression when business concerns all over the nation were strained to the utmost, many of them closing their doors never to open again. During this period it was necessary to close three stores, but the company came out of this period of depression with seven stores operating and these seven stores have been constantly growing and gaining ground. On this, the 25th Anniversary of the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, records show a remarkable sales volume, something to be envied by many prominent furniture organizations over this country.

Last November another dream of company officials was realized--a warehouse on railroad trackage. A site on the corner of Fifth South and Fifth West was purchased and three large warehouse buildings have been constructed. Furniture and furnishings now come in carload lots and empty directly into this spacious warehouse. Company trucks distribute from there to the seven stores.

Besides their warehouse operation, the company has at its Provo store a large drapery workshop, employing 10 to 12 women constantly making up curtains, draperies, slipcovers, etc.; an upholstering shop employing 8 men who recondition and rebuild furniture; a shade shop employing people to make up custom orders of window shades; a furniture repair shop employing skilled men who repair broken furniture; a refinishing shop where trained men recondition damaged surfaces and make new finishes and color effects; an appliance repair shop where trained mechanics adjust and repair and install all types of home appliances; a floorcovering service department employing ten men who install linoleum, carpets, tile and other floor coverings in patrons' homes; a floor-covering shop with machinery that serges and binds floor coverings and makes up rugs and carpeting. Each department is specialized with trained help to serve the public. Trained decorators who have had special schooling are here to help plan the decorating of homes with draperies, floor covering, wallpaper, and furniture. And all of this service is open to the people living in the smallest communities.

The Dixon Taylor Russell Company today is carrying out the policy of its founders in giving the service of big furniture stores

in large cities to the rural and small communities at the same low prices that they would pay in large centers.

It is interesting to note that there are seven of the employees who started with the company 25 years ago who are still here: William D. Norman, Hans Miller, J. W. Howe, Jr., S. W. Russell, George A. Norman, John L. Russell, and Arthur D. Taylor. There are seven others who have been with the company more than 20 years, and 19 other employees that have been with the firm more than 10 years.

The DTR Company employs 134 people whom they claim are the finest group of men and women in the intermountain country.

The DTR Company sends this message to all in Central, Eastern, and Southern Utah: "Give Us a House--We Will Make It a Home." "Buy at a One-Price Store and Save." "One Price--the Same Price to All." "One Price, the Lowest Price." "Carload Shipments Direct from the Factory to You." "Let DTR Decorators Furnish Your Home--You Will Live Happy Ever After."

* * * * *

THE DAILY HERALD
Thursday, April 30, 1964
TODAY'S EDITORIALS

D.T.R.: LIKE LOSING AN OLD FRIEND

Before the year 1964 has faded away, the merchandising operation of one of Central Utah's best-known business institutions, Dixon Taylor Russell Company, will have been concluded.

Announcement by the firm some time ago that it will go out of business brought a tinge of sadness to thousands of Central Utahns who have been customers at one time or another during the nearly 43 years DTR has operated.

It may take the company two or three years to complete all the business phases of its operation, including settlement of credit accounts. But in keeping with the announced liquidation plan, the furniture and appliance operation already has been turned over to McMahan's, which has leased the three-story brick building constructed by the DTR founders.

The Provo store will continue to operate until draperies, floor coverings, and giftware are completely liquidated; and until a backlog of work contracted, such as drapery-making, is finished. As for the branch stores, DTR has sold out its interest in American Fork; the Spanish Fork store will close July 1; and the Payson branch will operate until the liquidation has been completed.

It takes a lot of courage, vision, and know-how to launch a business as Arthur N. Taylor and a group of young associates did when they formed the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, built their store, and opened the doors for business November 1, 1921.

It isn't easy either, to close an institution of this kind. It isn't easy to make the decision that had to be made, nor to liquidate the business which has meant so much to so many.

One of the most difficult sides to the liquidation, insofar as the owners are concerned, is the necessity to release trusted employees who have served so long and so faithfully. "However, we are happy that many of our key people already have been able to secure other positions," one of the top DTR men said the other day.

Arthur N. Taylor, whose father, George Taylor, had operated the first furniture store in Provo in Pioneer days, was the first president and manager of DTR. The "Dixon" was the late Albert F. Dixon, vice-president; and the "Russell" was Sidney W. Russell, the original secretary-treasurer and now vice-president.

Arthur D. Taylor, now president and manager, was one of the original organizers. He, as well as Henry D. Taylor, secretary-treasurer and assistant manager; Clarence D. Taylor, assistant secretary-treasurer; Lynn D. Taylor, and Elton L. Taylors, directors, are all sons of the original president and manager.

Dixon Taylor Russell, which celebrated its 42nd anniversary last November, began to branch out after two years of operations. Its first branch store was opened at Springville February 1, 1924. Then followed expansion that included stores at Nephi, Payson, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Heber, American Fork, Price, and Helper. Thus by 1929 there were 10 stores.

The depression in the Thirties closed three stores. There were seven still operating when the store observed its 25th anniversary. After that a branch store was opened in Orem.

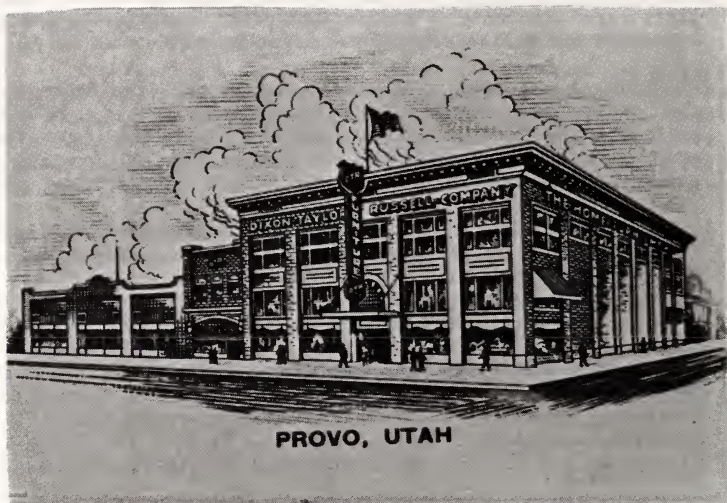
Now, with the American Fork interests sold out and the Spanish Fork store to close July 1, only the Payson store and the parent store, now operating in the east section of the Provo building, will be left after mid-year.

DTR, over the years, won a reputation for sound, honest dealings. With men of high character and business training at the helm, it earned the trust and confidence of the public.

What the company has meant to the economy of Central Utah is another story in itself. Through peacetime and war, prosperity and depression, DTR provided jobs and payrolls.

As liquidation proceeds, the Herald salutes Dixon Taylor Russell and the men and women who made it the fine business institution it has always been.

And we join with the people of Central Utah in wishing McMahan's, which succeeds DTR in the Third West and Center location, much success.



Dixon Taylor Russell Company - Home Furnishings
Employed from 1933 to 1964.



BYU Bookstore
May 15, 1964 - May 1974



Retired ? ? ?
1974

CHAPTER 12

PRIESTHOOD ORDINATIONS AND CALLINGS

On October 23, 1921, Clarence was ordained a deacon by his Uncle Walter D. Dixon, who was a counselor in the Provo Third Ward Bishopric. Then on May 25, 1924, he was ordained a teacher by his father, Arthur N. Taylor, and on February 13, 1927, was ordained a priest by Bishop Alfred E. Eves.

Clarence was ordained an elder on June 29, 1930, by his father, Arthur N. Taylor, who was a member of the Utah Stake High Council. On November 9, 1938, he was ordained a seventy by Elder Richard L. Evans, who was a member of the First Council of the Seventy. This ordination was performed in the Provo Fourth Ward meeting house. Then on May 23, 1971, Clarence was ordained to the office of high priest by Elwood Rey Peterson, a counselor to President Ben E. Lewis of the East Sharon Stake Presidency.

After serving in many Church capacities (Sunday School teacher, Ward YMMIA president, ward financial clerk, East Sharon Stake project clerk for four ward stake building addition, first counselor stake Sunday School superintendency, South African Mission secretary, and mission district president), he was called in January 1978 to serve as treasurer in the Provo Temple.

Patriarchal Blessing

A blessing given by Joseph B. Keeler, Patriarch, upon the head of Clarence Dixon Taylor, son of Arthur N. Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon, born May 11, 1909, in Provo, Utah.

Dear Brother Clarence: In the authority of the Holy Priesthood and by my calling therein, I lay my hands upon your head to confer a patriarchal blessing in such words as the Spirit of the Lord shall constrain me to give on this occasion, and I humbly ask the Lord that His Spirit shall rest upon us that you really and truly may be blessed with words of counsel, comfort, and instruction to be a guide in life.

You are a direct descendant through a long line of progenitors to Joseph of old, who was sold into Egypt, through his son Ephraim. You are therefore of the chosen seed, and according to the flesh and heir to the Holy Priesthood, together with all its promises and blessings. This birthright you should highly prize, because if you live up to its privileges you shall attain to great wisdom, material blessings, present and future happiness, and finally come back into the presence of the Father and the Son, and dwell with them in the Celestial Kingdom, and be possessed of a fulness of Celestial glory. All this is the prospect before you, by keeping the commandments of the Lord.

Remember, dear brother, that this life is but a brief span, with the eternity of the past and the eternity to come--but the present is precious. Use every moment wisely, so that you may make your calling and election sure. You have had a remarkable past in that other world. You have seen your Redeemer face to face, and have sat in His councils; you will see Him again; and when you behold His glorious countenance you will know you have seen Him

before. Now, because of your past faithfulness and integrity, you have been privileged to be born in mortality under the Everlasting Covenant, of goodly parents. Consider well this wonderful inheritance!

One of the objects of mortality is to gain an experience, which experience not only has its lessons for today, but will go with you into the other life to come. So make the most of the activities that come into your life day by day.

Another wonderful object of mortality is fatherhood. Hence here is where your Kingdom begins. Therefore, take advantage of the Everlasting Covenant of marriage. For in due time you will be united with one of the daughters of Zion who will be a perfect complement of your personality, provided you are wise and prayerful and seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit in this matter; for sons and daughters will be your heritage--a beginning of your Kingdom to endure throughout the endless ages of eternity.

I bless you spiritually and mentally; and if you will do your part from this very hour, your mind will reach out into channels of knowledge and wisdom that you heretofore have little dreamed of; and you will become a power among your fellows. Let me warn you to be humble withal; and in so doing the Spirit of the Lord will distil upon you as the dews of heaven.

I bless you materially. It is within your power to possess much of this world's goods. And here again be careful that what you gather shall be a means to an end, even a righteous end. And thus you will lay upon riches in the treasure house of eternity.

I reconfide you to your Guardian Angel. Consider him your constant companion. He will continue to be at your side and by his still small voice will whisper to your soul the things that are right at the proper time and season thereof; in the same way he will restrain when temptation approaches. By following his instruction and guidance you will never go astray.

In your missionary career in which you are about engaged, you will go forth clothed with power of the Almighty. By virtue of your appointment to this work and your ordination before you came to earth, you will meet with varied circumstances which at times will test your faith and strength of body and mind; nevertheless, you shall be equal to every occasion and be able to perform satisfactorily the work to which you are assigned.

Thousands will hear the glad tidings of the gospel from your lips; and many will be brought into the fold through your instrumentality, sooner or later. I bid you Godspeed, go in peace, return in safety.

Soon the Savior will come to dwell on earth with His people. But before that day the powers of the world will be shaken; but in the midst of the turmoil which is upon the nations today, the righteous will come off triumphant, and the wicked will go to the

place prepared for them. So be not dismayed with what you shall hear and see.

You will be called to take your part--an important part--in the events of the future. Therefore prepare for this by living each day well and faithfully the duties of that day, and the Lord will bring you triumphantly thru in your mission and work of this life, which is your destiny. I seal and pronounce this blessing upon you, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

/s/ Joseph B. Keeler

Provo, Utah, August 10, 1930

* * * * *

Patriarchal Blessing

September 10, 1930

Number 20074

A blessing given by Hyrum G. Smith, patriarch, upon the head of Clarence Dixon Taylor, son of Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise (Dixon) Taylor, born May 11, 1909, at Provo, Utah.

Brother Clarence D. Taylor: According to thy desire, I place my hands upon thy head and as the spirit of the Lord shall direct me give unto thee a blessing for thy comfort and thy benefit throughout this life, because of thy faithfulness and obedience.

Thou art numbered among the chosen sons of Zion, born of goodly parents. Parents who have made certain sacrifices and rendered obedience unto certain laws and commandments which have secured for thee many important privileges and blessings which will be measured unto thee in goodly portion according to thine obedience and thy faithfulness. For thou art of the lineage of Ephraim, and shall receive a worthy inheritance among thy people; for it is thy privilege to live and rejoice in the blessings of health and strength and such gifts and powers as will be needful to work out thy righteous and worthy desires. Thou shalt also rejoice in the preserving, protecting, and providing care of the Lord through obedience unto the counsels given thee and unto those sweet and peaceful promptings that will be thy guide day and night, year in and year out until thy mission in the earth is fully accomplished.

Doubt will also be removed from thy mind in answer to prayer and thy faith will grow and increase within thee, until it shall prevail with the Lord for thy blessings. Thou shalt also be magnified in positions of trust and responsibility and shall enjoy the confidence and fellowship of thine associates wherever thy lot may be cast. Thou shalt have power to make friends and overcome evils and obstacles and to rejoice the blessings of success in the accomplishment of thy righteous desires, both temporally and spiritually. Therefore, be humble, be prayerful, be diligent in

seeking to know thy duties and in the performance thereof and to be true and faithful to the trust imposed in thee striving to learn the way of life and honoring the Giver of thy blessings, forgetting not to acknowledge His hand day and night, and thou shalt be blessed in body and in mind and shall have opportunities to further cultivate and use thy talents and thy blessings shall also be measured unto thee in goodly portion through thy efforts to learn the ways of life, and do good for others and in all thy willingness to labor and thy unselfishness in laboring for others, whether they be friends or strangers or even enemies to thy faith, the Lord will bless thee because of thy willingness to labor for thy unselfishness. And thou shalt be blessed also with power to avoid thine enemies both seen and unseen and to decide upon matters that will bring peace and happiness to thy home and circle.

And in due time, thou shalt rejoice in the blessings of a comfortable home to live and see a worthy posterity grow up around thee to bless and honor thy name and teachings. Therefore, prepare thyself for the great responsibilities of a sacred mission upon the earth; strive to profit by the lessons which have been taught thee and thou shalt rejoice in the kindness and mercy of the Lord, for He shall extend unto thee such favors and blessings as will be most needful according to thy righteous needs, and thy good works will live to bless thee, and thy name be handed down in honorable remembrance from generation to generation.

I seal these blessings upon thy head through thy faithfulness and seal thee up against the powers of the Destroyer, even unto eternal life to come forth in the morning of the first resurrection crowned with thy blessings among the redeemed and glorified of Israel by virtue of the Holy Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved /s/ Hyrum G. Smith

* * * * *

LINE OF AUTHORITY - TO OFFICE
OF SEVENTY OF:

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR

CLARENCE D. TAYLOR was ordained to the office of Seventy by Richard L. Evans on November 9, 1938.

RICHARDS L. EVANS was ordained a Seventy on August 5, 1938, by President Rulon S. Wells.

RULON S. WELLS was ordained a Seventy on October 22, 1875, by President Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle, February 14, 1835, under the hands of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, "who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency (Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Fredrick G. Williams) to choose the Twelve Apostles" (D. and C. 18:37; History of the Church, Vol. 2, P. 187.)

JOSEPH SMITH was ordained an Apostle in 1829 by Peter, James and John, who were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ (John 15:16).

RICHARD L. EVANS was set apart as a President in The First Council of the Seventy on October 13, 1938, by President Heber J. Grant, who was ordained an Apostle by George Q. Cannon on October 16, 1882. George Q. Cannon was ordained an Apostle by Brigham Young on August 26, 1860.

LINE OF AUTHORITY - TO OFFICE
OF HIGH PRIEST OF

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR was ordained a High Priest on May 23, 1971, by Elwood Rey Peterson at the Sharon East Stake House, Provo, Utah.

ELWOOD REY PETERSON was ordained a High Priest on September 11, 1960, by Joseph Fielding Smith.

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH was ordained an Apostle on April 7, 1910, by Joseph F. Smith.

JOSEPH F. SMITH was ordained an Apostle on July 1, 1866, by Brigham Young.

BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle Feb. 14, 1835, under the hands of Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, "who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency (Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Fredrick G. Williams) to choose the Twelve Apostles."

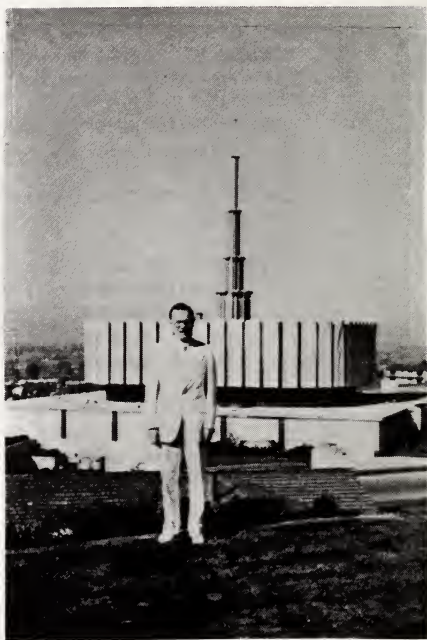
JOSEPH SMITH and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood and were ordained Apostles in 1829 by Peter, James and John, who were ordained by the Lord Jesus Christ (John 15:16).



Provo Fourth Ward
Ordained a Seventy by Elder Richard
L. Evans - Nov. 9, 1938.

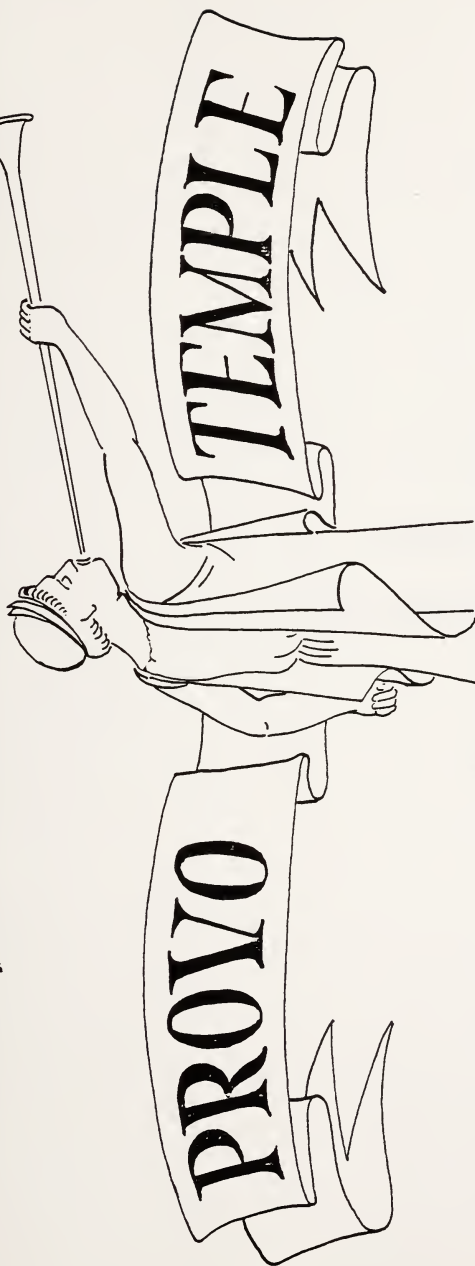


Oak Hills Chapel
Ordained High Priest
May 23, 1971



Provo Temple Worker

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

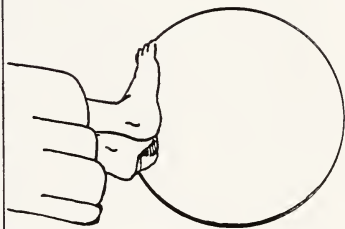


THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Clarence Dixon Taylor
HAS BEEN CALLED TO SERVE IN THE PROVO TEMPLE AS

Treasurer

January 31, 1978
Date



Emile G. Gentry
Pres. P. B. Gentry
L. Harold H. H. H.

Presidency
Provo Temple

CHAPTER 13

FAMILY GENEALOGY RECORD

PEDIGREE CHART

NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART		CHART NO.	
STREET ADDRESS			
CITY			
STATE			
NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS THE SAME PERSON AS NO. _____ ON CHART NO. _____		NO. 2 George TAYLOR BORN 25 Mar 1838 WHERE Birmingham, England WHEN MARRIED 5 July 1857 OIED 4 Sep 1926 WHERE Provo, Utah	
Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR BORN 2 Nov 1870 WHERE Provo, Utah WHEN MARRIED 9 May 1894 OIED 10 Sep 1935 WHERE Provo, Utah Maria Louise DIXON NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE		8 Richard TAYLOR BORN Chr: 4 Jun 1762 WHERE Birmingham, England WHEN MARRIED 2 Mar 1783 OIED 15 Apr 1814 WHERE Birmingham, England Margaret BROUGHALL	
4 Thomas TAYLOR BORN Chr: 21 May 1792 WHERE Birmingham, England WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		16 Thomas TAYLOR Married: 30 Sep 1761 Mary EVINGS	
5 Ann HILL BORN Chr: 13 Aug 1813 WHERE Birmingham, England OIED WHERE		17 CONT. ON CHART	
6 Thomas NICHOLLS BORN Chr: 29 Aug 1803 WHERE Birmingham, England WHEN MARRIED OIED 17 Jul 1854 WHERE Birmingham, England		18 CONT. ON CHART	
3 Eliza NICHOLLS BORN 29 Apr 1838 WHERE Portsmouth, England OIED 27 Jun 1922 WHERE Provo, Utah SOURCES OF INFORMATION		19 CONT. ON CHART	
7 Harriet BALL BORN Chr: 27 Jul 1808 WHERE Brighton, England OIED 12 Feb 1855 WHERE Birmingham, England		20 Edward HILL Sarah	
12 Joseph NICHOLLS BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED 19 Jun 1788 OIED WHERE		21 CONT. ON CHART	
13 Phoebe JOHNSON BORN Chr: 15 Apr 1768 WHERE Birmingham, England OIED WHERE		22 Thomas TEDD Margaret	
14 BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		23 CONT. ON CHART	
15 BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		24 Joseph NICHOLLS John JOHNSON	
28 BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		25 CONT. ON CHART	
29 BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		26 Phoebe JOHNSON Mary TURNER	
30 BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		27 CONT. ON CHART	
31 BORN WHERE WHEN MARRIED OIED WHERE		28 CONT. ON CHART	

HUSBAND George TAYLOR (Business Man)

Born 25 Mar 1838 Place Birmingham, Warwick, England
 Chr. Place
 Mar 5 Jul 1857 Place Edgbaston, Birmingham, Warwick, England
 Died 4 Sep 1926 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
 Bur. Sep 1926 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER Thomas TAYLOR Ann HILL
 HUSBAND'S MOTHER
 OTHER WIVES (2) 5 Mar 1864, Henrietta SAWYER, (3) Phoebe CARTER, (4) Jul 1906, Emily PAFFORD (PALYHERNED)

WIFE Eliza NICHOLLS

Born 29 Apr 1838 Place Portsmouth, Southampton, England
 Chr. Place
 Died 27 Jun 1922 Place Provo, Utah, Utah
 Bur. 29 Jun 1922 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

WIFE'S FATHER Thomas (Ashford) NICHOLLS Harriet BALL
 WIFE'S MOTHER

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED	STATE OR COUNTRY	COUNTY	TOWN	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED	STATE OR COUNTRY	COUNTY	TOWN	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED	STATE OR COUNTRY	COUNTY	TOWN
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
F	Harriett Clarissa TAYLOR	23 Jun 1858	Birmingham	J Jun 1890	29 May 1958	Eng	Warw	Birmingham	James F. McCLELLAN	Jul 1863	Eng	Warw	Birmingham	28 Dec 1884	15 Dec 1941	Utah	Utah	Provo
F	Mary Ann Emma TAYLOR	13 May 1860	Birmingham	-----	-----	Eng	Warw	Birmingham	Sarah Elizabeth THOMAS	2 Sep 1867	Eng	Warw	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	Parley George TAYLOR	4 Aug 1862	Birmingham	-----	-----	Eng	Warw	Birmingham	18 Sep 1889	24 Oct 1950	Utah	Utah	Provo	9 May 1894	10 Sep 1935	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	George Thomas TAYLOR	31 Aug 1864	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	Maria Louise DIXON	18 Mar 1959	Utah	Utah	Provo	28 Sep 1892	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	William TAYLOR	2 Jul 1866	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	Agnes McKINLAY	15 Sep 1967	Utah	Utah	Provo	11 Apr 1900	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	Thomas Nicholls TAYLOR	28 Jul 1868	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	Agnes Katharine STREBEL	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR	2 Nov 1870	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	Walter George TAYLOR	25 Sep 1873	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	Ashted TAYLOR	12 Sep 1875	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo	-----	-----	Utah	Utah	Provo
M	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----
M	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

Child #1, I.G.I. 3 entries:
 #2, I.G.I. 2 entries:
 #3, I.G.I. 3 entries:

OTHER MARRIAGES

Child #9, 2) Katherine Gray KOPP
 3) Mary Verena Hone PEAY

Husband George TAYLOR
 Wife Eliza NICHOLLS
 Word Examined: 1.
 2.
 State or Nation

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY

YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED	ENDOWED	GHILL	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED	RECEIVED
HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND	WIFE	HUSBAND
27 Oct 1855	5 Mar 1864	EH	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864	EH	5 Mar 1864
15 Oct 1853	5 Mar 1864	MT	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864	MT	5 Mar 1864
12 Aug 1949	9 Sep 1949	SL	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949	SL	9 Sep 1949
Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child
Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child
1874	16 Jul 1890	BIC	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890	BIC	16 Jul 1890
Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child	Child
1876	18 Sep 1889	BIC	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889	BIC	18 Sep 1889
5 May 1894	9 May 1894	BIC	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894	BIC	9 May 1894
Jul 1883	6 Jun 1900	BIC	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900	BIC	6 Jun 1900
11 Sep 1897	11 Apr 1900	BIC	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900	BIC	11 Apr 1900
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----
-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----	-----

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

Provo 3rd Ward records burned.

HUSBAND George TAYLOR (Business Man)

Born 25 Mar 1838 Birmingham, Warwick, England

Chr. 5 Mar 1864 Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Died 4 Sep 1926 Provo, Utah, Utah

Bur. Sep 1926 Provo, Utah, Utah

HUSBAND'S FATHER Thomas TAYLOR Ann HILL

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES (1) 5 Jul 1857, Eliza NICHOLLS, (3) Phoebe CARTER, (4) Jul 1906, Emily FAFFORD (PALYHERNED).

WIFE (2) Henrietta SAWYER

Born 20 Apr 1846 Isle of Jersey, Hants, England

Chr. 2 Mar 1922 Provo, Utah, Utah

Died 7 Mar 1922 Provo, Utah, Utah

WIFE'S FATHER Joseph SAWYER WIFE'S MOTHER Henrietta TRANHAM

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

Husband George TAYLOR (1838)

Wife Henrietta SAWYER

1. 1. 2. 2.

State or Nation

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY

YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED (Date) ENDOWED (Date) SEAL TO (Date and Temporal) WITNESSES TO HUSBAND

HUSBAND 1855 EH 5 Mar 1864 5 Mar 1864 EH

WIFE SL 27 Oct 1970 5 Mar 1864 5 Mar 1864 EH

CHILD 27 Oct 1970 5 Mar 1864 5 Mar 1864 EH

CHILD Child Child BIC

5 Nov 1887 14 Dec 1887 BIC

27 Oct 1970 20 Jun 1894 BIC

27 Oct 1970 3 Jan 1900 BIC

9 Feb 1968 14 Feb 1968 BIC

Child Child BIC

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

OTHER MARRIAGES

SOURCES OF INFORMATION LDS Church Records: T. I. B. Child #2. Family Records: Genevieve R. Dunn: Mary A. Schaer, Book of Pioneer History

PEDIGREE CHART

DATE _____ NAME OF PERSON SUBMITTING CHART _____ STREET ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____		NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS _____ THE SAME PERSON AS NO. _____ ON CHART NO. _____		John Henry DIXON BORN 28 May 1786 WHERE West Ham, Essex, Eng. WHEN MARRIED 17 Jan 1826 DIED 1 Apr 1874 WHERE Grahamstown, So. Afr.		Thomas DIXON BORN 1755 WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED 25 Dec 1837 WHERE Peckham, St. Giles, Eng. Sarah REVILL BORN 1756 WHERE _____ DIED 5 Feb 1844 WHERE Peckham, St. Giles, Eng.		Joseph DIXON BORN _____ WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		CHART NO. _____ CONT. ON CHART _____			
Henry Aldous DIXON BORN 14 Mar 1835 WHERE Grahamstown, So. Afr. WHEN MARRIED 27 Jan 1865 DIED 4 May 1884 WHERE Provod, Utah		Judith BOARDMAN BORN 16 Dec 1796 WHERE Newburg, Ormskirk, Eng. DIED 23 Sep 1865 WHERE Uitenhage, So. Afr.		Rev. William BOARDMAN BORN 27 Oct 1788 WHERE Ashton in Makersfield, DIED 22 Aug 1825 WHERE Bathurst, So. Afr. Margaret HAYES BORN _____ WHERE _____ DIED 31 Jan 1823 WHERE Bathurst, So. Afr.		John DEGREY II BORN _____ WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		John DEGREY III BORN Chr: 23 Oct 1803 WHERE Dudley, Worc., Eng. WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED 24 Feb 1849 WHERE Dudley, Worc., Eng.		John DEGREY I BORN _____ WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		CONT. ON CHART _____ CONT. ON CHART _____	
Maria Louise DIXON BORN 5 Jan 1872 WHERE Provod, Utah WHEN MARRIED 9 May 1894 DIED 17 Feb 1947 WHERE Provod, Utah Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE _____		Sarah DEGREY BORN 4 Feb 1844 WHERE Dudley, Worc., England DIED 17 Apr 1926 WHERE Provod, Utah		John DEGREY I BORN _____ WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		Job BROOKS BORN _____ WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		Job BROOKS BORN _____ WHERE _____ WHEN MARRIED _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		CONT. ON CHART _____ CONT. ON CHART _____			
SOURCES OF INFORMATION		Mariah BROOKS BORN 10 Apr 1805 WHERE Tipton, Staff., Eng. DIED 2 Apr 1876 WHERE Salt Lake City, Utah		Elizabeth WALTERS BORN _____ WHERE _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		Elizabeth WALTERS BORN _____ WHERE _____ DIED _____ WHERE _____		CONT. ON CHART _____ CONT. ON CHART _____		CONT. ON CHART _____ CONT. ON CHART _____			

HUSBAND			Henry Aldous DIXON (Business Executive)			Henry Aldous DIXON (1835)		
Born 14 Mar 1835			Place Graftonston, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa			Wife Sarah DEGREY		
Chr. _____			Place _____			1. _____		
Mar 21 Jan 1865			Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah			2. _____		
Died 4 May 1884			Place Provo, Utah, Utah			Wid. _____		
Bur. 6 May 1884			Place Provo, Utah, Utah			State or Mission _____		
HUSBAND'S FATHER John Henry DIXON			HUSBAND'S MOTHER Judith BOARDMAN					
OTHER WIVES (2) Mary Ann SMITH								
WIFE			(1) Sarah DEGREY (DEGRAY)					
Born 4 Feb 1844			Place Dudley, Worcestershire, England					
Chr. _____			Place _____					
Died 17 Apr 1926			Place Provo, Utah, Utah					
Bur. 19 Apr 1926			Place Provo, Utah, Utah					
WIFE'S FATHER John DEGREY			WIFE'S MOTHER Maria BROOKS					
HUSBANDS								
SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	STATE OR COUNTRY	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	DAY	WHEN QUID	YEAR
1	List each child (include living or dead, in order of birth Grant Name Surname)	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	COUNTY	TO WHOM	-----	MONTH	-----
1	M Henry Alfred DIXON	14 Nov 1865	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Utah	18 Sep 1889	4 Oct 1923	1 Jul 1867
2	M John DeGrey DIXON	16 Jul 1867	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Utah	29 May 1905	5 Jun 1911	
3	M Arthur DeGrey DIXON	5 Oct 1869	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Utah	Catherine MORGAN		
4	F Maria Louise DIXON	5 Jan 1872	Provo	Utah	Utah	9 May 1894	17 Feb 1947	
5	M Ernest DeGrey DIXON	22 Dec 1873	Provo	Utah	Utah	Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR	15 Jun 1938	
6	M Charles Owen DIXON	22 Nov 1875	Provo	Utah	Utah	Mary Ann (May) PAINTER	3 Mar 1943	
7	M Walter DeGrey DIXON	15 Nov 1877	Provo	Utah	Utah	Virginia Elizabeth BECKSTEAD	26 Nov 1922	
8	M Le Roy DIXON	16 Oct 1881	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Utah	Louie MATHEW	28 Dec 1926	
9	M Arnold DIXON	30 May 1884	Provo	Utah	Utah	Electa SMOOT	1 Sep 1960	
10						15 Nov 1911		
11						Letitia May BANKS		
SOURCES OF INFORMATION			OTHER MARRIAGES					
Provo 3rd Ward LDS Membership Records, GS Film #6442-pt 10.								
EH Temple Record #3040, Bk C- page 124								
EH Temple Record #6254, Bk O-, 1v8, page 399.								
Sealing Date of Parents, GS Film #25165, pt 15, EH.								
(Sealed by W. Woodruff)								

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET			RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND			RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE		
FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY			YES ☐ NO ☐					
DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY								
LDS ORDINANCE DATA								
BAPTIZED (Date)			ENDOWED (Date)			SEALING (Date)		
HUSBAND 14 Mar 1856			18 Apr 1860			21 Jan 1865		
WIFE 21 Jul 1853			11 Jul 1860			21 Jan 1865		
Child			Child			Child		
18 Sep 1875			18 Sep 1889			BIC		
Re- 1877			9 Nov 1914			BIC		
5 May 1894			9 May 1894			BIC		
31 Jan 1882			8 Feb 1917			BIC		
3 Jun 1884			25 Mar 1898			BIC		
1 Jun 1886			10 Oct 1901			BIC		
May 1890			26 Aug 1903			BIC		
18 Jun 1892			15 Nov 1911			BIC		
NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS								
Child #4. Re-bapt because of burned records.								
Child #5. Wife was known by "May."								

HUSBAND Henry Aldous DIXON (Business Executive)
14 Mar 1835 Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa

Born	Place	Husband
Chr.	Place	Wife
Mar	Place	1. Mary Ann SMITH
4 May 1869	Salt Lake City, Utah	2. Examined:
4 May 1884	Provo, Utah, Utah	State of
Died	Place	Utah
6 May 1884	Provo, Utah, Utah	
Bur.	Place	

HUSBAND'S FATHER John Henry DIXON
HUSBAND'S MOTHER Judith BOARDMAN
HUSBAND'S CHILDREN (1) Sarah DEGREY

WIFE (2) Mary Ann SMITH
Born 3 Oct 1852 Hulls, Yorkshire, England
Chr. Place
Died 27 Jun 1907 Provo, Utah, Utah
Bur. Place
WIFE'S FATHER Robert SMITH
WIFE'S MOTHER Mary Ann BROWN

WIFE'S OTHER HUSBANDS

SEX	CHILDREN	WHEN BORN	WHERE BORN	DATE OF FIRST MARRIAGE	WHEN DIED
M	Let each child indicate living or dead	DAY MONTH YEAR	TOWN	TO WHOM	MONTHS DAY YEAR
1	F Alice Smith DIXON	29 Apr 1869	Salt Lake City	Utah	5 Dec 1900
2	F Sarah Ann DIXON	7 Dec 1871	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Jabez DANGERFIELD 9 Dec 1948
3	F William Aldous DIXON	21 Apr 1873	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Alexander McCONACHIE 26 Dec 1950
4	M Robert Smith DIXON	10 Nov 1874	Salt Lake City	Utah	15 Dec 1904 22 Jun 1937
5	M Albert Frederick DIXON	31 Mar 1876	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Hattie HANDS 18 Dec 1874
6	M Parley Smith DIXON	9 Jun 1878	Salt Lake City	Utah	23 Mar 1910 18 Aug 1945
7	F Harriet Amelia DIXON	24 May 1882	Salt Lake City	S.L.	Sena RASMUSSEN 19 Aug 1903 30 Jan 1947
8				Utah	Mary Etola DANGERFIELD 23 Apr 1931
9					George Washington WEST
10					
11					

SOURCES OF INFORMATION
Family Group Sheet by Loleta W. Dixon, Linton, Utah
Book "My Folks The Dixons" compiled by Clarence D. Taylor

OTHER MARRIAGES

HUSBAND Henry Aldous DIXON (1835)

NAME & ADDRESS OF PERSON SUBMITTING SHEET	
1.	2.

RELATION OF ABOVE TO HUSBAND
RELATION OF ABOVE TO WIFE

FOUR GENERATION SHEET FOR FILING ONLY
YES ☐ NO ☐

DATE SUBMITTED TO GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

LDS ORDINANCE DATA

BAPTIZED	(Date)	ENDOWED	(Date)
HUSBAND	14 Mar 1856	18 Apr 1860	13 Apr 1869
WIFE	12 Feb 1868	13 Apr 1869	12 Feb 1868

1878 5 Dec 1900 BIC

1 Jan 1879 26 Oct 1938 BIC

Jul 1881 7 Jun 1954 BIC

Child Child BIC

4 Jun 1884 6 Aug 1902 BIC

1887 19 Aug 1903 BIC

May 1890 26 Oct 1938 BIC

NECESSARY EXPLANATIONS

HUSBAND Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR (Merchant)

Born 2 Nov 1870 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Chr. 9 May 1894 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Mar. 10 Sep 1935 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Died 15 Sep 1935 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Bur. George TAYLOR

HUSBAND'S FATHER Eliza NICHOLLS

HUSBAND'S MOTHER

HUSBAND'S OTHER WIVES

WIFE Maria Louise DIXON

Born 5 Jan 1872 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Chr. 17 Feb 1947 Place Salt Lake City, Salt Lake, Utah

Died 21 Feb 1947 Place Provo, Utah, Utah

Bur. Henry Aldous DIXON

WIFE'S FATHER Sarah DEGREY

WIFE'S MOTHER

WIFE'S OTHER

HUSBANDS

SEX CHILDREN

1 M Arthur TAYLOR

2 M Lynn Dixon TAYLOR

3 M Elton LeRoy TAYLOR

4 M Henry Dixon TAYLOR

5 F Alice Louise TAYLOR

6 M Clarence Dixon TAYLOR

7 M Orson Kenneth TAYLOR

8 F Ruth Elaine TAYLOR

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Husband Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR (1870)

Wife Maria Louise DIXON

1.

2.

State of

Married

Eliza NICHOLLS

George TAYLOR

Henry Aldous DIXON

Sarah DEGREY

When BORN

DAY MONTH YEAR

4 Oct 1895

6 May 1898

22 Jun 1900

22 Nov 1903

18 Nov 1906

11 May 1909

3 Nov 1913

20 Mar 1917

29 Jun 1921

17 Aug 1922

31 Mar 1926

26 Dec 1929

14 Aug 1935

27 Jun 1940

8 Jun 1942

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

Husband Arthur Nicholls TAYLOR (1870)

Wife Maria Louise DIXON

1.

2.

State of

Married

Eliza NICHOLLS

George TAYLOR

Henry Aldous DIXON

Sarah DEGREY

When BORN

DAY MONTH YEAR

4 Oct 1895

6 May 1898

22 Jun 1900

22 Nov 1903

18 Nov 1906

11 May 1909

3 Nov 1913

20 Mar 1917

29 Jun 1921

17 Aug 1922

31 Mar 1926

26 Dec 1929

14 Aug 1935

27 Jun 1940

8 Jun 1942

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

20 Nov 1921

22 Mar 1925

28 Oct 1906

28 Jun 1908

21 Jan 1912

22 Nov 1914

24 Jun 1917

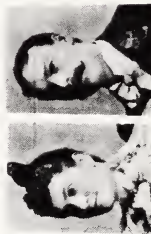
Robert Smith Dixon
b 10 Nov 1874
d 18 Dec 1874 (child)



Mary Anne Smith



Alice Smith md
Jabez W. Dangerfield



Sarah Anne md
Alexander McConachie



Henry Aldous Dixon



John DeGrey md
Sarah Ann Lewis



Arthur DeGrey md
Catherine Morgan



Henry Alfred Dixon
b 14 Nov 1865
d 1 Jul 1867 (child)

Sarah De Grey



William Aldous md
Harriet Hands



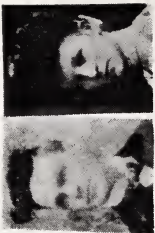
Albert Fredrick md
Sena Rasmussen



Maria Louise md
Arthur Nicholls Taylor



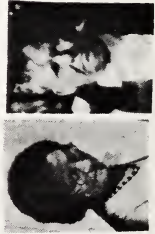
Ernest DeGrey md
Mary Ann Painter



Charles Owen md
Virginia E. Beckstead



Parley Smith md
Etta Dangerfield



Harriet Amelia md
George West



Walter DeGrey md
Louie Maiben



LeRoy Dixon md
Electa LaPrele Smoot



Arnold md
Letitia May Banks

CHAPTER 14

TRIBUTES

The following is a tribute paid to Bud by Donald M. Dixon (Sanky):

December 1, 1986

Henry:

Clarence "Bud" Taylor was my Buddy and best friend. We spent many happy hours together.

Bud was such a loyal friend, and it gave me an ego complex the way he sought my company.

We were the younger brothers of Henry and Buck, and they enjoyed teasing us and pulling tricks on us. I remember one they called "snatch for pretties." They would show us money and goodies, etc., under a hat and while we were going to the starting post for the race would remove the loot and replace it with cow manure. Needless to say, we were greatly disappointed with the result.

The Taylors lived two houses north of us on Fifth West, and we were continually together.

He loved the outdoors and sports of different kinds. We used to throw a football from his place to mine. After, we spent time up in Uncle Art's barn where we had put up a basketball hoop in the hay loft.

Later on Bud played on the Provo High School football and basketball teams. I was a senior in 1925-26 when he was a sophomore, and we had good contacts here. Bud was rather small, but made up for it in desire and hustle.

Aunt Rye was a second Mother to me and she would invite me to spend summers in Wildwood to be company for Bud. She seemed to approve of our close association.

It was our job to take old Jersey (a cow) to Wildwood from Provo, a distance of over 15 miles. It was very slow walking, and we would leave at daybreak and get there in the late afternoon. I remember one time Jersey broke loose at about Springdell and Bud had to hail a ride, and we finally caught her.

I remember taking Bud to watch Buck play in the old Men's Gym. Somehow we were always able to get in and watched the game from an old bandstand in the north end.

Another fond memory was connected with days spent thinning beets both for Uncle Art and old man Bullock; also on their farm in west Orem. Also we spent many happy hours at Provona Beach, a resort owned by the Taylors. After work we would swim in the lake, and I remember we both had a serious case of sunburn that Aunt Rye had to treat.

We both attended the Timpanogos Grade School, and I remember our hurrying from school to get to the old Ellen Theater to watch the Broken Coin or Adventure of Pearl White.

We spent many hours with father climbing Timp and posing for pictures on other hikes.

We were both in the Bricker Social Unit and had good times double-dating.

Bud was raised in a wonderful family environment and was possessed with a strong testimony of the Mormon religion. He was called on a mission in 1930 to the South African Mission where he became mission secretary.

Bud has a great gift as a writer and recently has written a book on the first generation of Dixons that would include short biographies of Aunt Rye, my Father, and all the Dixons of this generation. Then he completed a book entitled, "My Folks the Dixons." This included biographies of our present generation, Henry, Buck, and the many family members of this generation. I was so thrilled when Bud presented me with a book with a complimentary paragraph in the front concerning our friendship. I'll always cherish this. He spent hundreds of hours on these books, and we should all appreciate this contribution.

I'll always cherish the wonderful friendship I had with Bud.

I have the greatest love for the Taylor family, and a part of my many happy memories are associated with this family.

Bud for some time has been a devoted Temple worker and has made many contributions to family and friends. He established the Bud Taylor recreational park that will be a memorial to him in future years.

To Bud Taylor: Thanks for being my friend.

Best regards,
/s/ Sanky

* * * * *

My first recollection of Uncle Bud (Clarence D. Taylor) was when I was very young. We lived next to Grandma Taylor on Fifth West. I would spend as much time as I could there, hoping someone would offer me a cup of Postum or Uncle Bud would scratch my back. I became addicted to both.

I remember when Grandma Taylor was in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake. Uncle Bud asked me one Sunday afternoon if I would like to ride the bus up to see her. We took the bus because it was snowing (a cold miserable day). After our visit we returned to the bus station to find out a bus had just left for Provo. Another one wouldn't be leaving for three hours. We were cold and wet. We were

close to a movie theater and Uncle Bud said, "I know being Sunday your Father wouldn't approve of my taking you to a show, but under the circumstances, I think it will be the best place to go to keep warm and to kill some time." I remember it was "The Jazz Singer" with Al Jolson.

I remember how much fun I had in Uncle Bud's jeep. I loved to put it in "Four Wheel Drive" and roam the foothills.

I remember coming up to "Taylor Hill" with Uncle Bud, when there were no houses on the hill, to plant and water trees.

Uncle Bud sold us our lot we now have our house on. He lived just up our driveway and across the road. I loved to keep tabs on him. He said "I was as bad as 'Aunt Rene'!" She always knew everything that happened on Fifth West. The BYU Alumni sponsored a tour to Hawaii in 1971 for the Rainbow Classic, December 28-January 6. Uncle Bud, Keith, and I went along. Dick Gunn was the tour guide. I will always remember the fun time that we had!

The last few years Uncle Bud, Keith, and I have taken in the football and basketball games together. The "Three Musketeers" you might call us.

I have always admired Uncle Bud for his fairness and honesty.

/s/ Nancy Taylor Stewart

* * * * *

642 West 650 South St.
Orem, Utah 84058

January 20, 1987

Elder Henry D. Taylor
50 East North Temple St.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84150

Dear Brother Taylor:

Some time ago you asked me to write something about your brother and my very dear friend Clarence Dixon Taylor. Though I am not skilled as a writer, I have been glad to make an attempt to indicate some of the many areas of our lives in which I have known Clarence.

He has always been a man of integrity, faith, devotion, and kindness whom I have admired and respected through the nearly 57 years I have known him.

One of the finest things that has come to me through knowing him was to get to know and love his exceptional parents and his equally

exceptional brothers and sisters. Your own friendship toward me has been very meaningful. I thank you for that, and through you, your whole family for the great and good association and influence you have provided for me.

Sincerely yours,
/s/ Harold H. Smith

The world is made up of many kinds and types of people. There are aggressive, intelligent, hardworking, demanding types who move things with flare and much public awareness and attention. There are those who make much fuss and stir without over intelligence or much hard work. There are those who do not want attention and who sit quietly and let the world go by. There are those who do not want attention but who make the world go by with intelligence, hard work, concern for others, and quiet awareness and surprising skills. There are many other kinds of people who find their slots in life within, above, or below the types suggested. All these people are necessary in our very diverse world, but relatively few of us leave a mark that can be identified and appreciated for far more than the passing day.

Clarence Dixon Taylor is and has been for all the years that I have known him one of the intelligent, concerned, aware, skillful, and diligent types who wanted not public acclaim or attention but made the world go by and kept the record of its going.

I met Clarence first on November 10, 1930, when I arrived at the LDS mission office at Main and Grove Roads in Mowbray, Cape Province, South Africa. He had arrived as a missionary, as I had, only a few weeks earlier. The mission president, Don Mack Dalton, had recognized Elder Taylor's quiet skillful ways and had selected him to replace a fellow Provoan, Vern D. Green, as the mission secretary. Since Lorin Gardner of Blackfoot, Idaho, and I were the first arrivals after his appointment, Elder Taylor processed our entry into missionary work.

We noted at once that he was observing every detail of our records and made us aware that he was interested and concerned with who we were and what we had done. I was made aware of the closeness between me and my Father by his remark: "Elder Smith, your father has performed every priesthood ordinance on your behalf from your blessing as a baby to your being ordained an elder. That is very unusual, and I think quite an honor."

From that day until about the 5th of January 1931, except for one week into the country with Elder John Henry Smith with whom I traveled without "purse or script", I ate most meals, attended morning classes, held family prayers, and slept in the big dormitory-type room above the little chapel with Elder Taylor and the few other missionaries who worked in the office or did proselyting work in the Cape District.

Elder Taylor's office was just across the hall from the kitchen and the dining rooms. Sister Dalton was very careful not to ask help from the office staff when they had their work to do, and all the elders learned the same pattern. But when there was some special duty, such as freezing the ice cream, or killing a chicken (and there were always a few chickens in the small wire pen at the side of the lot), Elder Taylor would come to the rescue.

There was a clay tennis court which the mission maintained, and it got pretty heavy use most evenings. Some of the elders played well and had to be winners. Some of the elders provided the games so there could be winners. Elder Taylor played very well with the best and helped the less skilled to perfect their game and feel comfortable in their efforts. He was the self-appointed "Checker Upper" who saw that the court was in very good condition, the net was well cared for, and the lines clearly marked.

The family funds which came to support missionaries usually came through the international exchange system maintained by the Church and were handled by the mission office with each missionary having his own account. Those were very hard years as the depression was at its shattering worst in America, and there were times when the elders did not receive adequate funds on time. Though the mission president tried to keep some reserves for such emergencies, there were many exceptions when Elder Taylor, at his own personal sacrifice, bridged some rough gaps.

Sometimes when for study classes volunteers for special assignments were called for, Elder Taylor would volunteer and do very well in explaining a point of practice or doctrine or doing research; but when speaking in Sacrament Meeting or on the street was called for, it usually took more than just the announcement of the opportunity to get him to take the assignment.

The fact that his Grandfather Dixon had been a convert to the Church while he lived in South Africa was always a matter of pride for Elder Taylor, and it lead him to do some research into the life of that ancestor. However, he was very careful to do that research at a time and in a manner that it did not interfere with his mission assignments. He found some remote relatives in South Africa and was able to get enough family information that he felt that his efforts were at least partially rewarded. Though I think this effort was not the cause of his later research and writing on the family, it did give him some of the motivation to continue to pursue the lines. I was honored years later to receive from him a copy of his two volume work, which he entitled, "My Folks The Dixons."

In the fall of 1933 I went to Provo, Utah, to enroll as a student at Brigham Young University. I do not remember whether I met Clarence, as I then felt free to call him, on the campus or whether I reached him at home. Whichever way the contact was made, I was not only received by him as a friend but I was taken to his home where I was a frequent visitor and very often a dinner guest. Through that relationship I not only learned why Clarence was such a fine and thorough person, but I tried to acquire some of the refinements and some of the happy, generous patterns of that home.

Over the three and one-half years that I lived in Provo at that time, I met all the brothers, sisters, and in-laws of Clarence as well as the very remarkable parents.

Clarence was always very quiet. He spoke quietly, and he moved quietly. I had the impression that either from example or by self-discipline he followed his Father.

Aunt Rye, as all the many relatives and most of the neighbors called her, was a cheerful woman. Clarence, like her, was always pleasant but he did not bubble with smiles and laughter as did his Mother.

There were occasions when I just called by to greet the Taylors, but my frequent visits were usually motivated by an invitation from Clarence, his Mother, or some other member of the family, as they were all most kind to me. My years at BYU were delightful, largely because the Taylor family home and haven were open to me.

Nearly all the young men at BYU were interested in school dances and social unit dances. I had anticipated double-dating with Clarence and was at first surprised that he did not respond. It seemed especially different as all his older brothers were married to very charming and lovely women, and younger brother, Kenneth, enjoyed dating. A few times I tried some fancy schemes to get Clarence on a date. Once I asked if he would not go with me and use the family car for our transportation. Like other seasoned bachelors, he was well experienced at not being fooled.

For many years after finishing school, I was not in Provo except for major alumni functions, special weddings, or funerals. Sometimes we were there because we wanted some special furniture or dishes from DTR. Whether we met at home, in the business, or on the campus, Clarence and other members of the family have always been most kind and cordial.

There was a time when Mabel, my wife, and I were working in the Provo Temple. Clarence was also there in charge of financial management. He was very disappointed when they told him he would have to be retired because he had passed the mandatory retirement age of 70.

Always in my book Clarence Dixon Taylor has been a most kind friend and a Prince among men.

* * * * *

TRIBUTE TO CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR

Clarence Dixon Taylor, affectionately known as "Uncle Bud," became my brother-in-law in June 1940. For the past 47 years I have been the beneficiary of his many kindnesses and generosity.

By some, Clarence has been thought of as the "different son" of the Taylor Family. Over the years I have come to admire and

appreciate him as an unique gentleman. There are several accomplishments which his modest, self-effacing personality has not allowed to be known. Following are a few of them:

1. He was the one so solicitous and caring of his younger brother, Kenneth, realizing his frail health. When, during the Great Depression, there was a doubt whether Ken's mission could be financed, it was Clarence who said that he must go and offered help. Clarence made himself available all hours of the day and night during Ken's final illness. It was Clarence who was with Ken at the time of his death.
2. It was Clarence who stayed and took care of "Granny" (his Mother) and anticipated her every need.
3. Clarence was the only Taylor son who served overseas in the Armed Services of the United States, experiencing some of the worst of World War II in the Battle of the Bulge.
4. He was the one who established the third "home" on the hill making it possible to have telephone service. He was one of the original members of the Bonneville Development Company and a supporter of this successful enterprise.
5. Clarence continues after many years to be the secretary-treasurer, as well as the stabilizing force, of Brickerhaven Corporation. He was the one who negotiated for Alice and Roy to have the lot in this mountain paradise for their lovely home. As has been the case so often, he has done much for the happiness of others, but he himself has not profited from this project.
6. In appreciation of his neighbors and friends on Taylor Hill, he has given Uncle Bud's Park for the enjoyment of many.
7. Clarence is the one who has done and still does so much for the Taylor Terrace project. He helped with the planning and oversaw the development, the building, and the maintenance of this beautiful area. His is the home which has the most unusual and attractive landscaping, all done by Clarence.
8. He is the one who takes care of the Arthur N. Taylor Trust--no small task.
9. He is the one who has done more than any other member of both the Dixon and Taylor families in following the Lord's commandment to take care of genealogy. He personally has published five books of historical and genealogical significance.

The above are only a few of his accomplishments that I have observed in addition to his career at Dixon Taylor Russell Company and Brigham Young University, as well as his work at the Provo Temple.

He is recognized by all who know him as a man of hard work, industry, modesty, honesty, integrity, and accomplishment.

My life, as well as the lives of many, has been enriched by Clarence Dixon Taylor. To him I am most grateful.

/s/ Ethelyn P. Taylor

May 11, 1987

* * * * *

On Monday, May 11, 1987, Alice Taylor Nelson invited members of the family to dinner at her beautiful home to celebrate the 78th birthday of Clarence Dixon Taylor. Those in attendance were Grant and Elayne Taylor Fisher, Keith and Nancy Taylor Stewart, Boyd and Dixie Taylor Frampton, Celestia J. Taylor, Elton and Ethel Taylor, Ken and Julia Anderson, Jim and Deanna Taylor, Ethelyn P. Taylor, Clarence D. Taylor, Ruth Taylor Kartchner, and Kenneth and MaryAnn Kartchner. Following the delicious turkey dinner with dressing and all the trimmings, the group gathered in the living room for a program presided over by Ethel Taylor. She asked each one to recall an incident or express some feeling regarding his or her association with Uncle Bud. Kenneth Taylor Kartchner was asked to put his emotional tribute in writing, which follows:

In 1951 we had lived in Provo for a year or two. I was seven years old and not a very good boy. Uncle Bud was at our home on First East one afternoon when I was upset with Mom over something or other and had torn up a bunch of paper, thrown it on the floor, and refused to pick it up. I'm sure I was berating my Mother as only an angry, unfeeling seven-year-old can, when Uncle Bud took my hand, forced me to pick up the bits of paper, and put them in the wastebasket. I was so mad I ran away from home that night, but began to feel then, and have realized since, a turning point in my attitudes and behavior. It was triggered by the obvious love that Uncle Bud had for his sister, and it was the beginning of my conscious appreciation of both her and him.

Almost ten years later, we had moved up on the hill. Telephone poles used to run across the west side of the development. To improve the view, the telephone company had agreed to use buried cables. Rather than allow a backhoe to plow through the scrub oak, Uncle Bud dug, by hand, a trench hundreds of feet through property in which he had absolutely no interest other than making the whole area a better place. As I worked with him then, I learned from a master one of the most valuable lessons of life: the sublime joy of service.

Several years ago I asked Uncle Bud why a book he had assembled about his family had only a few pages of pictures about the son Clarence. He replied, "Because my life is of no consequence and when I'm gone, it will all be forgotten." Now, Uncle Bud, look at me while I tell you that no man's life could be of more consequence to all of us here than yours has been. I love you, and you will not be forgotten.

/s/ Kenneth T. Kartchner



May 1968--A cake Deanna Taylor made for a birthday party we had for Uncle Bud when he lived on Oakcrest Lane. (Photo courtesy of Nancy T. Stewart.)



Uncle Bud and Jon Taylor Stewart in Uncle Bud's Jeep. (Photo courtesy of Nancy T. Stewart.)



January 1971--At the Honolulu Airport: Ruth Reeves Lowe, Ethel Young, Nancy T. Stewart, Keith Stewart, and Uncle Bud. (Photo courtesy of Nancy T. Stewart.)



1969



Clarence Dixon Taylor at his home on October 25, 1986.



Clarence Dixon Taylor and Henry Dixon Taylor at Clarence's home on October 25, 1986.



Henry Dixon Taylor and Clarence Dixon Taylor with the Provo Temple in the background.



Henry Dixon Taylor and Clarence Dixon Taylor in front of Clarence's home.

POSTSCRIPT

Permission has been granted me to express my appreciation for the publishing of this book, to:

First, to my deceased brother, Henry Dixon Taylor, who passed away on February 24, 1987, just prior to the printing of this book. I thank him for his thoughtfulness and generosity of time, effort, and expense. I truly thank him.

Second, to his wife Ethelyn, for her insistence in finalizing the manuscript and proofing it. I thank her.

Third, to Alice Lopez, Henry's faithful secretary, for the research, assembling, and typing of the manuscript. I thank her.

Fourth, but not least, to my parents for my earthly existence. I thank them.

Fifth, to innumerable and unmentioned persons who came into my life.

Clarence Dixon Taylor
May 1987

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